

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1884.

THE BERLIN OF TO-DAY.



THE OLD CASTLE IN BERLIN.

SINCE the war of 1870, so many travellers have wandered to and from Berlin that its streets and palaces, its parks and galleries, are beginning to be, like those of Paris, world-property. Yet an imperial capital, and one so new to national glories, undergoes rapid and constant changes: so that the stranger of four years ago may find many new beauties in the streets of the town as he enters it this year. If he come in by the Potsdamer Station, the enlargement

of the Leipziger Platz and its brilliant electric lights will strike him; if into the Anhalter Station, the widening of the Königgrätzer Strasse at that point will seem a delightful improvement; and if the Hamburger or the Stettiner Station, at the extreme end of the town, be the place of entrance, the drive through the Roon Strasse, the Zelten, past the Brandenburg Gate and the Pariser Platz, to his hotel on the Linden, will be a series of pleasant surprises.

Ever since 1870, the passion for beautifying the town has grown,—possibly kept alive by the memory of the magnificent defaced buildings, monuments, etc., seen in Paris during that direful year. No Napoleon III. lives at Berlin, to dazzle the eyes of his subjects by ornamenting the city, but a general and enthusiastic endeavor exists among the people to make this first German imperial capital one worthy of the price it cost.

When Berlin became Berlin, when the first royal palace was built, when the town became the resort of the court, the existing relics everywhere to be found tell so plainly, that one easily recalls the fact that it is, for the Continent, a comparatively new city. This accounts for the tolerably broad streets of even the old town beyond the König Strasse. The Cathedral, the Garrison-Kirche, or Military Church, the chariot upon the Brandenburg Gate, the Old Castle, the Chaussee House, at the entrance to Charlottenburg, all have their historical faces, and very respectable wrinkles in them, too. But the marks of recent events, so terrible as to have overturned thrones and snatched away crowns ducal and princely, are quite sufficient to throw into the shade the fascinating traces of the reigns of Frederick the Great and his predecessors. The two Houses of Parliament, temporary and barren buildings as they are, contain the men who fought in '70, who were elected after the crowning at Versailles, and who represent Prussia, the haughty leader, Saxony, the fiery fighter, and, alas! the opposing, humiliated Hanover. The Post-Office building has an imposing front, and is of all the government buildings perhaps the finest: it has at its head a clever, untiring postmaster-general, who has imported into the system of his country all the best features of the postal departments of England, France, and America. To his restless zeal the country is said to owe that, to a foreigner, somewhat amusing regulation, that no Germanized-French words shall be used upon letters, cards, or papers passing through the mail.

A registered letter may be no longer marked a "*Recommandirter Brief*," but must be an "*Eingeschriebener Brief*." The National Gallery is another token of the empire. It is filled with paintings of the last war and new works of the artists from Düsseldorf, Munich, Dresden, Cassel, and Carlsruhe, who since 1870 have become Berliner and Academicians. The same story is told still more directly by the Sieges Platz, with its ungainly monument of "Victory," melancholy in its ugliness, the captured cannon arranged in stiff rows down its sides and exciting endless merriment from those quickest of observers and sharpest of critics, the "*Strassenjungen*." This almost artistic failure is just redeemed by its very beautiful reliefs, which repay close study, both for their symbolism and for their exquisite execution. Then there is the Sieges Allée, the fashionable drive and promenade,—a short avenue, well kept, and shaded on either side by portions of the Thiergarten, at one end opening into the Thiergarten Strasse and at the other into the Platz, before the magnificent building occupied by the staff-officers of the army, at the head of whom stands Count Moltke, the greatest military genius of his time. And, going still farther to the right of the Staff Building, the Roon Strasse, called after the lately-deceased general of that name, opens on to the new bridge over the river Spree, which leads back into the old town. All these bear traces of the imperial life, or, truth to say, of the national life, now for the first time dominant over the German-speaking countries. For, in former days, to be a German was to be a Prussian, a Hanoverian, a Bavarian; but now not only new buildings, galleries, etc., indicate a new order of things, but the scientific, artistic, and purely social existence of Berlin is filled with that self-poise and energy of which Germans, as Germans, have ever felt the need.

There is a feeling that the university of the capital ought to be the representative university, her scientific men the leaders of science, her artists and musicians the heads of their profession; and

this makes the calling of chosen men to the university chairs and the thronging of painters and musicians thither a natural and desirable result.

Of that state institution, the Lutheran Church, it is difficult to speak with respect, and its lifeless condition, with the inevitable results on the religious training of Germans in general, is nowhere more evident than in Berlin. Historically considered, much is made of religion, and it occupies a prominent place in the plan of education of all schools; confirmation is almost as obligatory as learning to read; but the churches are filled by old women and charity-schools, if filled at all, and altogether—with a zeal equal, a few years back, to a positive persecution of the Roman Catholics—this State Church has about as little practical influence as can well be imagined. I do not forget those lofty-minded, intelligent supporters of the Lutheran faith, the members of the oldest families of the nobility, who, though often reduced in circumstances, and therefore in power, are loyal to their principles and form the solid backbone of the Conservative party. Exclusive of these, however, it is not unfair to say that there is no country where less real respect exists for the teachings and forms of the Church than in Germany. This does not at all argue a desperate state of morals, for, with a greater pretence of piety, France would undoubtedly show up worse in this respect; but it does argue, and that in a startling degree, the substitution of low principles of conduct for the obligations and ideals to which humanity owes whatever elevation it has yet attained and its best hopes of the future. Among the upper middle class, the members of which furnish most of the professors and learned men, the possession of any regard for religious principles, so called, would be considered an unfailing mark of an inferior mind. A certain decency as to marriage and funeral-solemnities is the only token ever discoverable of the existence of such principles for them. I think my German friends will bear me out in this. With no desire to apply the much-

condemned "English strictness," one cannot but often be startled by the Continental lightness, the truly airy manner in which falsehoods are tossed about in daily life, and by the intriguing way of dealing rife among the most refined people. The impossibility of distinguishing lying from the truth is, to say the least, often inconvenient and misleading in practical affairs.

Such religion as is still to be found among the masses in Germany is virtually that of the Prince of Anhalt-Dessau,—"der alte Dessauer" of Frederick the Great's time,—who, before the battle of Kesseldorf, prayed, "Dear God, graciously assist me this day. But if you won't, why, then, for goodness' sake, don't help those blackguards my enemies, but stand quietly by, look on, and don't meddle. I'll manage." It is only when things get quite beyond their managing that Germans pray.

Of the four *hofprediger*, or preachers to the court of Berlin, two are conspicuous for their piety,—Hofprediger Bauer and Hofprediger Stöcker. To the former, and to his energetic, charming wife, no small part of the vitality of the inner life of the cathedral parish is due. Herr Stöcker, though in reality one of the gentlest of men, has acquired a reputation for pugnacity by the conspicuous part he has taken in what is generally regarded as an outburst of intolerance. Many even of those who share his views shudder at the commotion which his course of action has excited. But Herr Stöcker's denunciation of the Jews of Berlin, and eventually of Prussia and all Germany, was not a sudden outbreak: it was the result of long and careful thought and very righteous indignation. The pros and cons of this question have been much discussed of late, both in England and in America; but, notwithstanding the interesting paper of Canon Farrar, the clever articles of Miss Lazarus, and the indignant protests of American newspapers and of the friendly helpers of the Jewish refugees shipped to this emptying-place, the United States,—not-

withstanding all these, one must continue to think that they who have not lived upon the spot and were not present when the question forced itself upon public attention cannot judge unbiassedly of the points at issue. Canon Farrar presupposes religious hatred against a people who, he allows, may often cheat, but who have been driven to it by the intolerance of the ancestors of those who now persecute them. Miss Lazarus, on the other hand, presupposes a race-hatred, which she very properly calls "unchristian." Neither of these suppositions covers the ground. If the Jews of Berlin had been content to pursue their own ways of life and their own religious customs, and to carry out conscientiously the principles which they profess, neither there nor elsewhere would complaint have been made against them. Canon Farrar draws his picture from the law-abiding, for the most part well-educated, and, above all, *orthodox* Jews of England, who are as different from the Continental and especially from the German Jews as can well be conceived. Who will not respect families like the Montefiores and the Rothschilds, who, in word and in deed, honor the faith in which they were born, who are passionately devoted to their race, and who work for an ideal condition of their people? But Germany, alas! has not one such representative Jewish family,—I mean one the members of which are all devoted to their faith and work for it. It *has*, however, degraded tricksters, like the financier Bleichröder; ingenious wire-pullers, like the swarms of Jewish students, angling and bargaining during their whole university career for profitable places as professors and civil officers; evaders of the laws of the country which harbors them, like the judges who administer an oath of their own making, leaving ample room for the Hebrew witness to lie in a trial involving the interests of one of his coreligionists; scores, too, of those most offensive of mortals, the petty brokers of the Exchange; hundreds of the harpies who ply young officers and noblemen with enticing offers of ready money until whole family estates are in their hands; and

flaunting, loud-voiced wives and daughters, filling concert-rooms and galleries and currying favor with the great. All these Germany has, but very few of the true-hearted Israelites who have done nothing to bring upon them the opprobrium that Germans hurl at them. Far be it from any one to uphold the uproarious demonstrations raised by the students of Breslau and other university towns against these people. But equally far be it from foreigners to cast reproach at the Germans for their determination to put an end to those corruptions in the state and in society for which the Jews, and the Jews alone, are responsible, and which they steadily work to maintain. No right-minded citizen ought to sit by and see them go on. No courageous citizen will do so. All honor to the clear-headed—if hot-hearted—men who care too much for their Fatherland to have it become a Hebrew broker's-shop and an Israelitish sham!

Of all the types of Germany's life represented at the capital, the imperial pride may be said to centre in that portion of her magnificent army stationed within and about Berlin. Long experience and study of the principles of war and the protection of her borders have taught Germany the essential points of strength in a military force,—viz., numbers, and the special perfection of each member of the whole force; and so admirably managed, so perfectly drilled, so constantly replenished and improved, is this vast body, that it is, and fittingly, the wonder of the world. No amount of taxation or of enforced service is spared. Every German, if not physically disabled or morally disqualified (as in the case of felons) to stand under arms, and not in the navy, belongs to the active army for *seven* years,—i.e., from his twentieth to his twenty-eighth year. "During the first *three* years" (I quote from the regulations) "he belongs to the *standing* army; during the last four, to the *reserve*." For five years after this, however, he is a member of the *landwehr*, and until the age of forty-two he must serve in the *landsturm*. The entire nautical population

is free from military service, but is required for the navy.

Exclusive of these seven rigorous military years, the German boy has hard work enough at school; for the severe examinations for civil office, and the enormous competition in the professions,

necessitate hard and incessant preparation from the age of six to twenty-two years. The schools are divided into the Progymnasium, the Gymnasium, the Upper Bürger-Schule, and the Real Schule. The two former are for those boys who are to follow a profession,



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and the two latter for those destined for business. The system of study pursued is wonderfully logical and thorough; but to any save German parents it must seem as though too much mental drill were required of boys at a very tender age. Their complexions are for the

most part lifeless and sallow; they have none of that spring which makes English and American boys at play a delight to look upon; and, worst of all, they are almost without exception near-sighted or otherwise imperfect in their vision. Many physicians assign this defect to

the use of slates and the dimness of the outlines traced upon them; but neither American, French, nor English children are conspicuous for their use of eye-glasses, and they all, as far as I know, make use of slates in one form or another. A far more likely cause of this weakness is the lack of fresh air in sleeping- and study-rooms, and the excessive consumption of beer on the part of their ancestors.

One grievous defect this all but perfect German system of education has: it in some way fails to develop that faculty of "common sense" which in American and English boys is so prominent. German boys seem incapable of forming a spontaneous, healthy judgment. Throughout their whole career at the university and into mature life, Germans are strikingly lacking in robust, honorable manliness. No peculiarity is more noticeable to a foreigner than this. A well-known member of the Parliament, writing in the "*Rundschau*," says, "Education in the schools begins upon a broad basis; the contraction of that basis begins at once and abruptly at the university. The university," he says, "splinters itself into special departments. Each special subject is broken into minute particulars. He who has gone through his course in medicine gets no general survey of the many branches of study necessary for his calling; he has explored but one, and all subjects beyond his professional range are absolutely closed to him. The law-student knows nothing of the human body; the surgeon nothing of the elementary ground-work of law and justice. The first principles of social economy, literature, ethnology, history, and all those matters which every educated man ought to know something about, are, in a terrible degree, strange to those studying in special departments."

In the education of girls, Berlin has always shown deep interest. Perhaps the decided strides onward in this direction taken during the present reign are due to the thorough culture and love of study possessed by the empress Augusta. Certain it is that several of

the best *stifte*, or institutes for girls, have the patronage and untiring interest of the empress to thank for their prosperity. Far on as American women are supposed to be in matters of study, I venture to say that the German girl is better grounded, better drilled, and far more logically taught than they. She is undoubtedly less able to make use of her knowledge, seldom does make the most of it, and upon her entrance into society is *womanish* rather than *womanly*; nevertheless, the fact remains indisputable that until her seventeenth year her education is based upon a system thorough, progressive, comprehensive, which, if pursued until the age of twenty-one, would make the women of the upper classes of her country the best-instructed women of our time. I speak, of course, of the system in its perfection, not of a Saxon or any other corrupted form of it. Startling as this may seem to those who are accustomed to think of the *Deutsche Frau* as the household drudge which the authoress of "*German Home-Life*" paints her, and true in its main facts as is the description of that writer, yet the reason of her becoming a drudge does not lie in the education which she receives at school, but in that to which she is subjected, by precept and example, between the close of her school-life and her marriage. Although girls nominally leave school at the age of seventeen, it is becoming an almost universal custom for schools to have extra classes made up of pupils of the ages of nineteen and even twenty-two or three, who pursue special courses in languages, painting, music, and literature. It is the habit of the daughters of professors in Berlin to study Latin, and frequently, though not so often, Greek, out of school-hours, at the Victoria Lyceum, an institution most admirably conducted by Miss Archer, an enthusiastic, indefatigable Scotchwoman, who, with the aid of the crown princess, has given an impetus to the higher education of women in all Prussia. The town-schools are divided into private schools and "*Höhere Töchterschulen*," and the

plans of study marked out by them extend over ten years, beginning with the seventh year. In these plans the absence of Latin and Greek is noticeable; but the time between the ages of sixteen and twenty is, I think, fairly to be reckoned as the period when in American colleges and schools for girls most attention is given to Latin and Greek and to the higher mathematics. Should, therefore, the German girl extend the time of her actual education to the age of twenty or twenty-one, she will already have studied both Greek and Roman history, and two foreign languages, French and English, and will be adding to a basis in other branches which, I repeat, cannot be surpassed by that of any country.

With education like this, and with very delightful natural gifts, it is strange that the women, even in cosmopolitan Berlin, should be, as a rule, uninteresting, often appear stupid, and become chiefly housekeepers for their husbands; and only one reason can be assigned for it,—that is, the slight intercourse which sisters have with their brothers, the lack of intellectual sympathy between husbands and wives, and the wide chasm which yawns between young ladies and gentlemen. Herein, too, is undoubtedly to be found the cause of that coarseness in the constitution of German men, so painfully noticeable to foreigners. A German woman (and this is especially true of Southern Germany and the provinces) at her marriage drops instantly all occupations and interests save those pertaining to her *Haushalt*. Custom demands of her to be first a good domestic. "Matrimony in Germany," a clever writer has said, "is like iodine ointment for the absorption of muscle. It acts upon a woman as solvent to all that should give vigor to her character."

In life at Berlin there is no more potent contributor to its interest than the stage. With twenty theatres and a popular intendant over the Royal Theatre and Opera-House, it would be strange indeed if the care and culture bestowed upon the production of the

plays did not yield the best results. Since the early part of the eighteenth century, endeavors to improve plays, to purify scenes, and to make actors respected and self-respecting have gone steadily forward; though not till Eckhoff's time did a decided and extended influence in the right direction make itself felt. In provincial towns theatres are managed by the town authorities, or they belong to a company; and even here the manner of conducting them is beyond all praise. At the residence of a court there is an officer called the Intendant,—a man of rank, taste, and culture,—appointed by the government, whose duty it is to see that every piece put upon the royal stage is suitable, that it is legally acquired, that the costumes are appropriate to the date of the play, etc. The stage is therefore made a genuine means of education. Shakespeare is acted oftener in Berlin than in London; and Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, and hosts of the authors of the day, are constantly represented. In tragedy German actors are, perhaps, as a whole, weakest; though Ludwig Barnay may be fairly counted one of the great Hamlets of the day. It is in pure comedy that the modern German actor seems most at home; and here he is indeed perfect. In private life the members of the Berlin stage are for the most part well-educated, respectable people, living well-ordered lives, and frequently mingling in the society of the town.

Of the operatic stage, the world has heard much since Wagner burst upon his countrymen with his innovations, his dictatorial egotism, and his magnificent gifts; and no singer has done more to make his *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, and the *Meistersänger* intelligible to the musical world than Herr Niemann, the principal tenor of the Royal Opera-House. Indeed, until a few years since, no other performer possessed in so wonderful a degree the combination of voice and dramatic power necessary to a complete representation of such characters as *Lohengrin*. But of late years the huskiness formerly occasional has become almost habitual, and Niemann's

voice can hardly be reckoned as now existing.

Of musicians and composers, schools of music and hundreds of pupils, Berlin is full. The home of Kullak and Joachim could hardly fail to attract pianists and violinists to it; and who, alas! can fill the place of the former, who has just died, leaving behind him an

institute numbering over one thousand students?

Artistic and social life in Berlin is unique and very charming. From the autumn until the early spring the emperor and most of the members of the royal family remain, with slight interruptions, in town. When the summer vacation has ended, the Houses of Par-



BISMARCK'S PALACE.

liament assemble, and the members of the nobility and the diplomates take possession of their houses in the Wilhelm, Behren, and Alsen Streets; the University semester begins; the Opera-House, the Schauspiel-Haus, and the Sing-Akademie are opened, and life for the season is fairly under way. Painters, musicians, sculptors, authors, and scientific men unite to form one great circle of social interests, where one meets Richter, Knaus, and Meyerheim; pupils of Rauch, Schinkel, and Drake; the nephews of Mendelssohn, the wife of Schumann, the daughter of Bettina of Goethe fame; Helmholtz, Mommsen,

Curtius, and Grimm; Spielhagen, and, until very recently, Auerbach; now and then, upon a flying visit, Rubinstein and Brahms; and, most rarely of all,—now, alas! no longer,—the Meister himself,—Wagner, their antagonist and their god, their butt and their ideal, the subject of every jest and model of every youthful artist soul,—Wagner, with his fantastic dress, his exquisite thrilling voice, his colorless, clear-cut face, and his beautiful, glowing eyes! Shall we tell little children when we are quite old how we saw the Beethoven of our century?

ANNA MAYNARD BUTLER.

SEBIA'S TANGLED WEB.

CHAPTER VI.

A NEW PICTURE.

MR. and Mrs. Arthur Hoffman returned early in the autumn, and almost immediately betook themselves to their country home. An attempt had been made to put it in order for their reception, but they foresaw weeks of interesting occupation in rearranging the rooms to suit their own fancy, while a number of the cases of bric-à-brac which they had sent home had not yet been unpacked. The wood-work from the old inn now graced their dining-room, and through the sea-water-tinted panes of the latticed windows they could see the sail-boats of the Sound flit lazily to and fro. Sebia, in a becoming cap and a dainty Parisian morning wrapper, toyed with her cup of blossomed Dresden-ware, while Arthur Hoffman glanced over the morning mail. "Your father writes that he has disposed of all his stock in the mine and has wound up matters better than he expected, having come out of the affair with a small profit on his original investment. I don't see how he could do that, unless some one else has lost. However, he seems very well satisfied. I presume it's all right. He says he will be with us next Tuesday. You must have the south bedroom fitted up for him. Has the taxidermist sent home the skins and the stuffed buffalo's head we ordered?"

"No," pouted Sebia; "and I am afraid I shan't have time to paint the frieze of the dance of the medicine-men that I meant to. I wanted father's room to look as wild and Western as I could make it."

"Never mind: you can do it after he arrives. I dare say he won't object to having you around. Can't you rig up some kind of a frieze for my study? I wouldn't mind your company, step-ladders and all. Oh, Sebia! isn't this

altogether too good to be true? It strikes me that it is even a trifle better than Europe. A perfect little wife and a perfect little home. Do you remember when the building-craze was on me, and I couldn't get it out of my head even on Sundays, how you took me to St. Paul's to hear a sermon, and the minister read about the foolish man who built his house upon the sand, 'and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and great was the fall thereof'? Our house is founded on the rock, little wife, is it not?"

"If you knew how I love you!" was all that Sebia could answer.

"Yes, I know it. And I am so proud to think that I never loved anyone else before you, that I have no confessions to make—"

"I would not let you make them. I have nothing to do with your past life,—only with the present and the future," said Sebia.

"But are you not glad that you can have all my life? There is no Blue-Beard's closet to which you may not have the key."

"I should never pry where you did not wish me to look, and I should love you just as well even if there were something to forgive. I think forgiveness comes easier to women than to men. Loving makes a woman lenient; I am afraid it tends to make a man exacting. It will be hard for me to live up to your standard, Arthur, but you are good enough for us both. I shall have to say of you, as father did of mother, when you come to add us up and strike an average the result isn't bad."

Arthur Hoffman experienced a slight feeling of disappointment. It seemed to him that his wife ought to be prouder of his own irreproachable character. Was it a little thing that he had kept his heart pure? Was it possible that she did not greatly care whether this was so or not? Or was she so innocent

that it seemed only a matter of course that her husband should bring her a single heart and an unspotted life? "I wish I had known your mother," he said, after a pause. "From what your father says, she must have been a heroine."

"She was one of God's martyrs. I believe she starved for religious surroundings. She used to attend mass at the Roman Catholic church and try to get all the inspiration out of it that she could. She used to say, 'I am hungry for an old-fashioned prayer-meeting.' Papa loved her, but he made fun of her too, and called her a little Puritan."

"Your father says that you are just like her."

"I used to be; but I sometimes think that I am growing to look a little like papa."

"Well, this is not attending to my letters: at this rate I shall not get through them very soon. Hillo! here is the most mysterious and perplexing note from Crittenden. Something about a tremendous disclosure, and a new picture which he bought while I was abroad: I must come and see it at once, for it concerns me deeply. What do I care for the trash he is always discovering in the picture-line? He has been mousing about the Custom-House, I presume, and has unearthed and purchased some old canvas detained for non-payment of duty. This he has had carefully scraped and has discovered to be a genuine Raphael. It is the old story. I shall not please him by giving it immediate attention, but will drop in at my convenience some time during the autumn."

Sebia's heart gave a quick leap, but her husband's explanation appeared to her to be the most probable one, and, busying herself with her home-decoration, she dismissed the subject from her thoughts.

"I shall have your portrait here in my study," said Arthur Hoffman. "It will fit just within that door-frame; and there is no need of having a door at that angle. From my arm-chair the

perspective is quite illusory: you seem to be just stepping into the room."

"If you want it to simulate a door," said Eusebia, "you must have a *portière* half drawn in front of it." And forthwith an ebony bar was suspended on brackets in front of the portrait, and from its gilded rings a curtain fell of such decorative aspect that Eusebia kept it drawn much of the time, though her husband never entered the apartment without dashing it aside. "One would think you were jealous of the portrait," he said impatiently one morning; "you keep it as carefully hidden as though it were the picture of my first wife."

Eleanor Hoffman had not yet returned to the city: she was making the most possible of her last days of maidenhood. She would not be a young bride, and yet she was in no haste to enter the estate of matrimony.

"I wish from the bottom of my soul that she had chosen some one else," her brother remarked confidentially to his wife. "I don't at all relish receiving Crittenden into the bosom of the family. He knows it too, and, if he had a particle of delicacy, would not push himself. But Eleanor has always carried herself rather haughtily, and I suppose he is her last chance in our set. It is the old story of going through the woods to pick up a crooked stick at last. Eleanor sees the clearing just ahead, and is frightened."

"I used to think," said Eusebia meditatively, "that Mr. Westminster was rather fond of Eleanor."

"He is not exactly in our set, though I believe I should prefer him to Crittenden. Crittenden made his money out of petroleum, and I don't see why one kind of oil is not as good as another. Give me a man for a brother-in-law something like my friend Blunt. By the way, why didn't he come to our wedding?"

"He was in South America, you know. I wonder whether he has returned."

"I will look him up and invite him out here. Write an invitation for me,

and be sure you put in 'no style:' perhaps that will bring him."

And so John Blunt, who had just returned from a short visit to the country, found upon his desk at the editorial office a daintily-perfumed note bearing the coat of arms of the Hoffmans and inviting him out to Killcare. He was still weak and shaken. Should he go? No; he decided it would be madness; but even as he made the decision Arthur Hoffman called for him with his dog-cart, and, laying kindly-violent hands upon him, dragged him away for a Sunday in the country.

He was very silent, but he watched Eusebia hungrily. It seemed to him that she made even a greater display than was necessary of her happiness and love for her husband. All her little airs and graces had assumed a new aspect: they were tender, devoted, with a girlish shyness which was very pretty. She rarely met her husband's admiring gaze, but she seemed conscious of it, and smiled with demure down-drooping lashes when his glance rested upon her. Now and then Blunt noticed that when his friend was not apparently thinking of his wife she would look at him with such a world of wistfulness and longing that it seemed to him the look of some loving girl for one who had not sought her affection, instead of the proud sense of possession appropriate to the happy wife. But this phase was evanescent. It was difficult not to believe that Eusebia was happy. Indeed, she told him so many times during his short stay. In return, he praised her husband's goodness.

"Ah, yes!" she replied, with a little laugh, "that is his only fault: he is too superhumanly perfect. I almost wish he had done something really bad some time in his past life; then he might make allowances for me."

"Is he so exacting, then?"

"Yes. Everything about him must be faultless. There is a room up in the attic to which he sends every vase or plaque as soon as he discovers the least flaw in it. Sometimes I tell him that we might have these articles mended,

so that no one would suspect a crack. But no; he has a horror of anything patched up or mended. It is really a pathetic sight to go into that room and see the lovely things that might just as well be having their share of admiration at this moment all set aside like Vashti. Some day he will discover that I am not perfect, and then there will be another broken piece of bric-à-brac added to the *salon des refusés*."

Sebia spoke lightly, with a gay little laugh which disclaimed all seriousness. And Blunt replied in a like tone, "When the auction of damaged wares takes place, pray invite me."

Arthur Hoffman was himself very attentive to his friend. He commented on his haggard appearance: "You have been working too hard; you are killing yourself. You must give up this newspaper drudgery and settle down to the novel which you always said you would write when you had lived your own romance. And why would not my study be a good place in which to write it? Mr. Dorr is not coming as soon as he expected, and you can occupy the wigwam-room. Sebia and I would have it to boast of the rest of our lives that the celebrated novel, Blunt's masterpiece, was written here. Come out every Saturday night for the rest of the winter and start in. You have never given me an opportunity of enjoying you. I don't mean a chance for showing my gratitude for the mere saving of my life as you did. Another man might have done that, and I should not feel to him as I do to you personally. I honor and love you, John Blunt, with all my soul."

They were standing on the platform of the railway-station. Blunt's pale face crimsoned with pleasure. He wrung his friend's hand, then lifted his hat ceremoniously to Eusebia in the basket phaeton, and, entering the car, said to himself, "On the whole, I am not sorry that I saved his life: it is best for her; and what happens to me is of no consequence."

Eusebia's evil genius so managed affairs that her husband met Mr. Crit-

tenden on the morning after Blunt's visit, and, piloted by him to the much-vaunted private collection, was seated directly in front of Mr. Westminster's Rose of May. On the way to his house Mr. Crittenden had told quite a story. He had had the good fortune to secure a painting which he doubted not Mr. Hoffman would agree with him ought never to pass out of the family. The younger man winced as he said it. "So he counts himself in the family already," he thought. "Well, I suppose I must bear it, for Eleanor's sake."

"I am the more willing to do you a favor of this kind," Mr. Crittenden explained, "in that I am now in special need of your brotherly offices. My engagement with your sister has been for some months a publicly-understood thing. When I left Saratoga, Eleanor, although she showed no great enthusiasm about our approaching marriage, yet led me to suppose that all was well. Since then, as you know, she joined a party of friends of hers going northward by way of Lake George to the Thousand Islands; and now comes a most extraordinary communication." Mr. Crittenden drew from his pocket a letter, in which Eleanor Hoffman begged him to release her from her engagement, as she had lately better learned her own heart and had become convinced during the intimate acquaintance afforded by their engagement that their temperaments were such that they could never be happy together.

"Sensible girl!" thought Arthur Hoffman; but he returned the letter without comment.

Mr. Crittenden proceeded: "I depend upon your influence over Eleanor to bring her to her senses, and I will render you in return a favor which I am positive you will consider equal to the one I ask. A picture from a celebrated model of whom Mr. Westminster has boasted to me particularly, but whose identity I have never suspected, has lately fallen into my hands. All existing canvases painted from this particular model ought to be secured at any price, to save your family from scandal; and I offer my

services as your agent to ferret them out."

"What does the presuming scoundrel mean?" had been Arthur Hoffman's thought; but it was all clear when he sat down before the picture. Eusebia had been the model. This was no portrait, but an airy sylph. He thought of the circumstances attending his purchase of *Le Mode's* painting, and was struck dumb, while Crittenden nibbled his moustache and regarded him in an expectant attitude.

"You presume too far, Crittenden," he remarked, with a calmness and assurance which he did not feel. "There is a resemblance, certainly, but that is easily accounted for by the fact that Mrs. Hoffman was a pupil of Westminster's, and she probably saw no harm in allowing him to use her face, if indeed it might not have been done without her knowledge. I will take this painting with pleasure and pay you whatever you gave for it. It is even too great an honor to have my sister's portrait displayed here. You may as well express it to me in the same package. But you need not exert yourself to attempt to find any further likenesses of Mrs. Hoffman. Such kindness on your part is entirely uncalled for."

He went out in a white rage and hurried directly to Little Westminster's studio. It was closed, for Blunt had not taken up his lodgings here on his return to town, and Westminster himself had not yet come back from his yachting-cruise. A gentleman stood at the door who had just slipped two small envelopes beneath it and was now laboriously writing a message on the small white slate which decorated its front. Turning, he bade a courteous good-morning, and Arthur Hoffman recognized Blumenthal, the violinist. "We are both disappointed," he said. "I came to leave tickets for my opening concert of the season, both for him and a pretty model of his whom I met here last winter. I have forgotten her name, but perhaps you will remember it, as I saw her at your house at one of your sister's four-o'clock teas. If you recollect, I jested

about having given her violin-lessons. That was to oblige Mr. Westminster one day, who wanted me to give her the correct pose for violin-playing. I have never known whether he ever painted the picture."

"I cannot give you the information you desire," said Arthur Hoffman loftily. It was true, then, and so notorious that Eusebia had been a model that every one knew it but himself! A sickening certainty had succeeded to his anger; but, though he needed no further confirmation, he walked over to Le Mode's studio, and, presenting his card, remarked, "I have a painting of yours, Mr. Le Mode, which I purchased a few weeks since at the London Academy Exhibition."

"Is it possible," exclaimed the artist, "that that painting has found its way back to America? The model from whom I painted it was very anxious that it should not be sold in this country. I trust you will not exhibit it publicly."

"No," replied Arthur Hoffman bitterly. "I have no wish to exhibit it."

"That is good," replied Le Mode. "I wonder who the little girl is posing for now. She did not leave me her address when I was through with her, as models usually do. I should like very well to use her again, and mean to look her up."

Arthur Hoffman clinched his hands till the nails pierced the flesh, but he did not speak, and the artist continued:

"Here is the costume in which she posed for your picture," exhibiting the heliotrope-tinted dress. "Very effective, is it not? and all made up of old traps which I had here in the studio. She got it up herself; and I consider that that suit shows genius,—absolute genius. A woman who could concoct such an elegant costume out of odd ends must be capable of making a good deal of the material of her own life."

Arthur Hoffman could endure no more. Yes, it was a lie, down to the dainty costume so suggestive of refined taste and luxurious surroundings. The low boarding-house which he found was her home, and against which he had so revolted, was her proper environ-

ment. He had been duped by a clever adventurer. Was her love all a lie like the rest? No matter: love from such a source was degradation. He had walked on and on in his excitement, and he came to himself only when he realized that it was growing dark and that the street-lamps were lighted. He drew out his watch and noted that the last train must have left for Killcare. He was dumbly glad of this: it seemed to him at that moment that he should never go back again, and he was just sane enough to recognize that he was in no condition now to meet Eusebia. He stepped into a telegraph-office and sent her a message which would disclose nothing: "Detained by important business. May not return for several days." Then he took a room at a hotel, and sat down to think. He sat in the same uncomfortable attitude far into the night, his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands. He did not think actively all the time: a numbness seemed to have seized his brain, which made him incapable of seeing his way clearly in his trouble.

Little things came back to him, to which he had given slight weight before, all confirming the terrible truth and making it possible that Sebia could have so deceived him. He had suspected for some time past that her father was not a man of the strictest honor. Ah! Sebia was like her father. He had flattered himself that this was not so. The face was very different. She had escaped the tell-tale stamp of moral weakness shown by his receding forehead, eyes set close together, ever smiling and indecisive mouth, weak chin, and nervous, aimless fingers. She had inherited a grave serenity from her mother,—a noble brow that seemed capable of sheltering only sweet and holy thoughts. But what if she were like her mother only in *physique*, while her soul was her father's? He was stunned by the blow, and utterly incapable of setting in order any arguments which there might be on the other side. It seemed to him that, like some noble abbey, his life had fallen into ruin. "I built upon the

sand," he moaned, "and my house has fallen."

He walked to the window. The city lay hushed and quiet in the solemn midnight. Over a mass of dark wall he could see the lamps of the electric light in the Park shining like a coronet of stars half-way between earth and heaven. Against their white radiance a slender spire was silhouetted darkly; and he remembered one solemn night in Europe when he had visited a ruined minster by moonlight. A single tower stood erect and solitary over the mass of broken masonry. It filled him with a certain respect and yearning pity which the original edifice could never have excited. "Please God, I will rise out of my ruin like that tower," he said, in his anguish. "Misery and shame which come from without can be borne. I can still look mankind in the eye, conscious of my own rectitude."

Then he sank back into his old position and tried to think his way out. "There must be a separation," he said to himself; "but I cannot endure the humiliation of laying all the details before the lawyers. There is only one friend who can manage it for me, and that is Blunt." He rang for writing-materials, and wrote until daybreak. He told the story, simply and truthfully, from his own point of view, and then he added,—

"Will you, my friend, stand by me in my present disgrace? I desire matters conducted as quietly as possible, and, above all, that there should be no scandal in the papers. Will you call on the most prominent lawyers for me and ascertain the divorce laws? You can put the matter in an impersonal way. Suppose the case, and pretend that you are seeking information to guide you in the construction of the plot for your new novel. Mrs. Hoffman and I will pass for its characters. I did not think when I proposed helping you with it that it would have such a sensational cast. Say that your fictitious husband is willing to give alimony,—anything to be released *a vinculo matrimonii*, as I believe they call it. God knows, I never

thought to regard marriage as a fetter; it was rather a sacrament to me, as the Romish Church considers it. Ascertain, too, where you will have to lay the plot of your story in order to obtain a divorce for ante-nuptial fraud. I enclose a check which you may fill out as you find necessary. I shall have something more delicate still for you to undertake: I want you to break all these proceedings to my wife. You had better do it personally: the less writing we have, the better.

"And, so, all success with your novel. It is rather fortunate that the latest literary standards do not require a pleasant ending: you could not well furnish it with your present material. What a tangle life is!

"Your heart-sick friend,
"ARTHUR HOFFMAN."

CHAPTER VII.

BLUNT'S NOVEL.

JOHN BLUNT received this letter on the afternoon of the day that it was mailed. He was completely overwhelmed. "I would assist Arthur in any other matter," he said to himself; "but in this—I to effect a separation between him and Sebia! It is simply monstrous! But what can I do?" he moaned. "What can I do for her?" Then for a moment there came a quick, flaming suggestion from the Evil One. What if, after all, Eusebia were not as happy as she seemed? He had had his doubts: he remembered a haunting look upon her face that was almost like fear. What if she had not found magnificence so satisfying as she had dreamed, and this was his opportunity? She trusted him, he knew. Was it absurd to suppose that she might turn gratefully to an honest heart ready to defend her in her hour of trouble? Perhaps his romance was nearer the writing than he thought.

His better nature instantly reasserted itself. Could any infamy be baser than this? It seemed to him that he took his heart between his clinched hands and

crushed it. He determined not to put himself in the way of temptation. Nothing should induce him to go out to Killcare or to see Eusebia on this business. He felt the need, however, of action and of counsel. To whom could he better apply for the latter than to Miss Dudley? She was acquainted with all the circumstances of the case. In her clear judgment he had perfect confidence, as well as in her disinterested kindness. At one time, before Eusebia came to New York, they had been on very intimate terms. There had been ground for Westminster's jokes. He had queried whether it would not be possible with her to forget old memories. If Sebia had not come, perhaps it might have been; for there had been a more than sisterly light in Miss Dudley's clear eye when its glance fell upon Blunt. He had neglected her of late: he would make amends by this more than ordinary confidence. They could never be to each other what he had once vaguely imagined; but that was no reason why their old pleasant relations should be rudely sundered. He needed her now more than ever, and he determined to go to her at once. Westminster had not yet returned. What could make him linger so? But Miss Dudley, he knew, by good fortune was at her studio, packing her effects, for at length the long-wished-for opportunity for foreign study had come, and he had mentioned her near departure for Europe in the last "jottings."

At Killcare, Eusebia had passed a troubled night. With the brief telegram had come an undefined sense of impending calamity, which took shape in the morning when an express-man left a large packing-box for Mr. Hoffman. She ordered it to be carried into his study and placed upon the floor. A servant brought hammer and chisel, but she declined having it opened, and they left her alone with the mysterious box. She regarded it wonderingly for a few moments, when her eye suddenly caught a part of the marking:

"PAINTINGS,

"From J. Crittenden."

She seized the hammer and worked feverishly until she had torn away two of the boards and brought the upper part of the picture to view. The tools dropped from her hands: it seemed to her that she was looking at her own face in a coffin. It was the "Rose of May." She hastily renailed the box, trying at first to think of some new subterfuge to extricate herself from this disaster. Gradually despair swept over her, and she comprehended that there was no longer any refuge in deceit: her husband either already knew or must inevitably soon know the entire truth. If she could only forestall the disclosure by a full confession!

Bitterly now she regretted that she had ever attempted any concealment. "Mr. Blunt told me that I was weaving a tangled web," she said to herself, "and Miss Dudley, too. She was always so truthful and fearless. One could tell by her broad, white forehead and by her clear eyes, that always faced one frankly, that she was incapable of deceit. Perhaps if she would see Arthur and tell him the whole story, he would believe her; but I have lied to him, and he will never believe me again."

When John Blunt met Miss Dudley at the door of her studio, each was startled by the anxious appearance of the other. Blunt at once launched into the midst of his trouble. "He wants me to go to her and break the news of all this misery," he said finally, "and I cannot, Miss Dudley,—for—"

"Hush! hush!" exclaimed the quick-witted woman; "do not say another word. It is not for me to know your reasons. You are excited by this distressing occurrence; you are not yourself; you will regret it by and by if you say anything further."

Blunt would not be stopped, but went on impetuously: "You might as well see the whole extent of the tangle. I had rather trust a secret of mine to you than to any one else in the world,—because you have been a sister to me. I have always felt that you were the woman of all others whom I could trust.

I cannot act in this matter; I must not lift a finger; for I love her myself."

Miss Dudley grew deadly pale, and leaned hard against the table beside which she was standing, and at the same instant an hysterical sob was heard behind a screen.

Blunt looked wildly about him.

"Yes," replied Miss Dudley, with preternatural calmness, "she is there, and you have made your declaration. I will leave you to yourselves for a few moments."

But Blunt stayed her with an arm around her waist, and Eusebia, sobbing, flung hers about her neck.

"Oh, help me! help me!" she cried. "What shall I do?"

"Let matters take their course," said Miss Dudley, in a hard, unnatural voice. "It is too late for help. You will be consoled ere long. You have heard what Mr. Blunt said."

"Mr. Blunt did not say it to me. He intended that I should never know it. He never will say it to me. I had no right to hear it, and I shall make myself believe that I did not hear it."

"You can say it to her now," said Miss Dudley coldly. "What is the use of pretending that you do not understand each other?"

"But perhaps Mr. Blunt does not understand me," cried Sebia. "Perhaps even you do not understand me."

Miss Dudley placed both her hands upon Eusebia's shoulders and held her from her, scanning her face steadily. "What is it that you wish me to do?" she asked.

"Teach me how to win my husband's forgiveness, and plead with him for me."

"Why do you wish to be reconciled to him?" Miss Dudley asked, in the same pitiless tone.

"Because I cannot live without him," moaned the heart-broken child; "because I love him more than all the world; because it has been my fault that I loved him more than my own soul, than my own sense of truth and right."

Miss Dudley turned to Blunt: "Perhaps she does not quite mean what she

says, or you might win her to a different feeling."

Her words stung like scorpions.

"Mrs. Hoffman knows her own heart," Blunt replied proudly; "and there is no man living who could honor her more for those words than I do. I have said that I love her, and it is because I do so that I pledge myself to do all in my power to effect a reconciliation; and you, Miss Dudley, must help us. I ask it."

"You ask it?" replied Miss Dudley faintly.

"As the greatest favor that could be done me."

Miss Dudley trembled violently, but a great joy shone in her eyes,—not the selfish gratification of a woman who hopes for her own happiness, but a pride that was maternal in its tenderness, such as a mother might feel who sees her son triumphing under stress of sore temptation.

"I will go back with you, Sebia," she said, "and through victory or defeat I will stand by you. But, child, I can do little: you must tell your husband the whole sad truth yourself."

"I can tell him anything if you will hold my hand. It seems as if my mother had come back to strengthen me. Oh, Miss Dudley, if you knew how much I am like my father! His way of reasoning seems so natural, so easy, to me. If I were more like mother it might be easier to do right."

"We are all made up of mingled good and evil, Sebia. But there never comes a time when we cannot choose which path to take," said Blunt. He turned away quickly, for he could not trust himself to say more. "It's like holding on to slippery rocks by one's fingernails," he said to himself; "but if the clutch does not loosen, the cliff will hold firm."

Leaving the studio, John Blunt sought his friend at the address which he had sent him. He found him in the worst possible mood to be touched,—that of injured pride. Blunt told the whole story of Eusebia's life as a model,—how she had posed for but two pictures, and

that both Westminster and Miss Dudley would confirm his words.

Arthur Hoffman was inwardly gratified, but he maintained an unmoved exterior. "It matters not to me," he said, "whether she posed for one or for one hundred paintings: it is the mere fact that she has been a model and that she lied to me about it."

"Arthur," replied his friend indignantly, "are you incapable of forgiveness? God pity you! but it seems to me that it would be a mercy if you could commit some crime, that you might be capable of feeling the purgatorial flames of remorse and know how divine a grace it is to forgive."

"How do I know," replied the other, "that my wife is repentant, that she is not even now gloating over the fact that I am her dupe?"

"Go to her," urged Blunt, "and listen gently and mercifully to what she has to say. Do not punish her sin of cowardice—a sin to which I believe she was driven by an overweening respect and awe of you—by that deliberate crime against nature and religion, a repudiation of the marriage-vow,—a vow, Arthur, which, in spite of all iniquitous human laws to the contrary, cannot be broken."

"Upon my word," interrupted Arthur Hoffman, "this was hardly what I expected when I engaged your services. If you wish to play Nathan, you must look up another David, for I am *not* the man." He rose as he spoke, and, without apology, put on his overcoat and took his hat.

John Blunt walked with him out of the hotel. "You will think it over when you are alone," he said, "and acknowledge that I have spoken the truth. However much Sebia may have wronged you,—and I do not exculpate her; you will find she will not justify herself,—whatever may have been her fault, you, Arthur Hoffman, are not the man to retaliate upon her by premeditated and vindictive perjury."

Arthur Hoffman started at the word, and his friend explained himself: "You swore to stand by her in poverty and in wealth, in sickness and in health.

Would you cast her off if she were incurably ill? And is there any sickness like a paralysis of conscience? Even this can be remedied, if properly treated. Does she not need your tenderest care now?"

They had walked on together, and were standing in front of Arthur Hoffman's city home.

"You have said too much," he replied, shaking Blunt's hand from his arm and ascending the steps. "I would not have borne a tithe of this from any other man; and even you have gone too far."

Blunt drew back, deeply hurt. "It is no matter about you, John Blunt," he said to himself: "you have done your best; and he feels the force of what you say, or he would not be angry."

As Arthur Hoffman stooped to apply his latch-key, the door opened, and his sister and Little Westminster confronted him.

"Of all things!" exclaimed Eleanor. "Have you lost the train to Killcare?"

"The very man I wanted to see," said Westminster.

They retreated into the house, and the closing door shut in the brightness.

"Another ally," murmured Blunt, as he walked toward home. "It was time for reinforcements to arrive, for the first battalion retires exhausted and beaten."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TABLES TURNED.

THE meeting between Eleanor Hoffman and Little Westminster had been entirely unpremeditated on both sides. The artists' yacht had met with an accident upon the St. Lawrence, completely disabling it for independent sailing, and they had sent it in tow to New York, continuing their tour up the river on the regular steamers. At Quebec they met Eleanor and her friends. It chanced that the two gentlemen were just the number needed to equalize the masculine and feminine element. Florence Delancey pounced, figuratively, upon Mr. Swampscott Marsh, with whom she al-

ready had a slight acquaintance, and monopolized him for the remainder of the trip. She kept him busy sketching the picturesque corners of Quebec for her throughout the day, and during the evening occupied him with painting the front breadth of a new black satin. Eleanor and Little Westminster for a time fought shy of each other, after the manner of estranged lovers; but they could not resist the outside pressure which threw them constantly together. The party had planned a drive to Châteaueau Bigot, and had so disposed themselves in various vehicles that Eleanor and Westminster were left out in the cold. "There is nothing for it, my dear fellow," counselled Swampscott Marsh, "but to drive her out in a dog-cart or some sort of a gig."

"Miss Hoffman would not accept my escort," replied the sensitive artist, "and I have no mind to expose myself to rebuff in that quarter."

"Oh, she'll put up with you fast enough rather than lose the excursion," remarked Swampscott consolingly. "Besides, I'll get Miss Delancey to sound her sentiments; and you need not ask until you are sure of her acceptance."

Eleanor informed her friend that she would gladly accept the opportunity for a *tête-à-tête* with Mr. Westminster, if only to come to an understanding with that gentleman. His melancholy and sentimental airs were too absurd. He was presuming, too: people might easily imagine from his conduct that she had once been promised to him and had broken the engagement, whereas he had never so much as proposed. She desired to teach him that he had no right whatever to be miserable. "Mark my words, Florence," she had said to her friend, "after this drive Mr. Westminster will arise from his dismal dumps and conduct himself like a reasonable being."

Her prophecy was amply fulfilled. The party at the chateau, after giving them up for lost, sat down to their picnic luncheon, from which they looked up with unspeakable surprise to see Little Westminster and Eleanor coming

toward them arm in arm, laughing and chatting in the best of humor. Eleanor Hoffman had overrated her worship for conventionality. "Why didn't you say so before?" was her half-tender, half-reproachful reply to her lover's declaration. Love had come, and wealth and caste were as nothing in the scale.

"I hardly expected to see you so soon, Arthur," was her greeting to her brother as he mounted the steps of the paternal mansion. "I only arrived this afternoon, and I sent a telegram for you to Killcare a few moments ago."

Arthur Hoffman greeted his sister and turned to Westminster. "I infer that you have also recently arrived," he said. "I was at your studio yesterday and did not find you."

"We met Mr. Westminster with his friend Mr. Swampscott Marsh on the St. Lawrence. Something had happened to their yacht, so they had it towed back and joined our party. Florence Delancey thought it gave us quite an artistic prestige, and only regretted that we hadn't all brought sketching-umbrellas and field-easels."

They chatted inconsequently a little longer, and then Arthur Hoffman invited Westminster to the billiard-room. He closed the door carefully, took up a cue and laid it down, and then began impetuously:

"I have just learned that my wife before her marriage was a professional model."

"It is false," exclaimed Westminster.

"Mr. Westminster," replied the other, smiling bitterly, "I have just come from Mr. Le Mode, for whom she posed, and Mr. Crittenden has obligingly put me in possession of a painting of yours, 'The Rose of May.'"

"Mrs. Hoffman aided me with that picture, as any lady might have done, as your sister has often offered to do. Le Mode painted her but once,—a portrait of which she might well be proud. I believe that these are the only instances of her sitting for any one."

"I wish that you could assure me of this."

"Your wife can give you that information."

"Unfortunately, I cannot trust—" Arthur Hoffman began; then a proud flush swept over his face, and he added, "I cannot trust myself to speak to her on the subject at present."

"Then speak to Miss Dudley: it was she who induced Mrs. Hoffman to pose for me: she is your wife's most intimate friend and wise counsellor. It is impossible that she can have taken a step in the matter without Miss Dudley's knowledge. In regard to my painting, I hold that Mr. Crittenden took an unfair advantage of me in obtaining it as he did. I have just returned the check, demanding that the picture be sent to my studio. I will paint a new face in place of the present one."

"I appreciate your generosity, and I accept your offer. If the picture is ruined, please remember that I am its owner. If, on the contrary, you can change it radically, and dispose of it elsewhere, I had rather not see it again. It shall be sent you to-morrow. If I can ever do you a favor, pray command me."

"Thank you," replied Little Westminster, hesitating for a moment. But Arthur Hoffman's face was still too grave and preoccupied to encourage the broaching of another subject which was upon the artist's mind, and he retired with a haste which was almost precipitancy.

Much of the sense of shame and humiliation done him had been removed from Arthur Hoffman's mind; and as he bade his sister good-night she startled him by an unconscious thrust.

"A broken engagement is a serious matter, Eleanor," he had remarked.

"Yes," she replied, "but not so bad as a divorce."

He started as though she had read his thought. "*A mésalliance* may be worse still," he said.

"No," she answered gravely: "a divorce is the greatest dishonor that can befall any family. Do you suppose that if I had married Mr. Crittenden I should not have suffered any torture

rather than have brought such a thing upon you all? A broken engagement is a mortifying thing, I grant: it is a confession that one has made a humiliating mistake. I do not wonder that your pride is touched and that you are displeased with me."

"No," he exclaimed: "as you say, it might have been worse. I have no regret to waste on Crittenden, no tears to shed: I congratulate you upon your escape."

He went to his old room, but only to pass a troubled night. Waking and dreaming, the doubt which Blunt had roused haunted him. What if, after all, he was upon the verge of a sin greater than Eusebia's? What if the violent sundering of the marriage-relation were indeed the greatest crime that husband or wife could commit against the other, the greatest disgrace that could befall all concerned, an alternative to which a life of misery were preferable? Self-accusation was something to which he was totally unaccustomed; he had been in the habit of surveying his own conduct complacently as actuated by the highest standards; and his moral sense was so fine that to be conscious of wrongdoing was more painful than to feel himself sinned against. He rose before any one in the house was visible, and took an early train for Killcare. He had given up the idea of divorce; but his sense of his wife's untruth burned still.

CHAPTER IX.

MENDED LACE.

ARTHUR HOFFMAN had telegraphed for his favorite riding-horse Grisaille to be brought to him at the station, and, as Eusebia and Miss Dudley stood hand in hand at the window of the drawing-room at Killcare, they watched him coming slowly toward the house, his head bowed as though in deep thought, and Grisaille lazily picking her own way. He was thinking of his meeting with Eusebia. "There must be no scene," he said to himself. "There shall be none, if I can control the situation."

He threw the reins to his groom and mounted the steps. Eusebia stepped into the hall to meet him. She was very pale, and her lips quivered so that she could not speak. He did not appear to notice this, but looked over and beyond her.

"You have company," he said, a relieved expression lighting his face.

"Yes," she replied. "Miss Dudley. May I present you?"

"Not now. The roads were in a wretched condition, and I am too much bespattered to be presentable. I will meet you at dinner, which I trust will be promptly on hand, for I am very hungry."

He passed up the staircase without giving her a single direct glance, and, Eusebia, running back into the drawing-room, threw herself into her friend's arms and burst into tears. "It will be harder than I thought," she sobbed. "If he would only demand an explanation and reproach me! but he is not going to let me say a word."

At table Arthur Hoffman was punctiliously polite, placing a chair for his wife, as he had never neglected doing since their marriage, and paying Miss Dudley such ceremonious attention that the latter lady smiled grimly as she said to herself, "If you fancy that you are overawing me with all this etiquette, you are decidedly mistaken." She bided her time, conversing in a self-possessed manner, but in rather curt phrases. Eusebia watched both with pitiful intensity; she tried bravely to eat, but all her efforts, intensified by the presence of the English serving-man, of whom she had always stood in awe, could not prevent the tears falling silently.

"I fear Miss Dudley will think Killcare a very dull place," Arthur Hoffman remarked as they were leaving the table: "probably only two people very much in love with each other could endure it at this season." He had made the same remark to John Blunt on his visit; he had meant it then, and his glance had rested upon his wife with genuine pride and fondness. Now the words seemed to him the sheerest mockery. "I must accustom myself to this sort of

thing," he thought: "it is not easy; but I did not imagine that it would be."

He stood back for Miss Dudley to pass into the drawing-room, and Eusebia, turning, caught his arm. "I must speak to you," she whispered desperately. "Come with me for a moment to the library; I cannot bear it longer."

"Apparently you have borne it comfortably for some time past," he replied cuttingly. "Control yourself, and remember your duties to your guest. I hear the hall bell; there are callers: try to receive them in a becoming manner." He passed into the room and greeted some neighbors who had dropped in to spend the evening. Eusebia ran to her room and bathed her swollen eyes. When she entered the drawing-room she found that her husband had arranged two card-tables, at one of which he was already distributing the cards, while the guests at the other were waiting for her appearance to complete the party. She greeted her friends with gentle dignity and took her seat. The game was whist, and her partner, an old gentleman, was a great stickler for strict adherence to the rules of the game. She disregarded all his signals, refused to follow his lead, played recklessly from her worst suit, and completed his ill-humor by trumping his best card.

"Mrs. Hoffman is so devoted to her husband," remarked one of the ladies slyly, "that she cannot play unless he is in the game."

Eusebia never knew how she got through the evening. When the guests had left, Miss Dudley took her hand. "You are looking wretchedly," she said. "Go up to your own room, and leave me to speak to your husband."

"He will not let you: he is so proud."

"Oh, yes, I know; but I am not afraid of him. Go, dear child."

And Eusebia, obeying her friend's insistence, left the room.

Arthur Hoffman, entering it, looked around for his wife.

"I advised her to retire," explained Miss Dudley.

"Perhaps you were right," he replied

"she is looking a little fagged and nervous. Housekeeping is rather a new experience for her."

Miss Dudley gave him a peculiar look, so searching in its directness that he saw that subterfuges would be of no avail, for she already comprehended the situation. That another person should be acquainted with this humiliating secret was inexpressibly galling to him, and, turning brusquely from her, he walked into his own private study. Here he was confronted by the packing-box containing "The Rose of May." The chisel and hammer lay beside it, and he opened the case. He looked at the picture bitterly for some time. Then he recalled word for word all that Westminster had said in regard to this painting. "He advised me to speak with Miss Dudley," he thought. "Sebia has already done so. I may as well swallow my pride and satisfy myself." He returned to the drawing-room, where Miss Dudley was standing, irresolute, uncertain whether to expect his reappearance. "Will you step into my study," he asked, "and look at a picture of Mr. Westminster's which I have just secured?"

"It is a lovely thing," was her comment. "I watched its progress with a great deal of interest while it was being painted."

"I believe it was you who induced my wife to adopt the profession of a model."

"Mrs. Hoffman can hardly be said to have entered the vocation. She posed for but two pictures. Mr. Westminster contemplated another, in which she was to appear as a contadina, but it was never painted."

Arthur Hoffman was secretly thankful for this assurance; but his manner only assumed additional frigidity as he replied, "If I desired information concerning the extent of Mrs. Hoffman's career in this direction, I could easily obtain it from her; but there are certain points, apart from her personal history, in regard to which you as an artist have absolute knowledge, and where your judgment would consequently be of more

value to me than that of another. Is it possible for a model to be a modest woman?"

"Perfectly. A costume-model commits no impropriety whatever,—nothing that any pure woman would blush to do, or that the proudest man need resent in the conduct of the woman dearest to him."

"A costume-model?" Arthur Hoffman repeated questioningly. "Then there is a difference? One question more. Is this distinction perfectly understood by artists? and is a costume-model regarded with the respect which you lead me to believe is her due?"

"If this were not so, Mr. Hoffman, do you imagine that I could have been instrumental in placing an innocent and inexperienced girl in such a position?"

"You certainly look like a conscientious and trustworthy woman; and yet the facts which you have given me are not generally understood. I am sure that a man comparatively well informed in art—Mr. Crittenden, for instance, who considers himself a connoisseur—would have given me a very different estimate of the social standing of a professional model."

"I am not quoting the opinions of your class, Mr. Hoffman, for I have never concerned myself about them, and at the time that Mrs. Hoffman and I were intimate I had no reason to suppose that they would ever affect her. I have simply given you my convictions of right and justice in this matter and the light in which it is regarded by artists themselves."

Arthur Hoffman bowed deeply, and replied, with profound respect, though the admission cost him an effort, "I believe that you are, and have always been, a true friend to my wife. Forgive me that I have ever thought differently."

Miss Dudley extended her hand impulsively. "I wish all misunderstandings could be as easily explained." She longed to say more, but she saw that in his present mood he could not bear it. "After all," she thought, "I have not probed to the heart of the trouble. What rankles most is not anything that Sebia

may have done before her marriage, but her deception afterward; and that—woe is me!—I can neither explain away nor excuse.”

Despite all the efforts of her friends, it was a hard judge that little Sebia had to meet that night. She stood by the window of her room, looking out upon the moonlit lawn and awaiting his coming. She sprang forward eagerly as he entered, but something in his manner checked her, and her hands fell to her side.

“Well,” he said, “you had something to tell me?”

“It is too late: you know everything.”

“Yes,” he replied, looking at her coldly, “I know everything. Have you anything to say for yourself?”

“Yes; a great deal. There is only one thing that I cannot explain, or at least defend. I lied to you about Mr. Le Mode’s picture. That is the worst, Arthur; but I know you can never forgive that or believe me now when I tell you the truth about the rest.”

“No,” he replied slowly; “having deceived me once, you cannot expect me to trust you now as I did before this.”

“Then there is no use in my telling you that there was no wrong in my studio-life. You never would believe that a model might be a pure woman; and it was because I could not make you understand this that I concealed that part of my life from you. It was all wrong; but it was because I loved you.” Here her voice broke; and, with the cry, “Oh, Arthur, forgive me!” she endeavored to hide her face upon her husband’s shoulder.

“Sit down,” he exclaimed harshly. “This is not a rehearsal for the sensational drama, and I am in no mood to soothe your sorrows. I have troubles of my own to bear which are possibly as great as yours. You may spare yourself any further confession. I have taken the trouble to inform myself concerning all the facts, and the matter has wearied me almost past endurance. It remains for us to readjust matters upon some new basis. Unfortunately, we can never

feel to each other as we once did; but the outside world need not know this, and our relations must remain apparently the same. Endeavor to control your hysterical temperament, and conduct yourself so that no one shall suspect that there has been any trouble between us.”

“You are cruel, cruel!” Sebia interrupted passionately. “I cannot bear such a life. I feel toward you exactly as I have always done. I shall always love you,—even if you kill me.”

Arthur Hoffman sank into an easy-chair with an utterly wearied and disgusted air. “I am not cruel,” he said, after a pause. “What you object to is simply the inevitable consequence of your own act. I have tried to be as just and dispassionate in the matter as possible and to put my own feelings entirely aside. Would you have preferred a legal separation, with public scandal?”

“Oh, Arthur! you have not thought of that!” she cried.

“Yes, I have thought of it very seriously; but I have finally put it from me. ‘For better or for worse,’ we both repeated when we took the marriage-vow upon ourselves, and ‘till death doth us part.’ I have no intention of committing perjury or of bringing pain or humiliation upon you by way of revenge. We will make the best of the matter that we can, and perhaps as the years go by the situation will grow more tolerable for us both.”

“Only give me some hope of pleasing you,” Sebia cried, “and I will endure anything.”

“Act precisely as if nothing had ever happened. The more completely you convince every one that we are living in harmony, the better I shall be pleased. You have brought Miss Dudley out here to intercede for you, and she has accomplished her mission. You may lead her to suppose that she has effected a complete reconciliation and that you have no longer any need of her services. In future you will oblige me by taking no one into your confidence. Be especially on your guard with Eleanor. And, by the way, I have agreed that we shall go

to town and spend a fortnight with her. Eleanor has broken with Crittenden; and, as she has no mind to retire from the world at the beginning of the society-season, she stands especially in need of my brotherly attentions to take the place of those of her *fiancé*. We shall have to escort her to the opera and to other entertainments; and it will be a real god-send to her to have you help receive her five hundred lady-friends. It will give them another topic of conversation, and they will hardly venture on the familiarity of condoling with her in your presence. Eleanor is so absorbed with the contemplation of her own affairs that she will not be likely to scrutinize you closely; and, if you are careful, I have no doubt you will get along very well. Indeed, the occupation, if you use it rightly, will help to keep you from morbid reflections. Improve the opportunity to secure some becoming costumes, attend the symphony rehearsals, and take vocal lessons of Signor Tamburini, if you care to do so. But no art: we have had enough of that for the present." He rose, lighted a candle, and Eusebia heard his footsteps echoing through the corridor and the closing of the "wigwam" door.

The cuckoo-clock hiccupped twelve in its usual maudlin fashion. "It is a new day," she said to herself. "Thank heaven that yesterday, at least, cannot come back again!"

Arthur Hoffman was right: the *rôle* which he had set himself to play was not an easy one. Little by little the barriers which he had set between them melted away under Eusebia's gentleness and patience; but a lie is not a light thing, and this single drop of poison tinged their entire life.

Many a long day passed before Eusebia felt that she was loved again. The coming of a baby-boy brought peace, and Eusebia, awakening from a death-like trance, felt her husband's tears upon her face, and knew that she had his heart again. His confidence, alas! it was not in his power to give. But his manner changed: he was gentle, and even tender, and a joy such as only those who have sinned and been forgiven beamed

thenceforward in Eusebia's face. Truth absolute, fearless of consequences, was the one essential which she impressed upon her boy; and something like self-reproach touched Arthur Hoffman as he remembered that only one who fears can lie, and that "perfect love casteth out fear." Perhaps if he had gained Eusebia's confidence early in their married life he might not have lost his in her.

It was spring when the baby came. "Shall we name him for you?" Eusebia asked.

"I would rather call him for my friend Blunt," replied her husband; "but we quarrelled last fall, and I have not been man enough to beg his pardon yet. I will look him up and ask him to stand as godfather at the baby's christening."

Arthur Hoffman learned at the office that Blunt had been sent abroad as foreign correspondent, and, mailing a letter, the baby was named without his formal consent.

"Miss Dudley is in Europe somewhere," suggested Eusebia: "would it not be strange if they should meet and—"

"Yes, my dear, it would be very strange. Such things happen only in novels."

"But Eleanor and Mr. Westminster got into a tangle, and have straightened it out into a true-lovers' knot."

"Time will tell. Miss Dudley is in Italy, and Blunt has been ordered to Egypt. Matters are looking dubious in that quarter."

They read his brilliant letters with intense interest,—letters descriptive of the horrors of Alexandria, of moonlight marches of British cavalry,—how Arabi Pasha's Bedouins came swooping over the desert to meet Graham's men, and scarlet coat and floating burnoose joined in a deadly struggle, half hidden by the yellow cloud of flying sand,—of gallant artillery stands, bleeding and powder-begrimed hussars holding their field-pieces against the hordes of Kassasin, of forced marches, fasts, and fever, and of the charge and victory at Tel-el-Kebir.

Arthur Hoffman declared, as he read

this last letter, that Blunt was writing his romance at last; he had read nothing so exciting in a long time.

Then came a pause, and after that a despatch from Ismailia: the war-correspondent John Blunt, after undergoing the greatest hardships and risks with the troops, had succumbed to the fever. A week later, and the news came that he was dead.

In the autumn, Miss Dudley returned, and Eusebia called upon her. "I was in Florence," she said, "when a telegram reached me from a friend of Mr. Blunt's, a Captain Dean, of the dragoons. It informed me that Mr. Blunt had been stricken down at Ismailia. He sent word to me because my address was the only one besides that of his newspaper to be found about his person. I went to Egypt as soon as it was possible for a woman to enter the country, and I found his grave."

Eusebia placed her arms about her friend, and for a little while neither spoke.

"Why is it, I wonder," Eusebia asked, after a time, "that such good souls as you and Mr. Blunt are not permitted to be happy? Perhaps," she added, "it is because your goodness is better than all the happiness of which we more ignoble natures are capable."

"I saw Captain Dean," continued Miss Dudley. "He gave me a few of Mr. Blunt's effects. Among them was a worn morocco case, containing a little square of finely-mended lace. It seemed strange to me at first that he should have taken such pains to preserve a mere trifle; and then I became convinced that it must be connected with his heart-history and perhaps you ought to have it."

"Yes," replied Eusebia, holding out her hand through her tears for the box, "that little square of lace was my life. I got it all into a tangle, and he mended it."

LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY.

[THE END.]

PEACE AND LOVE.

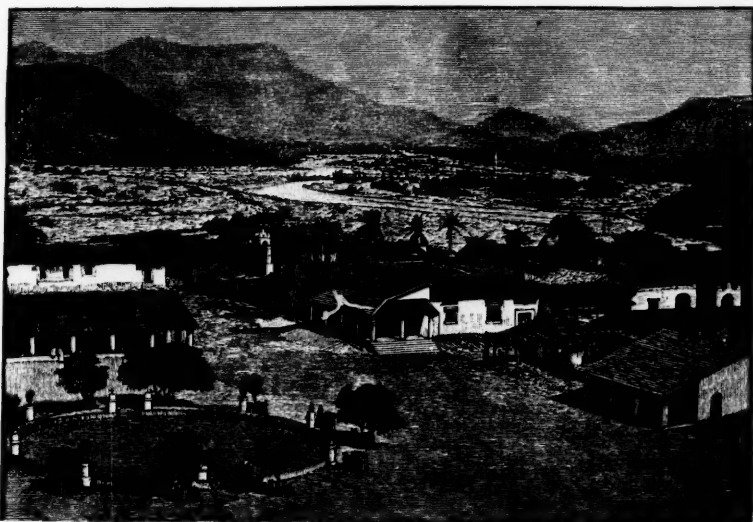
THERE are two angels, messengers of Light,
Both born of God, who yet are bitterest foes.

No human breast their dual presence knows:
As violently opposed as wrong and right,
When one draws near, the other takes swift flight,
And where one enters, thence the other goes.
Till mortal life in the immortal flows,
So must these two avoid each other's sight.

Despair and Hope may meet within one heart,
The vulture may be comrade of the dove,
Pleasure and Pain swear friendship leal and true,
But, till the grave unites them, still apart
Must dwell those angels known as Peace and Love;
For only Death can reconcile the two.

ELLA WHEELER.

ACROSS THE ISTHMUS OF TEHUANTEPEC ON HORSEBACK.



LA PLAZA, TEHUANTEPEC.

THE easiest way of going from Vera Cruz to Tehuantepec is *via* New York and San Francisco. Although the distance overland is only about two hundred and seventy-five miles, the roads over the mountains are so rough, being for the most part only rude trails, and the hardships of various kinds are so great, that the two sea-voyages and the journey across the continent by rail are, by contrast, easy. However, if one has the courage to attempt it, the fatigue of the trip will be overbalanced by new and interesting experiences in a country remote from civilization, where the customs are still such as have been handed down from a remote period, and the scenery is scarcely surpassed by any in the world. To be an experienced equestrian and well mounted is a *sine quâ non*.

The usual time occupied in crossing from ocean to ocean is eight days during the dry season, and from fourteen to twenty during the wet. There are

several ways of crossing, the preferable one being to begin the horseback-trip by going in a *steamer* (after the manner of Mark Twain in his "Tramp Abroad") to Coatzacoalcos, one hundred and twenty miles farther down the coast, and taking horses at Minatitlan. We left Vera Cruz on the 12th of August, having arrived there on the day of the laying of the corner-stone of the new breakwater,—an immense work, which is to cost millions of money, and which will not be finished for years. Although the sky was cloudless when we started, during the afternoon we were overtaken by a norther and driven far out to sea. While a norther is blowing at Vera Cruz no vessel can leave port, as the waves roll mountain-high, sweeping over the pier, beating against the custom-house, and dashing over the walls of the town. We reached Coatzacoalcos, a little town at the mouth of the river of the same name, about noon the next day. Close

to the water on the left rise the beautiful blue mountain-peaks of San Juan and San Martino, the latter a volcano. Four years ago, before the Tehuantepec Inter-Ocean Railroad Company came here, the place consisted of a few mud huts; now it is quite a little town, with several wooden structures,—the custom-house, the quarters of the engineers, and the cable-house of the Mexican and South American Telegraph Company being the best. It was formerly a resort of pirates and wreckers, who built fires on the beach to lure vessels on the rocks; and, though they have nearly all disappeared since their leader was shot by French soldiers under Maximilian, it is whispered that this is a common destination for old vessels with heavy insurances. Here we took a steamer for Minatitlan, twenty miles up the river, the starting-point of Captain Eads's operations, and the headquarters of the mahogany-trade. The logs are shipped from here to all parts of the world, the river being wide and deep enough for the largest vessels to ascend and load. The banks are low and swampy, lined with alligators, and covered with a thick growth of trees and of tropical plants, some of which climb to the highest branches and hang out vivid pennons of blue and red. Back from the shore are wide tracts of open country, where large herds of cattle, of creamy white and bronzed black, were grazing.

The dirt and disorder of the hotel "accommodations" at Minatitlan will long be remembered by every one who has been unfortunate enough to experience them. The charges are three dollars a day for *los Americanos*, and seventy cents for Mexicans. Here we found our horses, *mozos*, and camp-outfit waiting for us,—my Chico, upon whose back I had already ridden hundreds of miles, and who is a thoroughbred and a beauty, manifesting an almost human joy at seeing me, and doing everything but talk. As there are, fortunately, no more hotels until we reach Tehuantepec, travellers usually stop for the night at the nearest ranch, taking provisions with them in case of detention. The greater part of the

population assembled to see the cavalcade, which consisted of J—, E—, and myself, with two *mozos* and several pack- and led-mules, set out for Jaltipan, —calling after us "*Que le vaya bien*" ("A pleasant, safe journey"), and "*Adios, adios, niña*" ("Good-by, child").

The road between Minatitlan and Jaltipan is very wide and good, and is bordered by trees and beautiful flowers most of the way. After passing several old Indian mounds, we arrived at Cosalique, where we dismounted and attended a school-examination and were surprised at the proficiency of some of the little Indian boys, who seemed fully as bright as the Mexican. Most of the towns have public schools, but these have not been in existence long enough to accomplish very much. They are for boys only, the girls being taught at home, and being, consequently, far behind the boys in intelligence. The Spanish language only is taught in schools; but the Mexican, a kind of Indian dialect, is the language on the Atlantic side which is spoken by preference. At Acayucam, as in most of the towns, there is a *plaza*, but here it is filled with flowers, with a place where the band sits and plays in the evenings. Most of the señoritas play the guitar and sing a little, and almost every family has a sewing-machine! Mexican women, as a rule (of course there are exceptions), dress in the most execrable taste, their badly-fitting garments of vivid reds, blues, and greens reminding one of the Sunday garb of an Irish servant-girl, the only redeeming feature being the black merino shawl or lace mantilla thrown over the head. The dress of the men is, on the contrary, very picturesque. They wear leather riding-trousers with rows of silver and gold buttons extending the entire length of the side, —some being round balls attached by tiny chains that dangle and tinkle with every motion. The saddles also have silver ornaments, and cost from one to three hundred dollars or more, according to the wealth of the owner. But the hat is the part of the wardrobe where the heart of every true Mexican, of

whatever color or station, lingers longest; and on this article he will lavish his entire fortune. I have seen wide-brimmed *sombreros*, usually of a soft, delicate drab felt, costing anywhere from twenty-five to fifty dollars, and even more, according to the amount of gold and silver lace and ornaments on them, on the heads of men who were barefooted, the owners proud and happy.

When we rode into Jaltipan, where we had spent a part of the previous winter, we were welcomed by the entire population, men, women, and children placing themselves and their entire possessions, in Spanish fashion, at our service. Here we were for the first time free from the mosquitoes, sand-flies, and *garrapates* (similar to our sheep-ticks) which had hitherto made life a burden. At this place the climate is charming, the thermometer never falling below 64° and seldom rising above 95°, and the nights being generally cool enough to make a light covering agreeable. Here, as in all the towns, there are a great many bathing-places, covered over and bricked up around the edge of the ground, but all open and free. I have seen fifteen or twenty women and children bathing at the same time, or in the different stages of the toilet, some just coming out, others going in, and others sitting near, plaiting flowers in their hair. When I accidentally appeared in their midst none of them seemed startled, but, on the contrary, all suspended operations to look at me. The Indians, as a race, are very cleanly, always bathing once every day, and sometimes three or four times, both men and women laying down their burdens and going into the stream for a few minutes and then resuming their way. The fact of strangers passing does not disturb them in the least. The Indians, who are direct descendants of the Aztecs and other aboriginal races, form five-eighths of the population of Mexico, the proportion being greater on the Isthmus than elsewhere. They have a very dark, clear skin, straight coal-black hair, beautiful, even, white teeth, and large dark eyes with a wild, vacant expression. They

are rather small, but are well formed, especially the women, many of whom would be fit models for a sculptor. Their hands and feet are perfect. The dress of the men is the same all over the Isthmus, consisting of two pieces, shirt and trousers, both pure white,—the latter confined to the waist by a gay sash, over which the shirt is worn loosely, so that only the ends of the sash show. A wide-brimmed hat completes the costume, which always includes the *machete*, a long, stout knife, resembling a sword, carried in a leather sheath fastened to a belt. They use it to cut their way through the bushes, to defend themselves from poisonous reptiles, to do their planting, to cut their food. The dress of the Indian women on the Atlantic side is merely a straight piece of cloth, sometimes gay, but oftener blue and white striped, called *enredo*, which they weave themselves, and which is fastened around the waist by a belt. On the Pacific side the *enredo* is usually of a rich indigo-blue, or else a beautiful dark red, which is very expensive, the color being obtained from shell-fishes that yield only a drop each. On this side a little waist, called *huipilitlo*, is worn; but on the Atlantic side, as a rule, the upper part of the body is left bare, though some throw a cloth over their shoulders when in the streets, which also serves as a covering for the bed at night. When we were in Jaltipan before, it was during a feast-week. Every town has its feast-days, and those at Jaltipan last a week, beginning on the 1st of February. For days before, the people begin to come in to get a good place to stay, the earliest comers having first choice of the different *corredores* (covered door-steps). Our *corredor* accommodated, I think, nearly fifty; and when the *corredores* were all taken the late comers slept on the ground by the hundreds. The streets were filled with tables and other conveniences for gambling. There were three or four roulette-tables, and money changed hands constantly, old women and children, as well as men, standing round with gold and silver pieces, waiting their turn. Drinking-places were on every side, and

little awnings for dancers, the women gayly decked in gaudy colors, with high tortoise-shell combs, studded with gold and bright stones, glittering in their black hair. But the great attraction was *los toros* (the bulls). There was a high and stout corral, enclosing a good share of the plaza, and into it were brought three bulls by men on horseback, who then rode out and put up the bars, and, climbing over the corral, shook gay-colored blankets in front of the animals, springing up on the fence again out of the reach of their horns. Having taken two or three drinks of *aguardiente* (a beverage resembling whiskey, made from sugar-cane and molasses), they became very brave (there are no professional *toreadors* here); but after they had tormented the poor animals for some time, one suddenly turned on them, and, with a quick motion, broke one man's arm and tore open his side. He was immediately carried out, the blood flowing in streams. The bull, meantime, turned to the next man, lifted him on his horns, and gave him a violent shaking, then turned on another, and, with a single thrust, laid him lifeless: he never moved. After this the crowd passed on to other points, with an air of great satisfaction. I was told afterward that, besides the man killed outright, the two others had died from the injuries received.

Leaving Jaltipan, we followed the track of the Isthmus Overland Railroad Company, which is graded for several miles beyond, lunching at the deserted camp of the engineers at Mayapan, and arriving at Sayula just as the Angelus was sounding from an old Spanish church which stood on a high rock rising black against a yellow sky. Here we were met by the *administrador*, on hospitable thoughts intent, and taken to his house amid the quickly-gathering crowd. After removing my wraps, I sat on the veranda, while the natives crowded around, remarking on my dress and expressing a childlike wonder at all my belongings. At breakfast the *menu* was *tortillas*, a kind of pancake made of corn mashed (there is not much wheaten flour

used, as it is very expensive, being brought from the States at twenty-five or thirty dollars a barrel), *zannales* (mashed corn boiled in the leaves, and very good), jerked beef, *frijoles* (black beans), and coffee, sweetened with *panila*, a coarse black sugar.

We were soon in the saddle again, following the trail to the hacienda of Almagrez. Here and there along the road-side and throughout the whole journey were rude crosses, where some one had been murdered,—one had a wreath of scarlet flowers on it,—and also shrines, where the natives bring flowers and wreaths and say prayers. There is no capital punishment here for murder, men guilty of that crime being sent to the army for life; but the man who steals a horse may be shot at sight. A recent enactment makes it also lawful to shoot any one detected in cutting telegraph-wires.

When we arrived at Almagrez, the people had just killed a beef, and were cutting it up into narrow strips, which they salted and hung up in the sun to dry. This place is in the middle of a broad, rolling plain of the same name. In every direction large herds of cattle and horses were grazing, while in front could be seen the line of the Central and South American Telegraph Company. The house was of brick, all the wood-work being of mahogany,—floors, ceiling, chairs, tables, all of the same wood, sawed out by hand. The spoons and forks were of solid silver, rudely made, and so heavy as to make eating with them fatiguing. The owner had died some months before, leaving the estate to his wife, together with twenty thousand dollars in gold, buried near by. She still has traces of beauty, but, with all her wealth, was barefooted. Dining as quickly as possible, we rode on, passing a beautiful place where there are three sulphur springs, to which people come from long distances to bathe. Soon it began to rain, and we hastily donned our waterproofs. The tall weeds and bushes were higher than our heads, and brushed against our faces. The water poured off us in streams; but there was

no help for it,—we were obliged to press on to our destination, La Boca, at the beginning of the mountain-climbing, which we reached at nightfall. After some difficulty in fording the swollen stream, we rode up to the house, surrounded by a pack of dogs, all barking, and were made welcome by the proprietor.

After a change of clothing, I took possession of one of the hammocks, while a word from Don Frederico set a gang of Indian boys and girls in pursuit of a chicken, which, after being chased around the building, the children screaming and calling at the top of their voices and throwing sticks and stones, was at last brought down and taken in triumph to the kitchen. In an incredibly short space of time our host brought out a little bench, about a foot and a half high, spread with a clean white cloth, on which he served the unfailing *tortillas*, *frijoles*, and the chicken, deliciously cooked with *chilis*. In the morning we began the ascent of the Cordilleras, now going up hill, now down, but gradually getting higher all the time. For some distance we followed the *camino real*, but this is so little travelled that the long green grass is as high as the horses' heads. At Medias Aguas (half-waters) we found a deserted camp of the civil engineers. Their work here and toward Suchil was very difficult, the ground being broken and the trees and brush so dense that it was impossible to see ahead. They had to cut paths winding in every direction, to come to some deep gully or hill which would be only a few feet away. None but those who have lived in a hot, damp climate can have any idea of the rapid growth of vegetation. I have seen paths over which I had ridden five weeks before so overgrown that it would not have been practicable to pass without the aid of a *machetero*, or pioneer. As there are no bridges, the trails are very circuitous. We were often obliged to go half a mile or more around a narrow gorge to get to the other side. Trees fall across the path and remain there for years: when they are too large to step over, a path is cut

around them, but so narrow that one is often in danger of being brushed off the horse or of losing an eye. Indeed, throughout almost the whole journey we had to be constantly on our guard against sticks projecting over the road on a level with our heads, and branches that hang straight down to the ground and then take root again. In many places, while riding through a forest of this kind, we had to dismount and walk, the looped branches being high enough to allow the horse to pass, but not the rider. And so for many weary miles we went on, up hill and down, constantly turning out for mud or trees, or bending close to the saddle to escape the branches. Wherever there were open plains, they were covered with myriads of our familiar morning-glories in bright blue, purple, white, pink, and dark crimson, while along the path were beautiful tropical plants and trees, covered with blossoms of a rich deep yellow and vivid scarlet. Large flocks of parrots, flying always in pairs and screaming with their harsh, discordant voices, passed over our heads; other gorgeous birds, but solitary, gleamed through the branches or flitted across the path, looking as if painted with a dozen different dyes. Near the water were snow-white birds with long legs and necks, others like them, but pink, some bright, others more delicate, and others again showing brown spots as they flapped their wings and slowly sailed away at our approach. Large and brilliant butterflies hovered around us, some of the most beautiful being of vivid blue edged with black, others marked with all shades of brown to creamy white, the largest of pure white, looking like pieces of silver-paper fluttering in the wind. Still on and on we rode, ascending a hill only to go down and immediately ascend again, then through long stretches where the grass was nearly to the horses' heads, or down banks in which the torrents had washed out beds from ten to twenty feet deep, holding to the back of the saddle as we descended, then, on reaching the narrow bottom, seizing the mane and leaning toward the horse's head. Now

and then a wild hog crossed the path, but no one had a chance to shoot, for it was out of sight in a moment. They have a fine, delicious flavor when roasted. We stopped at a hut and got a drink of *pasola*, which is made from crushed corn rolled into a ball, a piece being broken off and put into a *jicara* of water (a cup made from a gourd). It tastes like sour gruel, but some drink it sweetened. Indian corn, the great staple, grows all the year round; but, as it is impossible to keep it very long, it is quite expensive, varying, according to the supply, from one dollar and twenty-five cents to three dollars an *arroba* (twenty-five pounds). The Indians clear little patches of land with the unfailing *machete*, make a hole in the ground with the point, drop in the seed, and come around in two months to gather the corn. Late in the afternoon, just as the sun was setting behind the purple mountains, we came to the ranch of Señor Ruez, crossing the river Naranjos twice within two hundred yards of the house, around which it winds like a serpent. Although the sky had been piled high with masses of luminous clouds a few moments before, when we rode up to the door night was upon us. Here there is no long-lingering twilight, where the sun seems loath to resign his reign, but a quick transition. One moment the heavens are aglow; the next, the lights are suddenly put out and the world is left to darkness.

We started next morning for Suchil, eight leagues away, and the worst day's journey, so far as mud and *barrancas* (deep ravines) were concerned. About half-way between Naranjos and Santa Lucretia we came to a deep barranca, hollowed out by heavy rains. It required some nerve to pass this, the banks of wet, slippery clay being quite forty feet deep and nearly perpendicular, where one false step of the horse or move of the rider would have been death to both. I was afraid at times of the saddle's slipping over the horse's head; but we reached the bottom safely, and, after letting the horses drink, began to climb the opposite bank. It grew steeper and

steeper, until toward the top it rose like a slimy wall before us; but we could not turn back, and, gallantly climbing, my horse stood at last panting on the brink, while I waited in suspense to see the heads of the others appear one by one over the edge in safety.

At Santa Lucretia, which consists solely of the *bodega* (stone house) of the railroad company and a ranch overlooking the junction of the Santa Lucretia and the Jaltipee, we left our baggage and mules, as they were too tired to go farther, and with one *mozo* pushed on to Suchil, being ferried across the Jaltipee, which winds along the foot of the hills and spreads out like a lake on the plain, framed by the distant dark-blue mountains. We rode through fields of tall *secate*, higher than the horses' heads, until we reached a mountain-ridge, from two to six feet wide, along which the road runs for some distance. On either side you look down on the tops of tall trees, but cannot see the bottom. There is now and then a clear spot, where, underneath a sky of cloudless blue, the range of the Cordilleras can be seen stretching away on every side, "beyond all telling of it beautiful." When we came to descend from the ridge, we had to dismount and scramble down, holding on to one bush or tree, to keep from falling headlong, until we reached another. My companions called to me not to keep in front of my horse, who was following me; but wherever I turned he followed, trying to step where I did. When we got lower down, the road was still worse, the horses sinking to their knees at every step. I had been over the road as far as Suchil in the dry season, and could not have believed such a change possible. Roads that were good then were now deep in mud and water; and I doubt if a more tired party ever rode up to Señor Toledo's house than did that night.

Suchil is at the junction of the Jaltipee and the Coatzacoalcos, standing high on the right bank of the latter. Three years ago, when the railroad was first started, this place was only a *monterey* (a camp of wood-cutters); now it is a

town, with a plaza, a court-house, and a jail, and a number of other good buildings.

This is a country where either the people have no idea of distances or their excessive politeness prevents them from telling unwelcome truths. Many times that weary day, and indeed throughout the whole journey, to our question, "How many leagues?" the answer was, with a pleasant smile, "You are there," or "Very near," or, with a still more beaming look, "Here," when in reality we were hours away from our resting-place.

From Suchil the journey is tedious, with long stretches of plain, but the road is much better, and not dangerous. Though the mountains are steep, they are either rocky or grassy, where a horse can get good footing,—an agreeable change from the wet, sticky clay of the other side. The hills are higher and longer, and we rode on single-file as usual, unless on open ground, the trails being only wide enough to allow one at a time. We forded several rivers, the largest being the Tortugures and La Puerte, stopping for the night at a *monterey* on the banks of the latter. One battered old knife was all they had, which we used alternately, our *mozo* having by mistake put our table-service with the baggage left behind. There is a saying here that the natives "eat their knives and forks;" that is to say, they have none. They take a piece of *tortilla*, dip it in the liquids, and eat it, then take another; or they take a whole *tortilla*, double it, and fill it with *frijoles*, and eat it in that way. After breakfast we left for Sarabia, and were soon able to see the peak and plains of the same name. The views were everywhere magnificent, the mountains on all sides forming a gigantic frame for the lovely landscape, dotted here and there with immense herds of cattle. At noon we stopped at the hacienda of Don Manuel de Gyvès, a French gentleman, and owner of the cattle we had seen grazing on the plain. The dwelling is situated on a large tract of ground surrounded by a high corral enclosing extensive gardens and all the

buildings belonging to the estate. There is a fine breeze most of the time, and nearly everything grows there. After dinner we left for El Barrio, a village four or five leagues out of the way, but having a good road and a better pass through the mountains. The scenery was beautiful all the way, now closed in by mountains, now opening out on an elevation where the road could be seen gleaming white for miles, to where it enters the pass. It is full of small bits of marble and white pebbles and shells, showing that it was once submerged. We took our luncheon on the summit of a peak from which the views were so varied and so magnificent that the eye was wearied with the vast reach. After "a crowded hour of glorious life," we made the descent, coming toward night-fall to the Malatengo; but at the regular fording-place we found so much water, and the current so swift, that we were obliged to retrace our steps two miles, until we came to where it was broader and not so rapid. That night, while following the good road, which is level like a floor and almost like a macadamized road for smoothness, up a narrow valley, we saw on one side a heavy cloud break and the rain fall in torrents, accompanied by crashing thunder, while on the other the sun was setting in glory. We had barely time to reach the shelter of Don Luis Calderon's house when the storm broke above us in fury. We met with a cordial welcome, an excellent table, and clean beds. Instead of shaking hands, the universal manner of saluting a guest is, with both men and women, to put the right arm around a person, saying, "*Mi casa es su casa*" ("My house is your house"); and, in our experience, this has been no unmeaning phrase, the hospitality shown us everywhere being absolutely without limits.

The next day we left for San Gerónimo, via Chivela Pass. For most of the morning our way was over a good carriage-road between two mountain-ridges. After passing over the Chivela Plains we came at noon to the hacienda of La Chivela, which forms a part of the Marquesanas estates at the foot of Monument Hill,

so called from the huge wooden cross erected by the Shufeldt Expedition. This is a landmark for the Pass of Chivela, and can be seen from a long distance. We found the pass very rocky and abrupt, the scenery excelling anything we had seen. As we reach some high points, the views that break on the eye are so beautiful and grand that all the fatigue and danger we have passed through are as nothing. Around us on every side rise the towering peaks, all softly wooded to their tops, the nearest green, the others stretching away into billows of blue, of every conceivable shape and size. What secrets these mighty guardians hold in their keeping! on what strange migrations have they looked down! Before them have passed Aztec and Toltec, with the shadowy races that preceded them; and now, after centuries of silence, through their fastnesses may be heard the still small voice of the telegraph-wire, soon to be followed by the shriek of the locomotive. At the foot of the pass is the Rio Verde, where there is still standing one of the stone piers of the old bridge, long since swept away. From the Rio Verde the road is again good all the way to Tehuantepec and Salina Cruz, the plains on either side being lined with *lignum-vitæ*, acacia, rosewood, and several different kinds of cacti covered with scarlet blossoms, with here and there a cluster of palms. Flying over us, with other brilliant birds, was the gorgeous wakamire, not seen on the Atlantic side. The soil here is light and vegetation poor,—a great contrast to the luxuriance of the other slope. We arrived at San Gerónimo at dark, and, after fording the river of the same name,—put down on some maps as *de los Perros* (of the dogs, and there are plenty of them),—reached the residence of Señor Don Alexandro de Gyvès, who has immense estates here, and who is noted far and wide for his unbounded hospitality. His establishment is like those of the feudal barons, comprising a large family and a great crowd of retainers, who occupy the annexes and outlying buildings, the whole being enclosed by a high corral. He is himself

a courteous old-school gentleman, heir to the title and estates of the Baron de Gyvès, of France. His children have been carefully educated, some by a Parisian tutor at home, others abroad. One of the sons is a fine musician and a composer. Madame de Gyvès is, like her husband, the soul of hospitality. At their table five languages are spoken,—French, Spanish, German, English, and Zapotec, the last to the servants. Here we attended a ball in honor of the patron saint of the place, San Gerónimo. There was a large awning put up in an open space, covered with green trees and boughs. Inside was a dado of cloth painted blue and white, above which were pictures with crimson cloth hangings on each side, and between them were a great many gay-colored Chinese lanterns. As there are only two white families here, the dances were alternate,—one for them and one for the Indians. The dancing is necessarily slow in this climate, and the Indians dance still more slowly than the *gente de razon*, having one monotonous form, which is repeated every time. The women all looked scrupulously clean; and the effect of their gay dresses contrasted with the pure white of the men's costume was very picturesque. Some of the women wore the plain wrap, *enredo*, and the little waist, *huipilito*, but most of them were attired in full skirts, a good many being of bright yellow silk, of eight or ten breadths, gathered in at the waist, and having at the bottom a white muslin or lace flounce half a yard deep. The waist was small and loose, of some contrasting color, like those worn with the *enredo*, and between it and the skirt the bare skin of the back could be seen. All wore beads of gold, silver, or coral, and sometimes all three. A pretty young woman who wore a green waist and a red silk skirt showed me a long chain of pure gold, with an octagon pendant set with pearls and emeralds; she also wore three rows of gold beads, and many rings, but was barefooted, as were all the Indian women. Most of them wore flowers in their hair, and all had gay-colored silk handkerchiefs in

their hands. A few of the men wore shoes. When an Indian wishes to dance with a woman, he goes up to her and touches his hat,—they all wear their hats while dancing,—and after taking their places they advance and retreat a number of times to a dull sing-song tune, finally pass, advance, retreat, and pass again, keeping step to the music, the woman holding up her dress very coquettishly with the thumb and forefinger of each hand, and showing the pretty embroidered skirt. When tired, she raises one hand toward her partner, he touches his hat, and they leave the dance, their place being quickly filled by a new couple.

We left for Tehuantepec, twenty-four miles distant, at half-past three in the morning, accompanied by two members of the De Gyvès family. The moon was at the full, the air fresh and balmy,

and the ride one to be long remembered. Tehuantepec, where we arrived at nine o'clock, is situated on the river of the same name, and has a population of about twelve thousand, chiefly Zapoteco Indians. There is a greater proportion of the descendants of the Spanish conquerors here than in any other place on the Isthmus. The houses are either of adobe with tiled roofs, or of bamboo, whitewashed inside and out, and, the streets being composed of white sand, with no shrubs or trees, the result is a painful glare. We were glad to leave that evening for Salina Cruz, fifteen miles distant, and the port of Tehuantepec, where, after a swift canter over a good road, we saw the surf of the Pacific rolling in front of the cable-house, having made the trip from ocean to ocean in eighteen days.

LAURA KING SWARTZ.

PERENNIAL BEAUTY.

EVER the spring returns with skies serene,
And balmy breath of infant buds and flowers;
Ever the hills renew their primal green,
And melodies that gladdened earth's first hours
Are heard again in many a hazel screen.

Warm hearts turn cold, quick pulses cease to beat,
And love grows languid in the lapse of time;
But beauty still tempts youth's pursuing feet,
Bright eyes are endless themes for passioned rhyme,
And lovers' vows will be forever sweet.

Great souls have died for truth and left their fame
To be the watchword of another age;
But virtue, justice, courage, and high aim
Descend through time, a common heritage,
And heroes live to-day in all but name.

Years wax and wane, the good and true remain;
How sweet love is mine own heart telleth me.
Mine eyes have seen the summer in the plain,
And in the crowded street, unwittingly,
I may have passed a martyr in his pain.

CHARLES L. HILDRETH.

THE BROWN LADY.

MORSELEY CASTLE, in one of the midland counties of England, is an old house, more beautiful than large, and was once the property of Sir Walter Raleigh. It stands on a height overlooking a large piece of water, with the fine ruins of an older castle on the opposite bank. The woods are dense on that side; but round the present house there are only shrubberies and plantations of rare young trees, or tall formal hedges of holly and yew protecting rows of hollyhocks and wall-flowers. But, though old, the place at the time of my story was not decayed; the gardens, preserves, and fish-ponds were all well kept up, and the picture-gallery, besides the usual collection of family portraits, contained many masterpieces of recent acquisition. The house was often full of guests, and on one of these occasions a young artist, who had been engaged to make a descriptive catalogue of the pictures, was among the company. Two or three days were to be devoted to shooting and gayety before the young man, Leo Sherborne, began his task; but his ambition, his instincts, and his craving for occupation led him to steal more than an hour each day to devote to the study of his future material. He was fond of tracing the likeness between several portraits of men and women of this race in successive generations, the different elements occasionally brought in by the mothers of the Morseleys, the sudden disappearance of a family trait, and its resurrection after the lapse of half a century or more,—in fact, all the physiological freaks which nothing chronicles so well as a gallery of family portraits. Among the pictures distributed through the living-rooms was one which struck him much: it was that of a pale, thoughtful-faced woman, singularly ill suited to her costume,—a blue bodice with an abnormally long point, and a high powdered structure towering above her head. The picture was a

half-length, and only the first swellings of an enormous fardingale, not unlike the later crinoline, were indicated. A greyhound lay on a red cushion at her side, and in her hand she held a half-open fan of antique shape. The dress and date both showed the picture to be a little over a hundred and fifty years old. The face was pale, rather pinched, with large, startled, dreamy eyes of uncertain color; the name affixed was Dorothy Norreys, second wife of the second Baron Morseley, and only daughter of the third Earl of Oxenford.

Three days after his first observation of this picture there was a new influx of visitors, and the house was very much crowded; some of the children of the house had *their* little guests also, and in the hurry and confusion Sherborne was not personally introduced to all his fellow-guests. When about midnight he left the smoking-room, still full of noisy men, and was crossing the hall from which the principal staircase led, he saw a little ahead of him a lady in an old-fashioned olive-brown silk dress, and politely delayed his ascent till she had gone before him. The staircase was of dark oak, with a carved balustrade on the outer side, and a panelling of oak on the inner, while the wall above was studded with family portraits, each set in a plain oak beading. The lady, the sight of whose figure gave young Sherborne an odd sensation, passed slowly up, her head-dress, an old-fashioned mixture of lace and plumes, nodding, and her silk gown rustling, as she went. When she reached the head of the stairs she turned and looked round steadily and impressively, her face distinctly visible to Sherborne as he stood on the second turn or landing behind her. Her long eyelashes were slowly raised, and her straight look seemed very awful to the young painter.

Instinct rather than reflection made him resolve in a flash to see where this

strange guest went to; and when she again turned, he followed her along the gallery or passage until he saw her pause and—though he kept his eyes fixed—disappear before—or was it through?—a certain door. He went on to his own room, wondering whether he had seen a ghost or only some half-lunatic guest of Lord Morseley. Consciousness of something odd made him think the figure unreal. His common sense told him that, if this were so, his own organs, whether of sight or of digestion, must be at fault. The next day he found an opportunity of asking his host who the lady was: he had already examined the company closely at breakfast, and neither features nor costume like hers had met his eye. Lord Morseley started as Sherborne began his story, and questioned him with eager curiosity and not quite concealed uneasiness, till on the young man's asking him who slept in the room at the far end of the gallery, where a corner door stood side by side with a swing-door covered with red baize, he said slowly,—

"By all accounts, Mr. Sherborne, you must have seen the 'Brown Lady.'"

"A family ghost?" inquired Sherborne, with an attempt at a smile.

"Yes," said his host, evidently relieved, as though he had expected some expression of disbelief which he could not have resented, and yet would have disliked; "it is *said* there is one,—Lady Dorothy Norreys, whose picture, you know, hangs in the green room. I have never seen the apparition, and it is odd that you, a stranger, should have seen it. I believe my nephew met her once, but not on the staircase, though she found her way to the same gallery and door."

"Is there any story attached to that door?" asked Sherborne.

"I never heard of any," answered Lord Morseley; "but whenever she is seen she always disappears there. Sometimes she has been seen simply standing there, having started up as if by magic; in fact, no one has ever seen her *begin* to appear,—open a door, for instance, or come from any visible place."

"I saw her," said Sherborne, "standing on the lower step of the staircase at first, and I am almost sure there was no one there two seconds before. I had just turned to light my bedroom candle on the hall table, and no one could have passed me during those few seconds without my noticing it. Where does that door lead to, by the way?"

"To a common room, used for some of my grandchildren's little friends,—a sort of nursery; nothing particular."

"I heard there was a haunted room in the house," said the young man inquiringly.

"Yes, at the other end of the wing," said his host; "but that is altogether a separate thing, and has nothing to do with the Brown Lady. It is the room in which a Cavalier great-great-grand-uncle of mine died of his wounds, cursing the Protector, and hoping he might fight Puritans in the next world to all eternity,—a godless old wretch, but a fine soldier and a thorough gentleman," said Lord Morseley, with that unmistakably proud kind of apology which is really a boast.

"Well," said Sherborne, "what strikes me most, now I think of it, is the faint likeness between the ghost and its portrait. Is the picture supposed to be like?"

"I hardly know; but they have a portrait of her at Oxenford, taken before her marriage, which is much more like the appearance you have described, and that generally described by those who have seen our ghost-ancestress, than our picture of her here is. The latter, however, may resemble what she was at the time it was taken: she was about thirty then."

"The lady I saw looked older," said Sherborne thoughtfully, and the subject dropped. The catalogue was made in due time, and the artist left the house, giving Lord Morseley a slightly-colored sketch of the Brown Lady, which he ever afterward showed to his guests as a proof of the truth of the ghost-story. Meanwhile, after years of patient, silent struggle, Sherborne found himself alone in the world, an old aunt

who had brought him up having died, blessing him for his unwearied devotion to her, and leaving him her all,—four hundred pounds in the funds. He was still as poor and as unknown as when, nine years before, he had built great hopes on the catalogue of Lord Morsey's gallery. Lord Morsey had died not long after, and, his son being less interested in art than in farming, Sherborne had derived no advantage from the connection, and was still merely one among hundreds of his brotherhood, as clever, as ambitious, and as little successful as himself. But this little fund of four hundred pounds might do much for a man who did not need, while in health, to depend on its income for his support: so Sherborne started with his paraphernalia for Italy, and in due time—sketching in the country districts, studying in the city museums, lounging under the sky which, while it is so inspiring in theory, is to an Englishman so relaxing in practice—he came to Florence.

It was in the old days of the merry, free-and-easy Austro-Italian grand dukes, and Florence was as much a social-political as an artistic centre. An aristocratic Geneva, it was full of clever, plausible, charming exiles of all nationalities, many of them tabooed at home by the standards of local respectability, but all tolerant themselves of anything and everything except dulness. The artists were by far the least bohemian element in this lax and pleasant society, whose *fêtes*, whether promiscuous gatherings before a soft-headed, white-uniformed grand duke, a dilettante English nobleman in his paradise of a villa, or a delightfully mysterious Russian princess, neither maid, wife, nor widow, in her gorgeous palace got up *à la Medici*, were models of elegance and good taste. The more solid and unimpeachable tourists did not disdain—or perhaps could not resist—mingling, for the short time they spent in Florence, with this pleasant court of Armida; and Sherborne therefore found himself one day walking with a recent acquaintance in the stately garden of the afore-

said Russian princess. Under the ilexes shone busts of the classic and mediæval poets and philosophers, artists and men of letters, and on each bench sat one or two people, who, young or old, were all in some way distinguished from "Brown, Jones, and Robinson,"—some only by rank, a few only by vast wealth, fewer still by eccentricity or a "story" in the past, a good many by wit, dash, impudence, success, or beauty.

All at once Sherborne saw at a little distance a young girl whose face vaguely but certainly reminded him of one he had seen before, he could not tell where and when, and there was something in this face over and above his recollection of the other. After a few minutes' puzzled search in his memory, he asked his companion who she was.

"Lady Dorothy Norreys," was the answer; and Sherborne started as the remembrance of the "Brown Lady" now flashed distinctly across him. Looking again, he saw that she was very young, hardly more than a child; and indeed he learnt afterward that she was not yet "grown up," and had only been allowed by her father to be present at this *fête* as a great favor, because her stay in Florence was to be short and another occasion for such an out-of-the-way kind of pleasure not likely to occur. She was standing by the side of a tall, fair man, not more than twenty years her senior, with a wearied expression and a cynical smile, handsome and especially dignified, but not, thought Sherborne, the person to whom by instinct one would confide a very young girl. He could not help thinking about this pair; nor did he alter his judgment when he learnt that the man was her father; yet the latter seemed to take an even jealous care to withdraw her from companionship with others. It came about, by one of the most natural chances possible, that Sherborne, having himself made no effort toward it, was introduced jointly to the father and daughter, and asked by a common acquaintance to meet them the following day at a quiet dinner for the purpose of examining some original sketches of a hitherto

neglected subordinate master of the Umbrian school.

He met her again and again after that: her father had a slight illness, and was obliged to remain in Florence, and his doctor advised him to take a small villa in the neighborhood and live a few months in absolute quiet. *That*, he said, would be the best permanent remedy he could prescribe, and, besides, would suit mademoiselle's education perfectly. The father, in his peremptory, lover-like way, was passionately fond of the child, and this pretext for keeping her out of society was welcome to him. He did as he was requested, and Sherborne, hearing of it, told himself that he was glad. Yet what Lord Oxenford was to him, and what Lady Dorothy Norreys could be, he did not like to put into words. He was fifteen years older than the girl, and almost as poor and obscure as when he had begun his career, yet he did not hide from himself that he loved her. One day he was surprised at receiving a note, kind and courteous in tone, but not without a slight undercurrent of authority, inviting him to call upon Lord Oxenford. The villa was only five miles out of Florence,—a dilapidated and most picturesque house, set in a formal garden long gone to decay, whose beauty any one who has travelled in Italy can picture for himself. The country around was, on the other hand, of a prosperous, cheerful, teeming nature, joyous and alive, and full of subtle suggestions of happiness and success to the artist as he walked out to his appointment. Lord Oxenford was alone, reading the latest English quarterly at an English-looking table littered with books; but the wide, cool, flowered space, that was rather a hall than a room, and the immensely high frescoed ceiling, formed a purely Italian frame to the picture. After a few polite preliminaries, Lord Oxenford said frankly,—

"My dear Mr. Sherborne, you will pardon me if I ask you to do me a favor. My daughter, it seems, has a fancy to learn something of drawing, and, by and by, of painting too,—that is, if the fancy is not worn out by that time,

—and I thought I would ask you to help her."

Sherborne bowed in silence, and the other went on:

"I prefer a countryman of my own to an Italian, and I hope I can make it pleasant for you; you might like to study local life, and, living in the house here for a few months, you would be spared the exertion of daily hot walks or rides in search of unhackneyed subjects. Besides, I should be glad of a companion of my own sex. Dorothy does not enter into *these* kinds of interests yet," he said, as he pointed to his pamphlets and books. "What do you say to it? Can you spare the time?"

"The time? yes," said Sherborne slowly; "but I am afraid, nevertheless, I must not allow myself to be tempted."

"Does it interfere with any plans already made?" asked his host, with a shade of haughtiness which he strove to hide.

"No," said Sherborne reluctantly.

"Have you any objection to teaching?" urged the other again. "I know some artists have; but it is chiefly very young ones, I believe."

"No, I have none, as a rule," said the artist, still slowly, and with an odd constraint, as if at a loss to make his refusal polite without telling an untruth.

"Then you will accept my little arrangement," said Lord Oxenford quickly. "You shall not regret it, I assure you. Lady Dorothy is a very docile pupil, and I shall claim as much of your time as you are disposed to spare me; and, believe me, I shall be grateful for it."

"I am very sorry, but I think it is not feasible, Lord Oxenford," said Sherborne rather awkwardly. "I am very grateful to you for proposing it, and for the generosity of which I feel sure it is a pretext; but I have no choice at present but to decline it."

"But why?" said his host somewhat testily.

"Will you forgive me if I cannot tell you why?" And the artist felt himself reddened as he spoke.

Lord Oxenford shrugged his shoulders

and tapped his open review impatiently with the paper-knife as he answered, a little coldly, "I am sure you must have a good reason, and I will not press you further; but I am disappointed, I will confess."

There was a pause, and Sherborne plunged in clumsily: "If I can save you trouble in finding a master for Lady Dorothy, pray command me, Lord Oxenford. I shall be happy to do anything you want done."

"Thanks. If I bore malice, I should refuse; but, you see, I am too lazy to say no. I will rely upon you; and I should be glad if you can find me a companion as well as my daughter a teacher."

"I think I know one who would be all you could wish for,—only he is a foreigner."

"Well, I speak Italian as easily as English," said Lord Oxenford: "in fact, my people call me half a foreigner."

Sherborne named his friend, and described him as a man of the world as well as an artist, a widower, little over forty, who ten years ago had had a tolerably good place in Paris, but had lost it through a change of government, and was now only eager to earn enough to educate his children, having resigned his hopes of personal fame.

Two days after, Sherborne accompanied his friend to Lord Oxenford's house, and, having dined with the family, left the new inmate to make his own way. But, though he had refused the dangerous post, he could not resist accepting Lord Oxenford's invitation to visit at the house now and then. He would stroll out once in a week or ten days for the chance of sitting half an hour at table with Dorothy, or of walking round the garden with her before taking a hand at whist with her father, her drawing-master, and her governess, while she sat on a low sofa, busy with her embroidery and silent as a mouse,—as became the daughter of an inveterate whist-player. On one occasion—during a stroll in the garden, where she had planted bright common flowers in masses which the stone coping of the dried-up pool

she had chosen as a mammoth bed framed with a fantastic border of gray and yellow—Dorothy told him some of her childish remembrances, and, the subject of ghost-stories coming up, related an experience of her own.

"I was staying once at Morseley, when I was a very little girl," she said.

Sherborne turned quickly toward her as she mentioned the name.

"Do you know the place?" she asked, noticing his start.

"Yes; I was there once," he said absently.

"It was nine years ago, and I was eight years old," said Dorothy. "There was a large party of grown-up people, and so the rooms were all taken up, and nurse and I had to be put the first night in a room that was never used, because it was said to be haunted. But I did not hear about that till afterward; only it was strange I should see what I did, not knowing it was haunted."

"Was it in the wing?" asked Sherborne.

"Yes. You seem to know the place quite well, Mr. Sherborne. I was delighted with the room: it was large, and had a big four-post bedstead of carved oak, with red-velvet hangings; and I thought the view over the lake and the ruins beautiful. My nurse slept in the bed, and there was a little cot put close by it for me. In the middle of the night I woke suddenly, and saw a bright light flooding the wall. It frightened me dreadfully, but I could not move or speak, only look with all my eyes. Figures of men fighting seemed to pass over the wall like the reflections of a magic-lantern, and the groups went backward and forward, shouting, as I thought. I saw red coats and black, and heard horrible, vague noises, and sometimes saw the flashing of fire-arms. I looked round to my nurse for help, but I could not call her. She was sitting up in bed, and, child as I was, I could see she was not awake, though her eyes were open and fixed, and she seemed to be making signs to the figures, talking to them, and motioning them to go away, while they went on yelling and fighting. Suddenly it all

vanished. I did not go to sleep again, but I kept my head under the bed-clothes till daylight came. It was some years before I told my nurse, or any one else, about what I had seen, and, when I did, she was surprised, and told me it was all a dream of my own; she had no remembrance of it."

Dorothy paused, rather awe-struck by the mere repetition of her experience, and Sherborne, simply to break the silence, observed, "That must have been the same year I was there. I remember there were some children there at the time."

"Perhaps," said Dorothy. "Afterward I was there again, with my uncle and aunt, and they slept in a room immediately below the haunted room. One night my aunt was awakened by a violent knocking overhead, as of heavy bodies falling or being thrown about on the floor. My uncle heard it too; and, as there was a little turret-staircase that wound up to the floor above out of their room, he lit a candle and went up. The door of the room was open, and of course there was no one there; then he went through, out by the opposite door, and came back to my aunt by the gallery and the great staircase,—the brown staircase, as they used to call it; you remember?"

"Yes," said Sherborne, with an odd thrill.

"Well," said the girl, who seemed more interested as she went on, "when I grew older, I often went into that room, and used to stand close by the bed, just where my cot had stood, and try to account for that strange sight I had seen, and which I could hardly believe to have been a dream. It had appeared on the wall opposite the windows, which had been closed with heavy red-damask curtains. The paper on the wall was of a dull green, with a very slight pattern; and I do not think the moonlight could have caused the effect all along and across the breadth of the wall, nor that lurid light which first woke me up."

"Then it *was* moonlight at the time?" said Sherborne. "It could not have

been the time I was there, for there was no moonlight till the last week of my stay, and I remember all the children except those belonging to the house left two weeks before I did. I was making a catalogue of the pictures at the time."

"Oh, were you?" said Dorothy eagerly. "I was there then, too; but that was two months after I saw that horrid scene in the haunted room."

"And what room did you sleep in then?" asked Sherborne.

"The one I generally had, with a door in a corner,—the farthest in the gallery above the staircase."

Sherborne was silent.

After a pause she asked him, "Did you ever see a ghost?"

"I don't know," he said slowly. "Do you know anything about the Brown Lady of Morseyley?"

"Why, of course," laughed Dorothy; "she was my aunt, ever so many degrees back, you know; and I sometimes used to call her my ghost-godmother, because her name and mine are the same. They say she walks about at night at Morseyley; but that is not half so good a story as mine."

"If you had seen her, Lady Dorothy," said the artist, "you would think it a much better one."

"Perhaps," said the girl lightly.

"Do you know anything of her history?"

"Yes; a little. She married Lord Morseyley, you know; but she had loved some one else before, and it broke her heart: so tradition says, at least."

"But she lived some time after she was married."

"Oh, yes: she was thirty-six when she died, and she married when she was twenty-four."

"Does the story tell who it was she loved?" said Sherborne, in a low voice.

"Her foster-brother," said Dorothy, suddenly subdued, and in a hesitating, conscious way.

"And he was too poor and too low for her, I suppose?"

"Her parents thought so," said Dorothy, in an undertone.

Sherborne suddenly struck a switch

he carried in his hand at one of the tall lilies growing in amphora-shaped vases along the terraced walk, and brought its white hanging blossoms in a shower to the ground.

"Oh, the poor lilies!" cried the girl. "Mr. Sherborne!"

"I am so sorry," he said. "Will you forgive me? I was very awkward."

He stooped to pick up the flowers, and told her to lay them on a bed of moss in the great *faience* dish on the table in the drawing-room. And so the conversation ended.

He was rather absent-minded that evening at whist, and it was a fortnight before he came again.

He determined to go away: he had always meant to go to Rome, and he had learned enough now at Florence. The next time he went to the villa he intended to say good-by to his friends. But, though he meant to do this in public and in an off-hand way, his purpose failed him. He feared that some start or look on Dorothy's part would call attention to her if he announced his departure abruptly; and yet why tell her in private, if he had no more to tell? In this undecided mood he sauntered out on the terraced walk as usual, and presently, quite naturally, found himself alone with Dorothy.

They talked of indifferent subjects: she was not very intellectual, but on the few occasions when he launched out into speculative talk she would listen with that rare gift of sympathy more often found in women in whom the rest of the world see nothing than in those who personally leave a mark on their time. This time he talked by snatches, and not too easily; while she, following his lead, was rather silent than otherwise, instinctively avoiding that awkward assumption of ease with which an older woman would have covered her unspoken consciousness. Sherborne was natural through bluntness and manliness, Dorothy through youth and by an instinct as yet unperverted by society.

After a longer pause than usual, the artist said slowly, "Lady Dorothy, I am going away next week."

"Are you?" she said, and looked up at him, her long eyelashes lifting slowly and her large, dark, rather sad eyes gazing full at him.

It almost seemed to him as if he stood once more on the brown staircase at Morseley, facing the slight figure in olive-brown silk.

"I am going to Rome," he added.

"Oh!" she said, with a little gasp: "so shall we, next year."

He understood her.

"I cannot be sure of being there then," he went on, "so I must say good-by to you now. It has been very pleasant here this summer, and I shall always remember it."

"Yes," she answered, in an uncertain voice, "very pleasant."

"And if we do not meet in Rome next year," he went on hurriedly, "you must let me thank you now for all the pleasant hours I have spent here and the pleasure your garden has given me."

He held out his hand, and she took it in silence; each trembled in the other's long clasp.

Then he said cheerfully, "It is time to go in to whist now."

Dorothy knew that one tear would betray her, and she went straight to her low sofa and embroidery-frame as unflinchingly as a soldier to his post on the battle-field. As she poured out the tea for the party, after the rubber was over, Sherborne, carefully precluding his announcement by a few words he knew she would understand as a warning of what was coming, told his host of his intended departure. She lifted her head and looked at him, as she felt she was expected to do, as all the others did; and he carefully abstained from meeting that look, which he felt rather than saw. A few commonplaces followed, and he soon took his leave, the last hand-clasp with Dorothy being the only token he dared give her of his sympathy. Even to himself he did not confess he had won her love. Let the doubt remain a doubt, since he had not the right to solve it openly.

Once in Rome, he resolutely set to work at his art, eschewed society, whether

professional or not, and in every way behaved as a rational, strong-willed man, except in this, that he kept in his bedroom one little picture, slightly colored, of a lady in an olive-brown dress, and with an old-fashioned head-dress, standing at the top of a dark staircase, only the face was that of a girl of seventeen instead of that of a woman of thirty-three. Very few men were ever admitted into this room; and if any one asked whom the picture represented, he would say, "It is only a copy of a family portrait that struck my fancy years ago in an old English country-house."

He had been eight months at Rome, when, just before the Carnival, one of his English friends, happening to glance at the picture, said, "By the way, how curiously like that is to a girl I saw last night!—one of the 'swells,' you know."

"Who?" said Sherborne, as carelessly as he could manage.

"Lady Dorothy Norreys. She has just come; and they say she is to be married as soon as they go home, to a young lord who is travelling with them. Lucky devil!"

"Who is he?" said Sherborne.

"The Marquess of Edyngton, who is just twenty-one and come into a fortune of—I don't know what; the golden fleece, in fact, accumulated and multiplied during his minority."

"Where did you see her?" said Sherborne.

"Oh, at the ball, last night, at the British Embassy. Pity you would not go, Sherborne: they'd have let in any decent Englishman, you know,—if you would only have contrived to get a card. There were lots of beauties there; but they were immensely disappointed at finding the best *parti* already snapped up. It seems he has been staying with them in Florence, and they are second cousins or something, and she has not much money, and the title goes to Lord Oxenford's nephew: so it is all a very pleasant little family arrangement. Did you come across them at Florence?"

"Yes; I used to see Lord Oxenford now and then," said Sherborne.

He debated a long time with himself

whether he should call upon Lord Oxenford at his hotel. At last his curiosity got the better of his cowardice; for he had a longing to know if the engagement was absolute and to see how the young couple looked and behaved toward each other.

Lord Oxenford was delighted to see him, and at once told him of the event which was occupying all his thoughts. Sherborne congratulated him, but remarked, in a steady, natural voice, that Lady Dorothy seemed very young of her age, and that marriage had responsibilities which her childishness would be hardly yet fit to bear.

Lord Oxenford looked blank, but answered frankly, after a pause,—

"Well, I know there is some truth in that: she is young, and she has seen nothing of the world, not even what one London season could show her. But then, on the other hand, I am a very unfit guardian for the child; I may marry again one of these days, and I could not bear any one to lord it over her; and, besides, she is cut out for a wife and mother. As soon as her lot is settled she will take to it lovingly as well as dutifully; and, to tell you the truth, I should have shrunk from anything like the possibility of her having an undesirable love-affair."

"You would have disliked the part of marplot to 'love's young dream,'" Sherborne managed to answer, in an even voice. "But you might have taken the opposite for a novelty,—that of the providence which occasionally lets the course of true love run smooth."

"No," said his friend; "that is beyond me." And he spoke chillingly.

"Is Lady Dorothy at home?" asked the artist.

"No. By the way, would you object to painting her portrait for me?"

Sherborne hesitated: "How many sittings could she give me?"

"Three or four, and some more when we return from Naples at Easter. After that we go home for the wedding; but I shall be back next autumn, and will settle about taking possession of the picture then."

"The time is short for a good picture,

and I should not care to give you a slovenly specimen of my brush," said Sherborne gravely. "I will think over it."

"Very well. And now tell me how you have been getting on."

Sherborne was at the door of the hotel that evening when the party started for an entertainment at one of the embassies. Dorothy wore white, with a scarlet cloak over her shoulders, and a camellia in her hair: she looked very pale, and her eyes were downcast, as if she did not care, as most very young girls would, for the admiring and obsequious crowd gathered round the carriage. The young *fiancé* was with them; indeed, Dorothy was leaning on his arm: he was small and good-natured-looking, unpretentious, and quite boyish. Sherborne could scarcely hate him for anything tangible; but he clinched his fist nervously under his plaid which he wore German-fashion across his shoulders, and thought,—

"He does not know what a treasure he has got, the dolt."

The next day he wrote a note to Lord Oxenford to say he would undertake the portrait, and that three sittings would be enough at present. He did not go to the hotel again till the day fixed for the first sitting, but he watched the carriage start with the whole party for the Corso, where the Carnival was now at its full. He had declined a place in the balcony which Lord Oxenford had secured, but, dressed in a black domino, posted himself in full view of it, on the narrow sidewalk. He fixed his eyes on Dorothy. She looked not what a happy bride-expectant should be, but so listless as to have lost all natural and childish buoyancy, even amid the Carnival excitement, which was a new thing to her.

A band of iron seemed tightening round Sherborne's heart as he went, a few days later, to keep his appointment. Lord Oxenford was genial and courteous as ever, the governess greeted him as an old friend, and Dorothy came forward with shy, silent grace and a little wan smile and shook hands. He could not

resist giving her hand a second's pressure, when she turned quickly and said something about the light. He saw she had spoken in haste to conceal her emotion, and he grew more hopelessly perplexed than ever. The sitting began: the governess sat by the window, sewing, and Lord Oxenford left the room, saying to his daughter,—

"I will bring Edyngton in as soon as he comes."

Sherborne, in pity, talked fast, and without looking at his model more than he could help, asking no questions, but telling her of his work, his friends, and the fine things to be seen in Rome. She answered in monosyllables now and then, and he often turned to the governess, compelling her to speak, for he dreaded silence more than anything, and the child was powerless to help him. Half an hour passed, and steps and voices on the stairs told him that another trial was near. Lord Edyngton came in, frank and boyish, praised the sketch, and spoke pleasantly and naturally to the artist: there was no assumption of superiority or any other nonsense or conventionality in his manner; but Sherborne found it hard work to be as blameless in speech and behavior as his rival. The second sitting passed much in the same way, and it was not before the third, and then by accident, that Sherborne found himself alone for a few minutes with Dorothy. He let the precious moments pass, and worked resolutely on, refraining from even a professional look at her, until he heard her give a little strangled sob, and, looking up, saw her slip from her chair in a faint. As he sprang to her side he had the presence of mind to pull the bell violently, but not to restrain his tongue; though whether or not she heard his smothered exclamation "My darling!" he could not tell. She seemed already unconscious when he lifted her and rapidly kissed her pale forehead. By the time the bell was answered and the governess came hurrying in with two scared servants, the girl was stretched on the sofa, and Sherborne stood decorously bending over it, moist-

ening her forehead with iced water from a pitcher on the marble console. He left before she recovered consciousness, and, though he sent to make inquiries twice the following day, and in the evening walked for an hour up and down under her windows, he made no open appearance, nor did he attempt to take leave of his friends. He saw their departure for Naples mentioned in a newspaper three days later, and forthwith grimly attacked his work of perfecting Dorothy's portrait as much as he could during her absence. He grew more self-contained and misanthropic than ever, and his artist friends jokingly declared he was keeping Lent and meant to astonish them by turning Trappist.

A few days after Easter he received a note from Lord Oxenford, telling him that he must make the best he could of what sittings could be crowded into a week, as their stay at Rome would be hurried and their plans had been much changed. The tone of the letter was not so cheerful and even-tempered as that of Lord Oxenford's generally-pleasant correspondence, and, though still perplexed, Sherborne intuitively breathed more freely. He called at the hotel the same evening, and found his friend absent-minded and disturbed: it was evident things had somehow gone against his wishes. Presently the truth came out: Lord Oxenford needed a vent to his feelings, and Sherborne was the safest man at hand.

"The fact is, Sherborne," he said, as he threw himself back in his chair and pushed a cigar-case across the table to his visitor, "that foolish child has taken it into her head that she would rather wait another year before she is married, and all I can say is of no avail. Of course I can't force her to marry Edyngton out of hand; but, as she has known him from a baby, I do not see what one year more will add to her knowledge. Then I wanted to come back here and be quiet after her wedding; whereas now I shall have to 'go in' for a London season and chaperonage to any extent. If she goes home at all, of course she must be 'presented,' and 'go out,'

and all the rest of it. It is a dreadful bore."

"Haven't you any friend who would chaperon her,—her aunt?" said Sherborne, for the sake of saying something, while inexpressible feelings were making a tumult within him.

"Perhaps I may find some way," said his friend discontentedly. "However, that is not to the purpose at present. You see, we must hurry home to be in time for the best parties, and there are a thousand things to be done: so our time here is very short. You can come tomorrow and begin. We leave here tomorrow week."

One would have thought, to see the artist going home, that some superlative piece of good fortune had unexpectedly befallen him: he was positively radiant. The next day, as he greeted Lady Dorothy, a change as apparent showed itself in her. She was herself again,—shy and pale and childish, but not weighed down and constrained as before: she chattered of her own accord, and gave Sherborne a full account of all she had seen at Naples; and once when she incidentally mentioned her *fiancé* she called him frankly "a dear, good boy." At the second sitting, the two were again accidentally left alone, and then Dorothy, with the desperate courage which in some very young girls comes with the irresistible force of an inspiration, nerving them for a moment, and a moment only, but that chosen with skill such as no sibyl could command, she spoke.

"Mr. Sherborne," she said very gravely, her large eyes steadily fixed on his, "papa told you that Edyngton and I had settled about waiting for a year, didn't he?"

"Yes, Lady Dorothy," he answered, trembling.

"I think I was right," she resumed slowly, "because—you remember what I told you about the Brown Lady?" she added suddenly.

"Yes."

"She should have remained unmarried rather than do as she did, Mr. Sherborne; and Edyngton understood me when I told him so."

"Did you tell your father?"

"No; only that I wanted to wait."

"Then are you still engaged to Lord Edyngton, Lady Dorothy?" She smiled faintly, and her color rose. The spirit that seemed to urge her before now made place for her ordinary girlish reticence, and she grew confused.

"I do not think I shall ever marry him," she said, in a low voice, "and he knows it."

"But," said Sherborne, in a harsh voice, forcing himself to speak, "Lady Dorothy, you should not let your father be under any mistake about this. You should be straightforward and tell him just how matters stand: he has as much right to know as Lord Edyngton."

"I am afraid," she said simply.

"Then Lord Edyngton should tell him."

"Yes," she said, with a sudden brightening in her manner. "I did not want to keep anything back that ought to be told, but I *was* afraid. I will ask Edyngton to make it clear to him."

Sherborne went on painting in silence till she began again:

"Are you going back to London to live, Mr. Sherborne?"

"I hardly know yet."

"You are not going to stay and live here, as some artists do, are you?"

"I don't know. Why do you ask, Lady Dorothy?"

She did not answer; and at that moment the governess came in again. The last sitting passed without any opportunity for private talk; but Dorothy looked at him several times with such a pathetic, yearning expression that he felt strengthened and comforted, as if she had given the assurance which he still considered he could not in honor ask. He pressed her hand at parting, and promised to see them off the next day, if he could be of any use.

He was at the station long before the servants, and engaged a private compartment for the party. As they came on the platform he was ready to receive them and burden himself with the usual superfluities of unnecessary baggage. The one moment which chance afforded

him for unobserved intercourse with Dorothy he used only to clasp her hand and say, "God bless you, Lady Dorothy!" but her answering look and her silence were all he needed. Just as the train started he took from his button-hole a tiny bunch of scented violets, and, with a look at Lord Oxenford, said, "Will you allow Lady Dorothy to accept this last little breath of Rome?" and then, raising his hat, and dropping the violets on the vacant seat next the girl, he stepped back and watched the train move off. Is it strange that he was not unhappy?

Lord Oxenford was not to leave London before the third week in July, and by that time Sherborne decided that he too should be in England, as he knew he should have no chance of seeing Dorothy after she left town. It was a bright, hot day when he called at her father's house: she was sitting in the drawing-room, dressed for a drive, wearing one of her favorite colors, pearl gray, from head to foot. She looked older than the short lapse of time accounted for, but very bright and happy. He hardly knew whether to be glad or sorry, but he could not help feeling that to look at her was happiness to him. Lord Oxenford had written to him to bring the portrait, and the last touches were to be given to it this month, before the father and daughter started for Scotland.

"By the way, Sherborne," said Lord Oxenford, "you are a sportsman, I'll be bound; couldn't you spare two or three weeks next month, or in September or October, just as you like, to do something on the moors? Beautiful country, too, for sketching, you know."

Sherborne smiled and shook his head.

"Why, St. Anthony was nothing to you," laughed his friend. "Does nothing ever tempt you?"

The artist's face grew suddenly grave, but he answered lightly,—

"I am a working-man, and can't afford guns and knickerbockers and such frivolities."

"Why, every shop-boy has his holiday, and you have no one's leave to ask."

"Ten years hence it will be time enough to talk of holidays," said Sherborne.

"You won't leave a loop-hole for changing your mind? I may not have the 'box' next year; and it is a pity. You look like a good shot, too."

"I used to be a fair one, but I am out of practice. I don't deny I should like it immensely, but I *must* say no. You won't think me ungrateful?"

"I wish," said Lord Oxenford, in reply, "that I had had your secret of saying *no* and sticking to it when I was young. Well, if you *will* not be an idler, I hope and trust we shall see you an R. A. within ten years."

"When I am, Lord Oxenford, I will take as many holidays as you like."

Dorothy had gone for her drive, and when she returned her father insisted on Sherborne's remaining to five-o'clock tea and promising to come to dinner next day at half-past seven, as they could have a pleasant evening before Lady S——'s official party. Dorothy looked at him, and this time he had not the heart to say no.

The following week Lord Oxenford asked him to a more formal dinner: the party was large and imposing, and, as a result, he received two or three other invitations. He went where they led him, because there he met *her*; but, true to his resolve, he never spoke a word of love. Lord Edyngton was away at present, and Dorothy did not mention him. By the end of July she too left town, and Sherborne saw before him a dreary time, which he determined to make less dreary by work. He took rooms in a village near London, intending to work hard at a picture he designed to exhibit next year at the Academy. Dorothy's portrait he had begged to have by him until Christmas, when it should go down in state to Lord Oxenford's place, Norreys Park, Wiltshire. When Christmas came, he had a miniature copy of it ready, and sent off the original, as he had agreed. He had just come home from the rectory, where he had dined on Christmas day, and where two charming girls had done

their best to make him feel at home, when his eye fell on a letter in an unfamiliar handwriting. It was from Lord Edyngton, and had come the day before; but his landlady, busy with her Christmas preparations, had forgotten it until after he had gone out to dinner and she had "slipped in to tidy the room." The gist of it was in this sentence: "I shall be in town a few days the second week in January: could you not manage to dine with me at my club (the Traveller's) at half-past seven on Thursday the 9th? Let me know at once."

In vain Sherborne puzzled his head to guess the reason of this abrupt but very kind request. He answered as required; but nearly three weeks of uncertainty and persistent guessing wore out his patience. When the day came, he started by a train at least two hours earlier than the one he should have taken. The club was comparatively empty, and he waited in the library, alternately pacing up and down and standing by the window overlooking the street in a fever of expectation. Presently the young man came in, and, shaking hands with boyish eagerness, remarked on his punctuality. A certain admiration, and, withal, a close and curious observation, seemed to underlie his manner, and Sherborne found it hard to conjecture what it might mean. His host did not attempt to enter upon any particular subject till after dinner, but told him the gossip of Norreys, where he had been staying for Christmas,—how Lord Oxenford talked of him, how the picture had been admired, how Dorothy looked, what sport they had had with the pheasants, and who were who among the party assembled there. He inquired after Sherborne's plans and pictures, and asked about his autumn work, excusing himself now and then by saying "they would want to know all about him when they heard he had met him in town."

"Then you are going back there?" said the artist.

"Yes," said Lord Edyngton. "And I think we may as well go up-stairs now: there is a nice little room next the smoking-room where hardly any one ever

goes, at least at this time of the year. I'll tell the waiter to light a fire there."

Sherborne felt that the mystery was going to be solved at last; but, as the time came near, he grew sick at heart, fearing he knew not what, and hoping nothing. When they were comfortably established, Lord Edyngton began abruptly:

"My dear fellow—" then, checking himself, "you must forgive my being so familiar; I *know* you are older, and I am only a boy; but, you see, things have turned out so as to make me feel warmly toward you. Dorothy has told me lots of things. We are cousins, you know, and were together as children. Now, I think I understand how things are: you love her, don't you?"

Sherborne was too astounded to answer.

"I dare say I *have* taken you by surprise," he laughed. "Well, you need not answer. Fancy *my* playing the part of confidant! She told me everything there was to tell; and, by Jove!"—here his tone became serious, and his voice broke with emotion,—"*I* think you are one of the most heroic fellows alive."

He held out his hand, and the other clasped it in silence.

"No need to say more about it, is there?" continued the young man. "She said she was sure you loved her, but you would never ask her, and she could not tell you unasked. Of course she knows nothing of our meeting: I am responsible for all this myself."

"Of course," murmured Sherborne.

"Well, I have thought it all over, and you need not tell me the obvious objections. She has settled it her own way as regards herself; she says she will stay at home unmarried. But why should she? Why cannot true love be rewarded once in a way? We do not have so many love-matches to boast of in society that we must needs all help to prevent any one else carrying out the ideal. See what *I* was drifting into myself! Well, you have only your profession, and the little fortune she has is dependent on her father's pleasure. If

I could make you do it, I would force you to borrow a hundred thousand from me and marry her at once. But I know you won't, and I shan't ask you." Sherborne smiled, and in his turn held out his hand.

"Well, it is all very far off and misty. But there is worse than money scarcity: Lord Oxenford will never consent."

"I fear not," said Sherborne.

"And I suppose," said the other doubtfully, "if he did not, that would stop your mouth entirely."

"If I speak at all, Lord Edyngton, it shall be to him first."

"Sherborne, you are a brick! I could not do as you do."

"Perhaps at your age I should not have been so hard."

"But what is to be done? Of course I shall tell Dorothy, so you need not act in the matter; but will you tell Lord Oxenford? I should stand by you if you did, remember."

"Thanks. I must think about it."

"And," said the young man hesitatingly, "since I am not to have Dorothy, I should like to have a copy of that portrait."

Sherborne glanced up half sadly, half humorously.

"I understand," he said. "Don't think I am going to be proud. For her sake, I will accept any legitimate help; and *your* help is not that of a patron only, but of a friend. I could not tell you how thankful I am for your generous partisanship: I leave you to guess it, Lord Edyngton."

During the month came two or three orders for pictures, communications from picture-dealers, and requests for arrangements about painting portraits, which Sherborne rightly attributed to his young friend's influence; but, better still, a letter from Dorothy's cousin, telling him of the surprise, the shame, the delight, the love, all exhibited by the girl when he told her of his bold move, and the "fine scolding" she gave him immediately after she had thanked him with floods of tears. He feared very much that if he wrote to Lord Oxenford he would receive a refusal which

would make future intercourse almost impossible, and yet he could not feel satisfied with the thing being kept hidden from the father. Now that it was no longer an unspoken secret, he thought it best to go down to Wiltshire and tell Lord Oxenford the whole story,—when he would have an opportunity of seeing Dorothy as well.

The girl was at home when he walked up to the hall door, but her father was out shooting, and he told the servant he preferred waiting in the study. Dorothy had seen him, and, when she found he did not come to the drawing-room, understood his reason, and loved him the more for it. It was some hours before Lord Oxenford came home,—nearly four o'clock. He was delighted to see his friend, and insisted on his staying to dinner: there was plenty of time to send for his portmanteau; why had he not gone in to see Dorothy? and had he seen the portrait?

Sherborne found it hard work to oppose seriousness to such a flow of geniality and genuine hospitality; yet time pressed, all must be got through by dinner-time, and he had to be firm.

At last his host rather impatiently settled himself to listen to this "eternal obsession of business," as he called it. "Why, man," he said, "do you ever think of anything but business? As if it could not wait till to-morrow!"

"You will be able to answer both those questions yourself when you have heard me out," returned the artist rather bitterly. And in a quarter of an hour he had told his tale, including Lord Edyngton's part in it at the club.

Lord Oxenford listened with knitted brows and disturbed manner: his silence was ominous. The first words he said were, "Edyngton is a perfect baby!"

Sherborne was silent.

"Of course you did not expect me to give you my sanction?"

"No, I did not."

"You must see the folly of it all?"

"Pardon me, I see no folly. But I did not come here to argue it out. I have said to myself a hundred times all you can say to me now; and, on the

other hand, there is only this to be said, that we love each other. What I came for was to tell you the truth and abide by your judgment."

After a pause, during which the father seemed to struggle with his feelings, he held out his hand, and said hoarsely, "Sherborne, you are the most honorable man I know."

"Thank you, Lord Oxenford," said the other simply.

"Well," resumed the elder man, "I cannot say yes,—you will understand me,—but, as I told you before, I cannot force my daughter's heart, and I do not wish to. Do you want to see her?"

"Not to-night; it would agitate her, and I know you have a large gathering here. If you will allow me, I will come to-morrow morning at eleven. You will not forbid my seeing her?"

"No; but you will not mind its being in my presence?"

"Certainly not," said Sherborne emphatically. "Indeed, you have been kinder than I expected."

"The fact is," said Lord Oxenford, though with a shade of reluctance, "you have taken every weapon out of my hand with your own straightforwardness. Good-by, till to-morrow. I shall tell Dorothy everything."

"God bless you, Lord Oxenford!" said Sherborne as he rose to take his leave.

The next day he was there again, half an hour before his time, and Lord Oxenford, still disturbed and perplexed, came to him at once.

They shook hands in silence, and then the elder man said slowly, "I have been thinking it all over, and I can't see my way to give my consent. It is preposterous! Besides, you are old enough to be her father."

"Hardly that, Lord Oxenford; but I know I *am* a good deal older than Lady Dorothy. Still, *that* is not the real point of your objection."

"No, I will admit that. But I cannot bring myself to countenance the affair under any pretext. It is absolute folly."

"Socially speaking," said the artist gravely, "I know it is."

"Well," answered the other, with natural impatience, "in such a case, 'socially speaking' is tantamount to all that can be said. In her position, she cannot marry as girls in a lower one do, and you must know it and see it yourself. Your own experience must tell you that, for you have lived largely in such circles yourself."

"Just so," said Sherborne. Though he would not add what flashed bitterly across his mind,—namely, that society, in allowing a man the run of every privilege save that of marriage, was inconsistent, and in itself the cause of temptation to many a poor man "well received" by the rich.

"Well, it is of no use going over all we said before. You see the impossibility of my giving my consent; and she will be under age for more than three years, during which she shall not become your wife. After that I have no personal control over her; but that is a long way off, and I do not believe she would use her freedom directly in opposition to my wishes."

"I should not ask her to do so," said Sherborne proudly.

"And, as things are likely to remain as they are for an indefinite period, don't you think it would be wise to give it up,—at least for the present?"

"No, Lord Oxenford. We should gain nothing by that. I will not bind her in any way, although she herself should wish it, nor will I even bind her by implication,—that is, by telling her that I consider myself bound. I shall ask nothing but to see her now and then, and I will let the question stand over till she is of age. We will not correspond, even on condition of your seeing my letters. I could not write freely, and I prefer, therefore, not writing at all. But while you are in London you will allow me to come as usual, once a week? You may trust me: no one need know there is anything in my presence beyond familiar acquaintance and gratitude for your kindness. Will this satisfy you?"

"I hardly like the plan. It will keep you constantly before her mind."

"You cannot expect me to defeat my own happiness when I know it is also hers. If her fancy should seem to change, I shall not stand between her and a match you may approve," said Sherborne proudly.

"I know you too well to doubt you, Sherborne," was the answer, "and, unluckily, too well, also, to hope to turn you from your purpose."

"I am glad," said the artist, "that you should remember so well."

Lord Oxenford felt that this remembrance cut the ground from under his feet. How persistently—though at the time unconsciously—had he not striven to heap opportunities at Sherborne's feet! and had not the latter uniformly refused each new invitation? A slight rustle was heard at the door, and the handle turned slowly. Sherborne rose, trembling, his hands clinching themselves nervously. His companion watched him keenly.

The door opened, and Dorothy came in. Her lover met her half-way, and, looking for one moment at her father in mute appeal, folded her in his arms and kissed her forehead. She was silent, and presently sat down between the two men, her hand clasped in Sherborne's. It was he who first broke the silence, and, as he spoke her name, his voice grew low and unsteady with repressed emotion:

"Dorothy, your father naturally does not see things as I do,—as we do; but he will not forbid my seeing you once every week whenever you are in London. My darling, I cannot tell you all I have in my heart; I loved you almost from the first hour I saw you,—but, if it had not been for the happy circumstances you know of, I never should have told you. Now I know you love me, it seems as if I needed no further happiness, and we will let God take care of the future. Dorothy, tell me you love me," he added, in a yearning tone: "you know I never heard you *say* so yet."

"Yes," she answered, in a tremulous voice, "I love you; and—" she added, with a rush, "I think I loved *you* ever since I first saw you."

Then she turned to her father, disengaged her hand from Sherborne, and, kneeling down, with her face buried on Lord Oxenford's knee, said, "Papa, darling, don't be angry with me."

Three years passed, and Dorothy refused several offers of marriage, most of them what the world calls *eligible*, while Sherborne got on better in his profession than he had done in the years when he worked as well and as hard but without any outward help such as never failed him now from Lord Edyngton. Lord Oxenford began to think that fate was against him. If she married Sherborne, she would not forfeit her little fortune, nor should he alter his own resolution to leave her all his personal property at his death. As to marrying again, he had given up the idea, the lady for whom he had framed the resolve having married a richer man than himself and set up a brilliant Parisian *salon*.

Dorothy's birthday fell in November, and Sherborne hoped to be able to persuade Lord Oxenford to agree to the marriage taking place early the following January. He thought of living for several years in Italy, and by and by, when economy had helped out work, buying a little place in England and making an ideal home. He had already begun to sound his future father-in-law with regard to these plans, when Dorothy, coming home one day from a drive in an open carriage (they were all staying at Norreys), showed symptoms of a bad cold. Sherborne grew feverishly anxious. There was to be a ball at a neighboring country-house in a fortnight, and the girl had set her heart on going. The neighbors had pretty well penetrated the secret of her half-engagement, and she was looking forward to this gathering as a means of letting the fact be so well known as to help her father to surrender his last—almost fictitious—defences. So they went; but she coughed distressingly, and the week after she was too ill to leave her room. Be-

fore Christmas the doctors had given her up. Her father cursed himself for having refused his consent to her marriage. Her lover was too prostrate to do anything save sit and hold her hand, while she talked to him feebly of the love they knew would never come to its full blossom.

The day before she died, she asked him, "Darling, do you remember the 'Brown Lady'?"

"Yes," he said brokenly.

"Well,"—and she smiled childishly,—“you know it must have meant something that you, a stranger, who had never heard of the story, should see her; and I think it meant *this*.” She paused.

He only moaned and kissed her hand passionately.

"But I have been much happier than she was, dearest," she resumed gravely. "And if I ever come to you in your dreams, it will be always with a smile, for I was never unhappy in my life except those few months I was engaged to my cousin. You and Edyngton must always be friends,—because, you know, we owe each other to him, dear boy."

He considered this as a sacred trust, and it was fulfilled. In after-days he and Lord Edyngton became fast friends, and if the latter's position was a material help to him, no less were his advice, his steady influence, and his manly example a help to the younger man.

When Lord Edyngton married, he called his eldest daughter Dorothy, and asked Sherborne to be her godfather. And years after, when the little girl grew to be a marriageable woman, the world was surprised to find that the clever, wealthy artist had made her his heiress.

As for himself, he lived a lonely life in the same retired village he had chosen in the days of his love-sorrows. The sketch of the "Brown Lady" always hung opposite his bed, and the portrait of his love was the only picture that never left his work-room.

A WINTER CAMPAIGN IN THE BLACK HILLS.

THE summer of 1876, while celebrated with rejoicings by the people in the "States" as the nation's centennial anniversary, was a peculiarly exciting one and full of peril to the inhabitants of our Territories in the Far West. The discovery of gold in the Black Hills had been made the previous year, and, with the usual result of such discoveries, had been magnified a hundredfold in the reports. Consequently, early in the spring of '76 thousands of persons of all classes began to flock by the different routes, not only from the surrounding Territories, but from all portions of the country, toward the newly-found El Dorado, so that they were soon swarming all over that hitherto unknown section, jostling each other in their mad scramble after wealth, while many of them were suffering at the same time for the actual necessities of life. The Indians then inhabiting the Black Hills as a hunting-ground had already taken the alarm and given warning of their intention to oppose the entry of all miners or settlers. To avoid a conflict between the two races, the government had directed the military authorities to interpose, and, while holding the Indians in check, to remove all white intruders from the disputed territory until a treaty had been made with the former and permission obtained for the latter to enter.

The Sioux nation—the most powerful on the continent, and consisting of many separate tribes, each strong in itself—could at this time, it was estimated, easily place in the field ten thousand warriors, and receive the aid of most if not all of the Northern Cheyennes,—a couple of thousand more. Through past successes in their dealings with the Indian Bureau, and confidence in their own strength, these Indians were now insolent and arbitrary in their negotiations with the government, and soon embraced the opportunity to initiate

hostilities by making predatory raids from their reservations and attacking small parties of miners and prospectors wherever found. The troops were at once ordered—as has been stated—to the scene to preserve the peace and stave off, if possible, the conflict which sooner or later was sure to ensue. The Indians, however, refused to return to their reservations, and expeditions were immediately organized in the Departments of the Platte and Dakota, by Generals Crook and Terry, to proceed against them. The fight on the Rosebud took place, in which the camp of the hostiles was surprised, themselves defeated, and a severe loss sustained in the capture of many hundred head of their stock; while Custer, following up a large body under Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse, a couple of months later, had, on the contrary, through his rashness met his fate,—his command being, as is well known, totally annihilated on the 25th of June, on the Little Big-Horn.

The Indians derived increased encouragement from this victory; those hitherto quiet joined their friends already in the field, and during the whole summer of '76 the entire Northwestern country swarmed with warriors on the war-path, whom it was certain death for the white man to meet at a disadvantage.

Such was the condition of affairs when, all the forces in the two departments above named being already in the field, orders were issued for the transfer of troops from all the other departments to the scene of the conflict, to prevent a general uprising over the whole Western country. Our regiment, then doing duty in the "Panhandle" of Texas and the Indian Territory, was one of the first called for, and the different companies were soon *en route* to the Department of the Platte.

My troop had but recently returned to its post—Fort Elliott—in the "Panhandle" from a scout on the Staked

Plains, and on the occurrence of the outbreak had been first ordered to change station to Fort Dodge, in Kansas, two hundred miles farther north and on the line of the railroad, to replace the troops already on the road to the scene of hostilities, and await there the arrival of the other companies. The next day I was on the march for my new station; but, after crossing the Canadian, and while lying in camp on Commission Creek, late one evening a courier rode into our camp with the news of the Custer massacre and with despatches from department head-quarters for the different troop commanders, directing them to proceed as rapidly as possible, and, on reaching the railroad, ship their commands immediately for the North, without waiting to join any others. The scout who brought the orders had acted as interpreter for myself and brother-officers in a council held the preceding winter in the camp of the Arapahoes, in which we had been warned of the coming hostilities some six months in advance. We both, as we now met for the first time since then, instinctively recalled the prophetic words, and, as we talked of the present outbreak, my companion assured me that he had often since the holding of that council thought of the warning, and wondered if the government had taken any steps to avoid the threatened uprising.

Three or four days after, I arrived at Fort Dodge, late at night, and, after drawing additional supplies for the journey, transferred my troop to the cars, and early next morning was *en route* for the Department of the Platte, *via* Las Animas, Denver, and Cheyenne. From Cheyenne I took up my march again, by way of Forts Russell and Laramie, for Red Cloud Agency, in Nebraska, some two hundred miles still farther northward. My troop was one of the first to reach the Agency, but soon after companies and battalions of all arms of the service, from East, West, and South, began to arrive at the general rendezvous. General Crook had taken the field in the summer with Merritt's column of cavalry, and this force, after varied successes

and many privations,—such as subsisting on horse- and mule-meat and being forced to consume their saddles for firewood,—took up its return march for the Agency in October, leaving the hostile Sioux still in large force and comparative possession of the entire range of country in the Black Hills, as well as toward the Big-Horn Mountains and the Yellowstone. An expedition against them in the dead of winter, when crippled in their movements by want of grazing for their stock, was seen to be the only way to reach the Indians effectually, provided we could subsist our own column in the mean time. As it was also evident that we should be out the greater portion of the winter, it was deemed advisable not only to make all preparations possible for the safety and proper equipment of the expedition, but also to provide comfortable quarters for the troops on their return.

The large bodies of recruits, now arriving by hundreds, were accordingly drilled three times daily, while the entire force was at the same time set to work cutting, hauling, and sawing logs and building rude quarters, barracks, and stables for the command. These preparations continued steadily until the beginning of November, exciting the interest of the thousands of semi-friendly Indians still surrounding the Agency, who watched all our movements, noted the arrival of every new lot of recruits, and no doubt continually reported by runners every item to their friends still out from their reservation, as well as furnishing them with supplies of provisions and arms. These communications were continued so regularly, notwithstanding several arrests made by us at the Agency, that it was determined by Generals Crook and Mackenzie—the latter of whom was in command of the cavalry column of the expedition now organizing—to send, as a preparatory measure, the whole force of cavalry against these Indians, who had thus established as it were a half-way station between the Agency and the hostiles' camps.

Accordingly, on the evening of the

22d of October, six squadrons of picked men and horses—each over one hundred and fifty strong, and the whole force divided into two large battalions—started quietly, about nine o'clock, for an all-night's ride to surround the camps of the Sioux chiefs Red Cloud and Red Leaf, some forty-five miles north from the Agency, and bring both bands back to their reservation, where they could be under the surveillance of the military. Only one day's rations were taken, and no baggage of any kind whatever,—the whole command being in light marching-order. The night was pitch-dark and very cold, the country was intersected by a continual series of ravines and wash-outs; but, the most positive orders having been issued by Mackenzie, who was in command, to the battalion and troop commanders for the whole column to keep closed up at all hazards, the trot and gallop were continued throughout the night. Occasionally a troop would be brought down to a walk at the bottom of some gully or dry creek, and then, on emerging, would take up a dead gallop to overtake the preceding troops, which had already disappeared in the blackness ahead. The only sounds to be heard were the thunder of the column as it tore along over the frozen ground, the rattle of the harness of the horses,—the men's sabres having been thrust between their knees and saddles,—and the occasional muttered exclamation of a trooper as his steed stumbled or fell in the darkness. Such riding was of course terribly fatiguing to both horses and riders,—the men always regarding a "night-ride" as far worse than a week's ordinary march. Experience, however, had taught us, as well as our gallant and dashing commander, that it was the only sure way "to catch the weasel asleep."

By the gray light of the morning, we found ourselves cautiously and slowly approaching the two camps of sleeping Indians. One battalion, under Colonel G——, had been sent to surround Red Leaf's band; the other, under Major M——, that of Red Cloud; the two being encamped a couple of miles apart. In each case the result was the same.

As the different troops swung quickly round into their positions, the watchful dogs of the camps gave the alarm; the Indians, completely surprised, sprang to their arms; a rapid fusillade followed; there was a rush and a shout from the troops, and the next moment we were in complete possession of both camps, and all or nearly all their inhabitants our prisoners, escape being almost impossible. They were at once ordered to surrender their weapons, pack up their lodges and all their effects, and move with their herds—which were afterward to be taken from them—into the Agency,—an order only complied with after many of their unpacked possessions had been committed to the flames, accompanied by the chanting of their "death-song." We had little time to eat or rest, as the return-march was soon taken up, and by evening we had made about one-half the distance to the Agency. To prevent escape, it was determined by General Mackenzie to send the warriors, or "bucks," numbering over one hundred, into the post that same night, leaving the rest of the column, with the women and children, to await rations and slowly make their way in the next day. Four troops, including my own, were accordingly selected, and, under the command of Colonel G——, started quickly, with the captive Indians in the centre of the column, a couple being generally mounted on each pony. The trot was at once taken up, and continued the whole distance with little or no cessation, as the speediest and safest course to pursue in getting over the intervening twenty-five miles in the night-time. By eleven o'clock our destination was reached, and the whole lot, including Red Cloud and Red Leaf themselves, safely secured in one of the warehouses of the post at the Agency, used temporarily as a prison. The work of our battalion was over for the time. A ride of ninety miles or more, with the "surround" and capture of two large Indian encampments, in a little over twenty-four hours, was certainly pretty good work, and gave strong evidence that the comparatively raw recruits composing full half the command

might be depended on in the approaching expedition.

All being in readiness, and Merritt's column having come in to the Agency from their summer campaign to take charge of the five or six thousand Indians camped there, the Powder River expedition, which was so named by reason of its supposed ultimate destination, started on the first day of November on its long and dreary march toward that inhospitable region. The whole force consisted, besides the cavalry column of six squadrons, under Mackenzie, of a battalion of heavy artillery and three large ones of infantry, under the command of Colonel Dodge; also a pack-train of four hundred mules, in charge of experienced packers, and a long ambulance- and wagon-train; constituting altogether a command of over twenty-five hundred men. Accompanying the expedition in the capacity of guides and scouts, and under the command of officers selected from the cavalry, was a body of one hundred friendly Indians of all tribes,—Pawnees, Arapahoes, Crows, Bannocks, Shoshones, Snakes, and even Sioux and Cheyennes; for any Indian, it may be said, will betray even his own tribe, including all his wife's relations, provided the reward offered be tempting enough.

The march for a distance of fifteen miles was first through the White River Cañon,—a dangerous pass leading from the Agency,—and thence northward through Wyoming by the way of Forts Laramie and Fetterman, and crossing the Platte twice toward the head of the Powder River, in the Big-Horn Mountains. At the last-named post, General Crook, with his staff, overtook and assumed command of the whole expedition. A week later, Fort Reno, an old abandoned post on the Powder River, was reached; and while here word was brought by our Indian scouts of the proximity of a small party of hostile Cheyennes,—some four or five lodges,—encamped but a few miles to the west of us. Our scouts were sent out a second time and captured one of this band. He had ridden into the camp of our

allies in the evening, supposing them to be friends, and only discovered his mistake after he had informed them of the location of the main body of Cheyennes in the cañon at the head of one of the forks of the Powder River, and on the opposite or western side of the Big-Horn Mountains, as well as of the encampment of the Sioux under Crazy Horse, still farther to the northward, on the Rosebud. Then suddenly he found himself in the midst of foes, and a prisoner, as the party covered him with carbine and revolver and compelled him to surrender his arms. He was immediately brought in to head-quarters, closely guarded; and, though now obstinate and sullen, enough was elicited to corroborate his previous unwary confession.

Orders were at once issued by Crook to prepare for a ten days' rapid march, with the pack-train only, toward Crazy Horse's camp, to strike a blow at the main body of hostile Sioux encamped there. Leaving Reno behind, the expedition proceeded on its march as rapidly as the snow would allow,—for it had been storming heavily for the past week or more, with the thermometer falling far below the freezing-point. The character of the country had likewise become not only much rougher, but more bleak and desolate,—no timber existing save in the creek-bottoms, while the prairie, like the steppes of Tartary, was but a vast desert of sand-hills, covered only with the despised sage-brush and dwarf cactus. Not a sign of game on the ground or overhead was seen, save an occasional sage-hen, which was undisturbed by us, as the column kept on its way, day after day, still northward toward Cloud Peak,—now clearly seen, though eighty miles distant, rising majestically upward like a huge mass of white clouds in the sky. On reaching Crazy Woman's Fork of the North Branch of Powder River, after a long day's march of thirty miles, Sitting Bear, one of our Indian scouts, who had been far ahead of our column and in the vicinity of Crazy Horse's camp, brought back important information that

at once caused a complete change of programme on our part. The small band of Cheyennes, already missing their comrade, had been likewise scouting the country, and, quickly observing our huge column, as well as the direction it was taking, had immediately divined its destination. Hastily decamping, they had hurried in advance, passing Sitting Bear on their road, toward the encampment of Crazy Horse, to give the alarm and most probably cause the retreat of the whole tribe. The course of their trail clearly indicated this; and, perceiving that our expedition in that direction was defeated, but that they had probably not sent at the same time any warning (either forgetting it in their haste or deeming it unnecessary) to the large Cheyenne camp on the opposite side of the Big-Horn, which was now in our rear, Crook immediately countermanded his orders, and quietly reversed the march of the expedition.

On the evening of November 23 the infantry and artillery were left in charge of the trains, and the whole body of cavalry—twelve troops, each nearly one hundred strong—started under Mackenzie for a rapid ride across the mountains, to strike the Cheyennes under Dull Knife encamped there. Our Indian allies were, as usual, sent ahead through the passes to locate the hostile camp beyond, while part remained to guide the column following after. The march being resumed the next day at sunrise, by noon the scouts reached a grassy vale, completely sheltered from observation in front by a semicircular range of hills. Here they halted to allow the cavalry to come up, it being a couple of miles back. On its arrival, and just as the pack-train was going into camp here, the Indian outposts were suddenly seen to commence circling around with their ponies at a full gallop in a wild and excited manner. The next moment a shrill yell went up from the one stationed farthest to the front. Supposing that we were about to be attacked, the whole command, in less time than it takes here to describe it, were in line, rushing up and forward to the brow

of the range of hills, with skirmishers thrown out in advance. The cause of the alarm was now ascertained to be the return of some of the Indian scouts sent out the preceding evening to locate the exact position of the hostile camp. They had communicated their discovery of us by signals on seeing our outposts; while the howling of our allies, stationed as sentries, was but a shout of triumph at the return of the others. When these arrived at our head-quarters, so worn out that their ponies fell exhausted and the riders were in almost as bad a plight, we ascertained that the village was still some distance ahead,—though how far exactly was difficult to say, as an Indian's ideas of time and distance are, as compared with ours, rather indefinite. General Mackenzie, however, thought it possible, by making an all-night ride, to strike the hostile village by break of day.

After a few hours' rest and a cheerless meal of hard-tack and cold bacon, no fires being allowed, the command again started, with the pack-train to follow under escort of a detachment a couple of hours later. Emerging from the basin in which we had halted, we entered a wild pass or deep cut through the red sandstone cliffs, and then clambered up and over a second hill, which from the top commanded a full view of the entire column stretched out far behind and winding around the hills and through ravines as it pursued its onward course. The next instant the scene vanished to the head of the column, as it began the descent in front. All through the cold and dark night was the march persistently continued, with little or no halting, but with the Indian scouts always thrown far in advance, over jagged hills, then cautiously winding around their sides on narrow ledges and overlooking deep and yawning chasms below, then crawling down, in single file and dismounted, into dark ravines, across rapid and miry mountain-streams, and then up and out over the hills again. Once on our route we passed through a beautiful level valley, about three miles long by half a mile wide, which the

men of the companies nicknamed the "race-course," and where the gallop was quickly taken up and continued throughout its whole length. By the gray dawn of the coming morning twenty-five miles or more had been made. Had it been possible to proceed in a straight line, less than one-half of that distance would have been necessary. As we approached the mouth of the cañon in which lay the hostile encampment, the country became constantly rougher, being more and more intersected with ravines running in every direction, and several of the horses of the column fell exhausted and dying. The beating of the war-drums and yelling of the Cheyennes were now distinctly heard through the clear air,—familiar sounds they were to most of us,—but our scouts soon returned from a reconnaissance of the camp to assure us that this demonstration had not been occasioned by our coming, but was probably a celebration of the massacre of some venturesome miners or a band of Indians belonging to a hostile tribe.

Orders were at once given by Mackenzie to prepare for the grand charge. The long column was closed up as compactly as was possible from the nature of the locality, while the Indians commenced casting off all superfluous clothing from themselves and extra weight from their ponies, and, gayly decked out for the occasion, pressed eagerly to the front, like race-horses coming to the score. The battalion under Colonel G—— led the advance, while Major M——'s followed directly behind, the Indians swarming in front and on either flank, and surrounding the general and his staff, riding at the head of the leading battalion. Replying to the clear notes of the bugle as it rang out the charge—echoed and re-echoed from the walls of the cañon—was the music furnished by one of the Pawnees, who sounded a wild humming tune on a pipe that rose above all other sounds and resembled somewhat the prolonged shriek of a steam-whistle. Added to this were now the shouts and cries of our foremost line of scouts, who dashed

into the herds of horses and ponies to stampede them. Then quickly followed a few sharp flashes from rifle, carbine, and pistol in the dim morning light, the loud cheer of our troops, and the thundering roar of more than twelve hundred horsemen of the rushing column resounded from the sides of the narrow cañon.

This cañon, it should here be stated, was about four miles in length, and from a quarter of a mile to a mile in width, with the clear head-waters of the North Fork of the Powder River flowing through it from west to east. The lodges of the village were on both sides of the stream, and numbered over two hundred by actual count, so that, allowing five persons (the average) to a *tepee*, the total population was close to a thousand. A little plateau ran parallel to the stream and lodges on the north side of the cañon for nearly a mile, and terminated at the western end in a high red sandstone butte that commanded the whole village. Beyond this huge mound the cañon closed in a series of low, flat-topped hills, much cut up with ravines or *arroyos*, to which many of the Cheyennes fled as they saw us entering in force at the opposite and narrow end.

As the leading troops came dashing up the cañon, the remainder of the tribe, all being instantly alarmed by the noise of the rapidly-advancing column and cut short in their war-song and dance by the stern reality, started to defend their encampment, but the next moment, realizing the hopelessness of such an effort, retreated rapidly to the foothills beyond. Our column, after charging through the village, seized the commanding position on the red butte, as well as the tops of several bluffs four or five hundred feet high on the sides of and overlooking the cañon, and then started forward to dislodge the hostiles from the ravines in front. The ball was now fairly opened, as Lieutenant McK——, dashing fearlessly forward at the head of his troop, was met at the end of the cañon with a volley from the concealed foe ahead. Rider and horse both fell, mortally wounded by half a

dozen bullets, while the leading fours of the troop were shot down at the same time. The men, thrown into confusion, and unable to advance across the ravines before them, hesitated for a moment, but, quickly reforming under their remaining officer, as another troop swept by them to the front, again charged forward against these formidable natural intrenchments. This body of the enemy was now speedily dislodged and destroyed. But as the different troops of both battalions continued to crowd into the cañon, they were placed at a great disadvantage, being exposed to the fire of the hostile Indians, who were comparatively secure from observation. Many of the men and horses fell from the hidden fire poured in on them from the hills at the west end of the cañon as they endeavored to cross the little plateau overlooking the village, the writer of this, as twice afterward he rode rapidly across the plain, being honored each time with a special volley, but in both cases escaping unharmed.

Broad daylight, however, now succeeding the gray dawn which had prevailed when the attack commenced, the troops were dismounted, the horses led back behind the butte, and the enemy quickly driven out in succession from one ravine after another, till completely beyond the range of our carbines. They now resorted to strategy, endeavoring to draw our men out from their shelter by springing boldly up in view, confident of their own safety (thanks to the foresight of the Indian Bureau in supplying them with a weapon superior to ours), and then suddenly pouring in a volley with deadly effect. Their fire, however, slackened perceptibly toward noon, and we soon understood the reason, large quantities of ammunition being discovered about this time in the *tepees*, from which, owing to the suddenness of their flight, they had been unable to take it with them.

Our Indian allies, who had in the mean time fought recklessly by the side of the soldiers against their own race, now, taking advantage of the lull in the fight, returned to the village, and,

having already secured the main portion of the herds, commenced—true to their natural instincts—to plunder the encampment thoroughly from one end to the other. One or two squaws were found secreted in the lodges, unable to escape, and now, refusing to come out and surrender, were, in spite of the remonstrances of the soldiers, quickly shot and scalped. The *tepees* were found to be filled with incredibly large quantities of dried meat and skins, blankets and cooking-utensils,—the kettles standing with the water in them, and the fires all burning as if in preparation for the morning meal. But all regrets, if any existed, for the destruction of the encampment vanished as many relics of the ill-fated Custer expedition now came to view. Silk guidons, officers' blouses and overcoats, a jaunty buckskin coat with a bullet-hole in the shoulder (supposed to be the one worn by Tom Custer in the Little Big-Horn fight), hats, caps, gauntlets, sabres, watches, pocket-books with sums of money in them, target-practice- and memorandum-books, rosters of the different companies of the Seventh Cavalry, curry-combs, bridles, saddles, canteens, etc., all in the greatest profusion, were everywhere. In the herds were found also several horses branded with the troop-letter and the regimental number; while among the Indian trophies were found several fresh scalps, which were quickly identified by the Bannocks and Shoshones with us as evidence of the massacre of some of their tribe across the mountains, and accounted for the war-song and dance we had interrupted that morning. Several beaded necklaces *decorated with dried human fingers*, one having ten, others five, six, or eight, of these horrible mementos, were likewise found and identified by our now furious allies, with cries of anger and hate.

Many of the troops were now withdrawn behind the butte, to get a few moments' rest and a bite to eat, having been fasting for nearly twenty-four hours; while the pack-train, which had come up promptly during the fight in

the morning and been parked in the willows by the edge of the stream during the day, was unloaded for the first time since the preceding afternoon. The horses were already gathered here, as also the wounded, who were being carefully cared for by the surgeons accompanying the expedition.

Throughout the afternoon the fight was more or less continuously kept up, Mackenzie endeavoring to dislodge the hostiles from their last stronghold with as little loss as possible from their sharp-shooters; for a direct charge, dismounted, on their position would not have compensated us for the loss we should have necessarily sustained. Finally, toward sundown they withdrew from our front some five or six miles, completely beaten. All our dead were now brought in, while our Indian allies secured many scalps from their fallen foes, whom the Cheyennes had been unable to carry off with them, and paraded these trophies around our camp in the evening with the greatest glee.

Our loss we now ascertained to be one officer killed,—a couple of others being struck with spent balls,—while over thirty enlisted men and a couple of the Indian scouts were killed or wounded, besides a number of our horses. Nearly one hundred of the enemy—by a low estimate—had been placed *hors du combat*, three of Dull Knife's sons being among the killed; and this estimate, as we afterward ascertained, was almost exactly correct. That night both sides slept on their arms, in anticipation of an expected attack, but none occurred. The Cheyennes were compelled to kill several of their remaining ponies for food, but at the same time refused all offers made to them to surrender, being now desperate.

Preparations were accordingly made for renewing the fight early the next morning, but our foes, taking advantage of a heavy snow-storm that had set in, secretly decamped, and started across the mountains to make their way to the encampment of the Sioux under Crazy Horse. It was impossible for us to fol-

low with our horses, and, as we were encumbered with our wounded, it was determined by Mackenzie to return to the supply-camp, where we had left the artillery and infantry with the wagon-train. All our dead and wounded were placed on *travois*,—litters made out of lodge-poles, having one end hitched to a mule, with the other dragging on the ground,—and the column started on its return march. Before leaving, however, the hostile village,—or what was left of it,—with its contents, was given to the flames. Nearly six hundred head of ponies had been captured, and, after the distribution among our Indian scouts had been made, all those remaining and not worth the trouble of possession were shot, to prevent their recapture.

The return march occupied about twice the time the advance had done,—the whole route that the command had passed over during the night preceding the fight being found strewn with all kinds of clothing and horse-equipments, proof of the hard ride we had made to accomplish our purpose.

In just one week after leaving our supply-camp we returned to it, completely successful; though had a smaller force attacked this same Indian encampment, situated as it was, not one of the command, it is believed, would have returned to tell the tale, and the Custer massacre would have been duplicated.

The next day the last sad rites were held over the dead,—numbering now a dozen, as several of the wounded had since died,—and all were committed to one large, common grave, a rude monument of rocks being raised above their resting-place. Lieutenant McK—'s remains were sent under escort over our former route, toward the railroad, for shipment to his family in the States. All the wounded, as well as those officers and men who had already succumbed to the hardships of the campaign and severe weather, were at the same time sent into Fort Fetterman, while the remainder of the column soon after started across to the Black-Hill country, in order to head off Crazy Horse, who it was supposed had re-

treated eastward across the Powder River toward that region.

Following down the Belle Fourche or North Fork of the Cheyenne River, which completely encircles the Black Hills, we found the country, after leaving old Fort Reno, more desolate and destitute of grazing than ever. Bare buttes rose here and there over the bleak plains, the only timber being the young cotton-woods and willows fringing the river-banks, the former of which we used, when possible, for firewood, besides feeding our animals on the bark and twigs. Often no fuel was to be found except the sage-brush, the roots of which were used to make a smoky fire that lasted only a few minutes, but which we kept up by reliefs all through the night, replenishing it constantly, to keep us from freezing in our beds of snow. Three or four of us, combining robes and blankets, generally turned in together for the night, equipped in overcoats, hats, and boots, disrobing being out of the question, as we were frequently destitute of both fire and tents during our winter campaign, the former being forbidden or impossible, the latter unable to be transported by the column when separated from the trains. The thermometer on Christmas morning stood at 40° below zero: how much lower the temperature fell the surgeons were unable to report, as the mercury froze in the bulb. Frozen noses, fingers, and feet were universal. Old buffalo robes, taken from the Cheyenne village, were cut up and made into shoes, leggings, and caps, to afford protection from this truly Arctic weather,—that curious phenomenon of a "sun-dog," which occurs only in an extremely low temperature, being now frequently visible. Iron tent- or picket-pins were abandoned in the frozen ground where driven, and water was only to be had by cutting holes in the ice, to which our horses quickly learned to kneel in line and thrust their noses through the openings to drink. The only use of this liquid to us was for making coffee, which, with hard-tack and raw frozen bacon, constituted often for days our sole subsistence.

The horses and mules commenced to give way even more rapidly than the men under this exposure and the loss of their forage, though the cavalry relieved their animals as far as possible by dismounting and walking instead of riding on each day's march, a dozen or more giving out each day of our journey. These were instantly shot by the guard stationed at the rear of the column, to prevent their falling into the hands of the hostile Indians, who in small bands hovered around us daily. This fact we were made unpleasantly aware of by the stampeding of the horses of several of the troops at night, which were fortunately recovered by their running into other portions of the camp, as well as by the killing and scalping of three or four destitute miners and prospectors, who, incautiously straying a mile or two from our column, which, with others, they had joined and followed closely for protection for some time, were immediately massacred by the lurking foe. It was, we knew, a useless wearing out of our already weak horses to endeavor to pursue these small bands over this bleak and snow-covered desert. Additional orders were therefore issued to prevent straggling,—many of the cavalry being now afoot and frequently falling out to rest and rejoin other portions of the command.

As we now finally neared Deadwood without finding indications of any large body of hostile Sioux,—Crazy Horse having retreated still farther northward across the Yellowstone,—and rumors of the political excitement then prevailing in the States over the recent Presidential election having reached us here for the first time, General Crook resolved to proceed to Red Cloud Agency again, in order to recuperate men and animals during the remainder of the winter and prepare for the spring campaign, as well as to be ready for any emergencies that might arise.

The return march was taken up accordingly, and, proceeding southward,—the entire column recrossing the Platte River on the ice,—by the end of January the whole command had arrived at

the termination of its winter's journey of over a thousand miles. The Powder River expedition was disbanded in general orders, and the troops were soon comfortably settled in their quarters once more at or near the Agency. Rumors, however, still prevailing among the alarmed settlers in the Black Hills of the inroads of prowling Indian bands, a battalion of cavalry was soon after detached and sent back to the vicinity of Deadwood and Custer City for their protection. This region of territory in the heart of the Black Hills was decidedly superior to that in which we had been previously serving that winter,—abounding in fine valleys suitable for agriculture or grazing, while the hills were everywhere thickly covered with dark-green or black-looking pines and cedars, clearly indicating the reason for its peculiar name. But, with the exception of one or two small skirmishes with the troops, comparative quiet prevailed there through the long and unusually severe winter.

Early in the following spring, Crazy Horse and Dull Knife's bands—the former having been also recently struck and defeated in the north by Miles—came into the Agency and surrendered, with the greater portion of their arms and ponies. Then it was that we first learned the amount of destruction and suffering we had caused in the village of the latter-named band in the preceding November, not only many of the warriors having died afterward of wounds received in the fight, but others, with their women and children, having perished from starvation or been frozen to death as they made their long and weary way afoot across the country to the camp of Crazy Horse. Their narration of their calamity to the latter, corroborated by their destitute appearance, had been one of the main causes of his surrender. Crazy Horse

himself soon after lost his life by assassination, from the hand of one of his own tribe, in the office and presence of the commanding officer of the post. Sitting Bull had fled with his band of irconcilables across the national boundary-line and taken refuge in British America; and this now practically ended all probability of hostilities on a large scale with the Sioux nation during the coming spring.

As the month of May was ushered in, however, news arrived of threatened international troubles on the Mexican border, and orders were soon issued for our regiment to take up once more its long journey of two thousand miles across the continent, to enter on a new and different though equally stirring theatre of events in that remote quarter.

Our service in the Department of the Platte was ended; but often do I now look back to that trying period and think what changes have occurred since then. Though only half a dozen years or so have elapsed, I find that in the cavalry-column alone of that expedition both of our battalion-commanders and fully one-half of all the troop-officers of the entire six squadrons are to-day either dead or disabled and retired, being completely worn out in the service. The same is equally true of nearly all the other portions of that command. Many of the officers and men who served throughout the whole of our civil war have often said that never during those four eventful years did they participate in campaigns as arduous as those on the frontier against both a savage foe and a terrible climate.

Who will say that our small and hard-worked army always receives the credit due it for the service it faithfully performs year after year?

H. H. B.

THE PERFECT TREASURE.

FOUR PARTS.—I.

LATE in the autumn of '73, Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, wealthy and refined Americans of the best type, returned to England after an extended tour on the Continent, and decided to spend the winter in Cheltenham, one of the gayest and most agreeable of the English watering-places still, though not as fashionable as in the palmy days when poor George III. sipped the waters of the Royal Wells, and the fine gentlemen and court beauties danced, drank, gamed, raced, laughed, loved, lived in the idle profligacy and splendor of the period, and brought in their train such a crowd of tradesmen, parasites, henchmen, tirewomen, lackeys, pleasure-seekers, and snobs as sent the place up from a village to a large town more rapidly than if a gold-mine had been discovered in the neighborhood.

It was agreed that Mrs. Fletcher should stay there while her husband "ran over to New York," as he phrased it, and put his affairs upon a footing that would admit of their devoting the following summer to Norway and Sweden and perhaps another winter to some unexplored country to be decided upon later. Both were inveterate travellers, and had the health, the spirits, and the intelligence which can alone make the social nomadism of our day either pleasant or profitable, to say nothing of a purse that gave to their journeys all the comfort of a royal progress, without its *ennui*. They were not alone; for where is the American who has the courage or the heart to travel abroad with no other companion than the wife of his bosom? He may hate going about the world with a menagerie, and shrink from the prospect of rambling over strange countries in charge of several thread-paper females, being held accountable for the safety of sixteen Saratoga trunks, wrangling in unknown

tongues, and paying enormous bills. He may feel that to regulate the largest business interests in the United States and manage any number of banks and factories and railroads is nothing to such an undertaking. He may even be the slave of the lamp, and have rubbed away half his physical and mental layers of strength and sensibility for twenty years that Mrs. Aladdin may live on Fifth Avenue and have a roc's-egg chandelier, and he may have always looked forward to a time when it would no longer be necessary to sacrifice himself to the American Moloch "business," and he could take that admirable modern substitute for the wings of a dove, a Cunarder, and with another "dearer self" seek the relaxation and amusement so sadly needed. But who ever carried out this delightful and impossible day-dream? From the moment a trip to Europe is decided upon, the stars in their courses fight against such an arrangement. He tells his wife, who straightway communicates the interesting fact to their joint families, who think it (with certain modifications) "perfectly splendid! It would be so nice for sister Lucy to go!" or, "Margaret is out of health, and nothing else will cure her;" or, "Kate has a wonderful voice, which *must* be cultivated;" or, "Mother has always wanted to go abroad;" or, "Jack ought really to be sent to Heidelberg." And so that most unselfish and generous of all male creatures (who ought always to be painted with a nimbus around his head), the American husband, gives in, after one or two feeble remonstrances, perhaps, and sails on the Scythia or the Russia with a full complement of petticoated barnacles, and wears his necklace of millstones ever after with the beautiful unconscious grace of the hero and none of the airs of a martyr, and hosts of foreigners hold up their hands and

puzzle their heads over the strange spectacle. At least they did, until experience taught them it was a national peculiarity.

But this is straying from my theme, and is a very roundabout way of saying that Mrs. Fletcher was not left to languish alone in Cheltenham, but had the society of a rather low-spirited mother-in-law, a cheerful sister, and a charmingly pretty and accomplished cousin. A furnished house on the Promenade was taken for these ladies, and two hours after their effects were moved in from the Plough Hotel one might have supposed that the establishment had been organized for twenty years.

Not only was it in perfect order and provided with every comfort and luxury, including a staff of well-trained servants as noiseless as the white cats of the fairy-tale, but some minor details had been attended to that made their arrival seem almost like a home-coming. The *jar-dinières* in the windows were a mass of color; cut-flowers were placed about the reception-room; the London papers, aired and the leaves cut, had been laid on the drawing-room table; and two small red-plush tea-tables and sleepy-hollow chairs had been drawn near a glowing coal fire which was doing its best to take the chill off the November day. A comfortable-looking, round-bodied bronze tea-kettle hissed on the hob; a brisk, busy little clock ticked cheerfully on the mantel-shelf; and the ladies had hardly laid aside their wraps when Walton the butler appeared with a huge silver tray, which he bore in with as much dignity as if he had been offering them the keys of the city on a velvet cushion, or figuring in a Lord-Mayor's show.

On that tray was a set of dainty Worcester china, with a gorgeous tea-cosey extinguishing the too volatile butterflies on the teapot, and the thinnest possible slices of buttered bread, and a covered dish of the incomparable Cheltenham muffins, than which nothing can be lighter or browner or more *buttery* or more entirely satisfactory. And when Walton had asked in a husky

whisper whether they "would be pleased to ring if there was anything more required," and vanished, there was an amount of tea-drinking done that would have shocked Dr. Johnson. "The trimmings," as Mr. Fletcher facetiously put it, were not neglected; and I doubt whether the accumulated noises of the solemn old house for the past century would have amounted to as much cheerful racket as was made by the merry family party.

"I am glad I am going home," said Mr. Fletcher, "instead of staying here in the trying *rôle* of master to that very superior domestic Walton. I couldn't do it: he would find me out in a week. I should never dare to be helped thrice to anything, unless it was 'cold boiled missionary,' of which he might approve, for he looks like an archbishop. I felt that he was my master the moment he took my overcoat down-stairs. I lost confidence in my tailor on the spot. I felt as though I had come home from school for the holidays, or done something that I could only atone for by assuming an apologetic attitude and entering upon a course of systematic propitiation."

"Nonsense, Ned! how absurd you are!" commented his wife. "Besides, he who propitiates under such circumstances is lost."

"Oh, you may be sure I didn't give way to the impulse. I frowned, and looked as though my temper was bad, and got up-stairs as soon as possible. I shouldn't in the least mind meeting the Prince of Wales, or the Lord Chancellor; but there is something inexpressibly awe-inspiring about the British flunkey. Deny it as we may, very few Americans can honestly say that they feel themselves a match for the majestic, inscrutable creature."

"Dear me, Kate! you have never kept house in England; and, though you are a famous manager at home, don't you rather dread the idea?" said the rather-alarmed Lucy; but Mrs. Fletcher lowered her calm eyelids and replied, "You'll see I'll be a match for them. I shall make mistakes, of course, at first;

but I shall get one of the natives to enlighten me as to their system as soon as we present our letters, and show myself *plus royaliste que le roi*, a rigid stickler for all my rights, and a great respecter of theirs. It is the only way to get along comfortably with servants anywhere."

"Katherine pants for the fray, as anybody can see," said Mr. Fletcher. "When I get back from New York I shall expect to find the magisterial Walton meekly engaged on the knives and boots, and the other servants mere door-mats. Even in the 'land of the free,' you know, there was something about her that made Bridget stammer when asking if she was the woman that wanted a 'gurl' and announcing that 'she was the lady that had come for the washing.'"

"We shall be fearfully cheated, and had much better have stayed at the hotel, as I suggested," said Mrs. Fletcher senior from behind the "Times," in a muffled voice of disapprobation.

The dressing-bell put an end to this discussion. Lucy and Jenny Meredith, who had been rambling about the room admiring the cabinets and old china, were promptly sent to their rooms, and the other ladies soon followed, encountering two rosy maids armed with hot-water cans in the hall outside.

A capital little dinner was served by the "archbishop," assisted by a very young and irresolute footman, who made wild dashes at the side-tables when anything was asked for, and was always headed off by his superior, who paralyzed him with a look, set down the dish he carried, substituted the proper vegetable or condiment with noiseless despatch, and retired into the background to await further orders. Indeed, he made a "function" of the meal, and the ladies exchanged glances when, on Mr. Fletcher's asking for a second supply of game, Walton glided forward and said respectfully, "Beg pardon, sir, it has all been served."

When the door finally closed on him after coffee had been served, Jenny burst out with "What a relief! Really,

Kate, that man makes a 'cold baked meats' affair of every meal; and, as for me, I feel like what I once heard called at a funeral 'the dear remains.' The oppressive stillness and overpowering gentility of this arrangement is quite stifling, and tells on my democratic nerves. Why not take one of those rosy pretty little creatures in stuff dresses and white caps as parlor-maid instead? The way we all discussed the state of Ireland and the Tichborne case and the elections was something delightful to hear!"

"I've often thought," said Mr. Fletcher, "that, as we never can talk of anything that interests us before servants, it would only be fair to ask them what subjects would most interest them."

"And I think intelligent servants a fearful bore. You know in the South we are rather apt to think of them as 'it,'—an impersonal contrivance for giving us what we want, without any embarrassing or disagreeable features whatever," Jenny replied.

"Walton has a secret grief, or only one lung, or a great enthusiasm, or something that lifts him above his fellow-men, and the menial estate in which we find him only adds to his melancholy without obscuring his inherent dignity," said Mr. Fletcher. "Have you noticed, Kate, how like our print of Melancthon he is?"

"I notice that he is my *beau-idéal* of a servant; and if I could only give him half my income and induce him to go home with us, I should feel it a bargain to be proud of. The conversation, though, is losing its intellectual tone, isn't it?" And Mrs. Kate led the way to the drawing-room.

In the course of the following week the Fletchers presented their letters of introduction to two influential families, and were received with the kindness which characterizes English hospitality when a guest is properly—*i.e.*, formally—commended, and which, although less promiscuous than our own often indiscriminate entertainment of man and *beast*, is equally genuine and hearty in its way.

Mr. Fletcher was put up at the club as a visitor, though he protested that it was not worth while, under the circumstances. Tickets were sent for the approaching assembly, and invitations to luncheons, teas, drums, dinners, and parties of every kind poured in upon them. As a family they were received with great favor, and society was engaged in dealing, and Walton in shuffling, cards diligently for several weeks.

Mr. Fletcher was pronounced "an uncommonly gentlemanly, agreeable fellow." Mrs. Fletcher senior, who wore the blackest possible dresses and the whitest possible caps, was evidently of quite appalling respectability; and her manner, which had a curious rigidity that passed for *hauteur*, together with a way she had of trampling people down with the heel of assertion on all occasions, seemed to make a very favorable impression. Indeed, she was called "a most aristocratic old gentlewoman" by a certain *mondaine*, and took up the study of "Debrett's Peerage" and convinced herself that because her grandmother was a McSomething she was descended from Rob Roy.

People soon found that young and handsome as Mrs. Kate was, in the large, fair order of loveliness, she was not in the very least degree fast or flirtatious: so she received the high meed of praise embodied in "good form." As for the girls, they were both admired, though in very different degrees. Lucy, who had a pretty little figure, the national clothes-wearing faculty, and a pair of wonderfully fine eyes, with a yard or so of eyelashes veiling them, was thought "a nice girl," simply; but Jenny created a furor. She was a thorough-paced American beauty, of the flower-like and ethereal type, and had an air of distinction that was far more charming than any merely physical charm. She had been the belle of a second-rate Southern city, indulged beyond belief, and had really scarcely any education except such as a refined home and a love of reading had given her, and where she learned to dress, walk,

dance, talk, and appear as she did, is a mystery which can only be solved by her versatile and clever countrywomen who achieve the same feat every day. Music was part of her family inheritance, and she played brilliantly. Always a delicate girl, she had not been kept closely at her books, yet gave every one the impression that she was very highly educated. Accustomed to the informal social atmosphere of a provincial town, she somehow never offended against the rigid *convenances* of English life, and in any capital of Europe would have been singled out for admiring notice.

None of the party had ever been long enough in England to know anything of its social aspects. Mrs. Kate's first care was to master the details of English housekeeping. She began by consulting a new friend,—an old lady who had the reputation of being a domestic Wellington,—and together they went into the questions of beer-money, board-wages, charwoman's perquisites, tradesmen's books, coal-siftings, bread-soakings, cheese-parings, and the like marvels of good management. When Mrs. Kate got home that day, she said to the girls, "Well, I used to think that I knew something about housekeeping and economy, and all that, but it seems that I have been an ignorant and wasteful housewife after all. I find that I could have supported a couple of families on what I have always thrown away, and that in a well-ordered Northern household!"

The very next day, as she was looking over the week's bills, with their confusing ha'pennies and farthings, the cook tapped at the door, entered, courtesied, and said, "If you please, mem, you have not yet mentioned what you want me to do with the drippings."

"Good gracious! what can the woman be talking about?" thought the mistress; but, like Mr. Toots at the commercial dinner when his neighbor suddenly demanded fiercely what *he* would do with the raw material, she replied, "Cook it," with diplomatic vagueness.

"Yes, mem, I quite understood about that; but what then?" urged cook.

"Why, set it aside to cool," replied Mrs. Kate calmly.

"And after that, mem?" said cook, driving her mistress unconsciously into a corner.

"I have not quite decided yet, but I will let you know to-morrow when I come down to give the orders. You can go now," responded the mistress, with decision.

Go she did; and Mrs. Kate, putting on her bonnet, rushed around to her Mentor, and was told that "drippings," the fatty substance exuding from the various meats, formed an important perquisite in some households for cook, who sold it for eighteenpence a pound; while in others an untold saving was effected by using it to make cakes and fry fish.

The cook was in a state of subdued radiance when she was informed that all the drippings were to be hers, and great was the amusement of the Americans over the episode. Mrs. Fletcher had demonstrated her capacity for governing, and from that time everything went as smoothly as possible. She found in Walton an invaluable aide-de-camp. A dozen times a day one or other of the ladies, who had had the most afflicting experience of the domestic service of America, would break out into warm praise of that "perfect treasure,"—that swift, noiseless, capable, respectful, honest creature. Walton paid their bills and accounted scrupulously for every penny; he picked up and returned careless Jenny's purse over and over again; he ordered their bouquets, bought gloves, matched ribbons with feminine discretion and success. He escorted them to and from all sorts of places, was invaluable on picnics and excursions, and several times went up to London on errands for them. He was never tired, or pert, or saucy. He never once forgot or neglected a duty, or seemed to see or hear anything not intended for him. His talent for admitting the right and excluding the wrong callers was not the least remarkable of his gifts. In short, as his mistress once exclaimed, with rapture, he

was "the most perfect product of European civilization, and there isn't such a servant on the whole American continent." Mrs. Fletcher senior was so impressed by the thoughtful care for her comfort evinced by his sending the footman with galoshes, wraps, and umbrella to church for her whenever it rained, without waiting for orders, that she confidentially told her greatest friend—the widow of a general officer, much interested, like herself, in such matters—that she was quite sure that Walton came morganatically or surreptitiously of good blood, and added that "the last of the Plantagenets died a butcher."

While he was developing all these excellencies in the seclusion of the servants' hall, the young ladies of the house were finding in the festivities of the season and the novelty of their surroundings a fresh and piquant interest. At the first dinner-party to which they went, two or three things happened that gave unusual zest to the prosaic occupation of eating. Lucy was taken in by a stout gentleman, who, like Thackeray's aldermen, seemed to have but one idea,— "gorging, guzzling, and gormandizing,"—and did not address her until coffee appeared, when he suddenly roused himself, and, mistaking her for her Southern cousin, asked whether it was "her father or her grandfather who was a black."

Lucy had barely succeeded in setting forth her claim to be regarded as a member of the Caucasian race, when the conversation turned upon women's rights, and she was obliged to disclaim the distinction of belonging to that party, which no doubt reassured her companion as to her feminine cast of character; for he presently asked her if she was fond of sewing, and if she embroidered her flannel petticoats, as his sisters were in the habit of doing.

Meanwhile, Jenny had fallen to the lot of a very High-Church, pensive-looking young clergyman, and was converting him, sentimentally, into pulp, while he was trying to gain some insight into her favorite pursuits by putting questions that puzzled her. "Do you collect?"

said he, with an earnest glance at his pretty neighbor.

"He means subscriptions, of course," thought Jenny; then, aloud, "No, never. I can't ask people for money, —for anything. They either refuse altogether or patronize one for six months afterward on the strength of a fifty-cent subscription."

"You have quite misunderstood me," put in the curate hastily, with a little blush. "I was talking of stamps, and autographs, and that kind of thing, you know."

Whereupon Jenny announced that she did not, and never would, "collect," and the conversation trickled feebly in another direction for a while.

Presently he said, with a profoundly interested air, "Do you splutter?"

"Splutter! splutter!" thought Jenny. "What can the man mean? Do I fall down in an epileptic fit occasionally and foam at the mouth?" Then, aloud, "No, not often. Do you?"

"I don't; but they all do at home. My six sisters are always at it."

"The whole family! It can't be fits!" thought Jenny, thoroughly mystified. "Dear me!" she exclaimed. "Do tell me how they manage it."

The curate, enchanted by her dimpled vivacity, gave a very elaborate description of a process by which, with a comb, a tooth-brush, and a bottle of India ink, the exact impression of any fern can be transferred to paper, linen, or satin; and Jenny hypocritically promised to "try it some dull day when she had got herself on her hands."

That night the girls, as they put on their dressing-gowns and took down their back-hair, exchanged experiences, and agreed that the impossibility of knowing what would be said next gave an indescribable charm to the social situation in England; though Jenny, descended from a Virginian signer of the Declaration, and immensely proud, within well-bred limits, of her English ancestry, was rendered speechless on hearing that she had been supposed to be one or two removes from "a black."

Nor did their impression of the as-

tounding lengths to which English frankness can go lose force as time went on: indeed, it seemed to them that all the things about which Americans are habitually most reticent were being dragged into the light. Family affairs, family scandals, money-matters, a thousand topics that at home were either never mentioned at all or discussed with closed doors in family councils, while furnishing food for the mild or malignant gossip of the world, they here found proclaimed from the house-tops by the people most concerned, and that with entire simplicity, as a mere statement of facts, with no apologies, no attempts at justification, and no faintest evidence of feeling personally implicated or compromised on the part of the narrator. It took the girls some time to adapt themselves to the change and wear just the right face when these surprising revelations were made. It was evident that no one else was at all astonished by them.

One afternoon some *amis de la maison* dropped in for five-o'clock tea, and in the course of conversation the subject of kleptomania came up. When everybody had contributed his or her share to the general stock of experience, anecdote, and comment, a charming young fellow, who was leaning against the mantel-shelf, lazily sipping his tea, smiled blandly, shifted his position so as to catch Jenny's eye, and said, "Queer thing, isn't it? My aunt was had up for it in London."

The statement was made with perfect simplicity and an air of *bonhommie* which seemed to give it the aspect of any other agreeable *on dit*: it was received by the English people present as a matter of course, and excited neither amazement nor amusement.

Jenny and her cousin with difficulty smothered the desire to laugh outright, murmured some commonplace intended to be sympathetic, stole a glance at each other, though both knew it to be a lapse from good breeding, and were obliged to have recourse to their handkerchiefs to conceal the smiles that would play around their mobile lips.

Later on, a discussion arose as to whether the Arabs were right in saying that no amount of age or experience avails a man in buying a horse or choosing a wife, when another young swell gave his emphatic assent to the truth of the proverb, and proceeded to illustrate his views as follows: "There's my grandfather. The old beggar had three wives, and, at the age of eighty, was about to marry his cook, when he died. Lucky thing, wasn't it?"

The next day, a gentleman called, sat up very straight, holding his hat at the correct angle and wearing an air of mild expectancy, and, when the usual inquiries and greetings had been exchanged, turned to Mrs. Fletcher, and said, "I suppose you have heard about my brother Hugh?"

"Not I. Is anything amiss?" she asked.

"Well, yes. You see, Hugh always was a bad lot. He is the greatest rascal in England; regular blackleg. He has been going to the bad ever since he was weaned, and now he has run off with his wife's governess. Pretty little devil; been angling for him for months. Wife's a fool; crying her eyes out about him."

The visit over, the girls went off to get ready for a visit they had promised to make at a country-house fifty miles away. Jenny was tying her bonnet-strings, when the postman's rap was heard, and presently the maid brought in a letter from the lady who had invited them. Jenny tore it open, and read:

"THE LODGE, Tuesday, 10 A.M.

"MY DEAR MISS MEREDITH,—I write to say that my brother arrived quite unexpectedly last night from Bournemouth, with his keeper; and, as he is quite mad, and seems rather excitable just now,—though harmless enough in the main, poor dear!—it occurs to me that you and your cousin would prefer to come to us after he has left,—say Thursday of next week, and by the same train."

"I should rather think we would," commented Jenny, with *empressment*. "Was there ever such a people for

telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth? '*Tout se sait*' in England, certainly. They all live morally in the Palace of Truth, with every door and window wide open. Only fancy the elaborate fibs that an American hostess similarly placed would have told, even if every creature of her acquaintance knew quite well that she had a brother in an insane-asylum. I am not quite sure that I like English frankness. It often strikes me as indelicate, and always as astounding; but, after all, there is a good deal to be said in its favor. What is lost in refinement and finesse is gained in simplicity and sincerity. There is something very refreshing in the absence of the transparent social fictions to which we are accustomed. It is quite delightful to hear people say simply that they can't afford to do this or that, or to go here or there, instead of perjuring their snobbish little souls in fifty distinct directions in wild and wholly unsuccessful efforts to convince a sceptical public that black is white. There is Mrs. Harford, at home, for instance, whose daughter has been stretched on a couch for years with spinal disease, which the mother always speaks of as 'a little weakness of the muscles of the back.' And Mrs. Travers, who says that she has 'come out just to do some shopping in a simple foulard,' which anybody can see is a black alpaca of the rustiest description. Don't you remember how amused we were by that preposterous girl from New Jersey who wasn't going to Newport because her health was so shattered that nothing but a summer in a farm-house (with board at twenty dollars a month) could restore her? One is reminded of Scribe's diplomat, and the reputation for Machiavellian astuteness that he achieved as accidental envoy at a petty court by simply telling the truth (which not a soul could be brought to believe) about himself and his affairs. I really think it would be the only way for Americans to deceive each other about such matters now, we have put so much talent and ingenuity into our social white lies."

"Well, I hope it isn't immoral, but I prefer our system, decidedly," said Lucy. "First, there is the intellectual gratification of a clever fiction, if it is clever, or the satisfaction of thinking one could easily have invented a better, if stupid; with the comfortable *arrière-pensée* that one is not being the least bit in the world deceived by it in either event. And I don't care to be taken into people's closets and shown their skeletons. I like them dressed *à la mode* and properly presented in the drawing-room. When I first came over, Jenny, I thought there was something about me that invited the confidence of the British public, and that it would be as unpardonable for me to repeat what was told me to you or Kate as for a priest to publish confessions. But I know better now. What is one to say when a man announces, as Mr. Battersby did yesterday, that he thinks, and has always thought, his wife the most thoroughly disagreeable woman in England? It is really a most uncomfortable position to be placed in."

The conversation was here cut short by a second knock at the door. This time it was Walton, who announced "a young

person from Debenton & Freeman's," and, having received orders to show her up, disappeared for a moment, and presently returned, followed by a tall, handsome girl, carrying two large boxes of cloaks and mantles, which she asked to be allowed to display. Permission was readily granted; and it is needless to say that the remainder of the afternoon was devoted to the sacred mysteries of shopping, the trio twittering away like so many sparrows under the eaves, as the "young person," with many blushes and modest mien, tried on a succession of wraps, each of which looked a shade more stylish than the other on the slim, graceful figure.

That evening, as the girls were rolling up the Promenade, *en route* to a dinner-party, they caught a glimpse of the "young person," who had exchanged her black silk—the property of the shop—for a cheap print and a shabby shawl, and was hurrying home in the twilight to a cottage three miles away, where a widowed mother and five little sisters and brothers lived principally upon her munificent salary.

F. C. BAYLOR.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HEALTHY HOMES.

III.—ROOMS AND HALLS.

IN our variable climate the chief privilege of wealth, as applied to the problems of domestic architecture, consists perhaps in the possibility of constructing a special set of rooms for each special season. A sitting-room, for instance, can hardly combine the conditions of perennial comfort. The sense of comfort, in the current sense of the word, is a pretty good criterion for the hygienic condition of our domestic arrangements, and in midsummer its approbation can generally be secured by negative means,—shade, and avoidance

of heat-producing artifices. In the dog-days a cross-draught—*i.e.*, open windows on three sides, and an open door on the fourth—will make a room as pleasant as a camp under a shade-tree, especially if the windows are large and exposed to an unobstructed breeze. But in midwinter bomb-proof masonry would hardly save such a room from being distressingly uncomfortable. There are two meteorological facts which are overlooked as often as the necessity of abundant ventilation in warm weather,—namely, that cold air is such a powerful

disinfectant that a little of it goes a long way in counteracting the impurities of the domestic atmosphere, and that under the pressure of a high wind cold-air currents penetrate the outer walls of the weather-tightest buildings. Professor Pettenkofer, of Munich, tried the following experiment with a block of dry mortar. He took a piece about four inches long, and one-third as thick, and connected one end with the brass orifice of an india-rubber tube. By simply blowing through the tube he succeeded in extinguishing a candle at the other end of the mortar-block. Sandstone, soft limestone, and even dolomite transmit strong air-currents: a gale will penetrate a foot of brick. Ordinary brick walls are rarely half as thick, and thoroughly ventilate the house of many an unsuspecting tenant. Massive masonry would resist ordinary air-currents, but is afflicted with chronic dampness. Double (hollow) walls harbor vermin, and are liable to various architectural objections.

The only effective plan is to enclose the winter sitting-room between other rooms (or heated corridors), and thus surround it with a mantle of warm air. The window-side should face due south; the windows should be protected by deep mullions, and inside by curtains. An open fireplace, supplementing one or two wood-stoves, and a ventilator near the ceiling of the corridor-wall, will keep the air pure enough. In gusty weather it can do no harm to close the fireplace and heat the two stoves. In that way even a large room can be made perfectly comfortable while outside the storms of a New-England winter exhaust their fury. A wind-exposed room may contain the same amount of caloric; but, in spite of a blazing fire, perceptible draughts of polar and tropical temperature will keep up a constant struggle for mastery, so that the general result benefits only the adjoining room. In a brick-built and elegant hotel in Kansas City, Missouri, I once examined the atmosphere of a stove-heated parlor (a corner-room), and found that two feet from the focus of the fire the temperature was not

less than 46° above that of the centre of the room, about twelve feet farther window-ward. The stove was a splendid "double-ranger;" but only a constant rotary motion saved its admirers from roasting and freezing at the same time, —like a railway-stoker standing between a blazing furnace and a frozen tank. The atmosphere of a small wardrobe on the other side of the stove-heated wall, though without direct communication with the source of warmth, was comparatively quite comfortable.

On the same principle a double layer of a light material makes warmer clothing than a single thickness of a heavier stuff. Soft eider-down becomes worthless if it is pressed into a compact felt; wide mittens are warmer than tight-fitting gloves of the same material; the enclosed warm air affords a better protection than the cloth itself. The warmest winter-dress of nine pounds' weight is perhaps the triple blouse of the Havre 'longshoremen,—three linen jackets, the first and third as smooth as a shirt, but the middle one *ruffled*,—i.e., gathered up in a series of open plaits, like a Queen-Anne lace collar. This arrangement prevents a "close fit," and leaves a considerable space between the outer and the inner blouse, and, air being a bad conductor, the three blouses, weighing about three pounds apiece, are actually warmer than a twenty-pound overcoat of tight-fitting broadcloth.

For the floor the warmest carpet is the best. Gnat-straining hygienists object to such carpets, on the ground that fragments of the woollen fibre may float about in the form of dust and thus injure our lungs. But the quantum of that sort of dust would not amount to the hundredth part of the atmospheric admixtures which street-sweepers, for instance, breathe with considerable impunity. The London and Berlin statistics prove that occupations of that kind are not nearly as detrimental to health as sedentary and indoor trades: it seems, indeed, that our lungs rid themselves of *such* impurities as easily as our digestive organs dispose of innutritious substances. Far more

than dust the subtle poison of azotic gases interferes with the purposes of the respiratory process and vitiates our blood, and it is probable that all the carpet-dust which a persistent in-door dweller could breathe in a month would not injure him as much as a single night passed in the stuffy atmosphere of a hot and unventilated bedroom, or at the sick-bed of a consumptive patient, or in a cloud of tobacco-smoke.

Wealthy Turks, about the only aristocrats who can boast of their longevity, never fail to carpet their houses, not from ostentation, but, as Kohl assures us, for the pleasure of treading a soft, warm material. The nations of the West show a strange indifference in that respect. With few exceptions, we suffer more from cold feet than from headache, toothache, and five or six other aches taken together. Catarrhs, misnamed "colds," are due to other causes; but for direct discomfort our foot-wear could hardly be more ingeniously contrived. People who wear thin stockings to squeeze their feet into tight-fitting shoes may plead the tyranny of fashion; but at home at least they might indemnify themselves and take the risk of buying their luxury at the price of a little carpet-dust. Instinct is a pretty sure guide in such matters. Who can say that he ever experienced any appreciable discomfort from the influence of the little dust-motes that float in the atmosphere of every inhabited room?—while gaseous impurities immediately betray themselves by the protest of our lungs and noses. On the evidence of the same test I doubt if *sweet odors* can be said to vitiate the air. European druggists keep several kinds of incense (fumigating powder), which are used by countless families, and certainly without prejudice to the amenities of in-door life. "Incense" was once used to invoke propitious spirits. The Catholic cathedrals still attract worshippers in that way, and flowers the honey-bee, and, in the language of our senses, perfume is to the olfactory organs what a pleasant taste is to the palate. And for normally-constituted human beings only whole-

some things are pleasant. Noxious odors betray themselves by an appeal to our noses. Why should we doubt that salubrious ones recommend themselves in the same way? For the same reason, it can do no harm now and then to turn the sitting-room into a dining-hall. We are not apt to be damaged by the scent of things which we can eat with impunity. Not such causes make the neighborhood of the kitchen undesirable, but the fumes of the preparatory work, the heat, and the unavoidable smoke.

In dwellings of limited dimensions there would be no space for more than one model winter-room, and that room should therefore contain a branch-library, a case of shelves for favorite authors and current periodicals, as well as a writing-desk. The library itself should be one of the summer rooms. The best time for reading is not the late evening,—which should be spent in the family circle in winter and out of doors in mid-summer,—but the siesta-hour, the dreary afternoon, on warm summer days, the most inviting time for *passive* recreation, a lounge in the shade, and an interesting book.

Book-dust can be prevented by a simple arrangement,—a gauze screen, less cumbersome than a glass door, and more transparent than a curtain. Even if the meshes are wide enough to reveal the whereabouts of the smaller volumes, their fibre will arrest all but the smallest particles of dust, and by changing them once a month the opprobrium of a visible dust-coat can be limited to the unwieldy folios and Robert Southey's poetical works. Shelf-ladders are a nuisance; but Mr. Schreber, of Vienna, has invented a movable staircase that glides on rubber wheels and can be shifted by a mere touch of the hand. For a larger collection, the most ingenious device is the amphitheatre plan adopted in the State library of Wolfenbüttel, near Brunswick. It consists in dividing the wall into casements of six or eight shelves, and making each lower casement project, so as to form a gallery for the next higher one. A vertical

frame of iron railings disfigures a room, besides being less accessible.

Weak-eyed persons well know the distressing effect of glaring sunlight on a surface of white paper; but few know how slight a screening suffices to remedy the evil. The eye finds relief in a mere net-work of shade-lines. That is one reason why the "chequered shade" of a grove is so grateful after a walk in the open fields. Another reason is the chromatic effect of the foliage, the influence of the green light-rays. Leaves are semi-transparent, and the light itself thus assumes a greenish hue,—nature's modification of the Pleasonton blue-glass plan. A trellis of grape-vine or ivy, or, *faute de mieux*, a green curtain, screens the windows of a summer-room much more agreeably than the opaque bars of a wooden shutter. For cognate reasons blue and yellow, the constituent colors of green, have often such a strangely pleasant effect in polychromatic church-windows. If the house harbors a good musician, the library-furniture should comprise a piano. The active pursuit of literature, study, or composition requires some sort of physical stimulus. Opium, alcohol, chloral, music, and starvation (voluntary or otherwise) have all been employed, with varying success, by various *litterati*; but the effect of music alone is not followed by a depressing reaction. I knew a French savant who had been induced to join a relative in Buenos Ayres, and returned after two years, admitting the excellence of the *ayre*, but also the hopelessness of his experiment. "I could forego all the luxuries of Christian civilization," said he,—“scandal, scalloped oysters, and daily newspapers,—but not the opera.” The habit of bracing his mental apparatus with good music once or twice a week had grown upon him like a *penchant* for stimulating drugs.

Book-shelves obviate the wall-paper controversy. The hygienic disadvantages of metallic colors and mouldering paste have been preposterously exaggerated, though wainscoats are certainly more durable and cleanly. The latter consideration, however, might decide

the question in favor of *tomettes*, or glazed mineral tiles, manufactured at Salerno, Crefeld, and elsewhere. Very pretty patterns can be bought for three dollars per thousand. They are extremely durable, and can be kept as bright and clean as pearl buttons. Paving-tomettes are somewhat larger, and make an excellent floor for halls and corridors. In corridors heavy carpets are out of place, though in tenement-houses a strip along the centre of the stairways and halls may be defended on the ground that it helps to muffle the steps of passers-by.

A furnace-register to every fifty feet of corridor will keep a house tolerably warm. For the sitting-rooms open fire-places or stoves are decidedly preferable. The Lariboisière Hospital, in Paris, is warmed entirely by steam-pipes, but is not popular; and, in spite of an elaborate system of ventilation, the average mortality is as great as before the introduction of the new system; and Dr. Bouchardat, in noticing this fact, is justified in recommending open chimneys,—to give the patients a chance to “enjoy the sight of the fire and the pleasant feeling of direct radiation.” Furnace-warmed air has always a stuffy and unpleasant smell,—comparing with pure air as the taste of tepid water from an old boiler compares with that of spring-water. Besides, furnace-heaters constitute no complete system of ventilation: there is an influx of warm air, but no out-draught. The air becomes thickened. But the chief objection is that the occupants of a pipe-warmed room have no direct means of regulating their supply of caloric. Persons coming in from the open air would prefer the most primitive chimney-fire. An American family in Western Canada tried the register-plan, after the pattern of a model hotel, and found, first, that it was evidently the cleanliest way of heating a room, but, second, that on cold days it was “impossible to keep the children out of the kitchen.”

Cold fresh air is a lung-balm; and it is a curious fact that the beneficial effect of the remedy is not confined to

the period of its direct application. It seems to store the respiratory organs with a reserve-fund of vital vigor. Persons who breathe the purest air for ten or twelve hours out of the twenty-four are safe for the rest of the day, even in an atmosphere which would otherwise infect their system with the seeds of pulmonary diseases. Sailors sleep in the foulest black-holes, but every other bell summons them on deck, and the influence of the sea-air counteracts the mischief. Millions of farmers, hunters, and especially the highlanders of our Southern mountain-States, pass their nights in veritable lung-poison dens,—windowless cabins, with tightly-closed doors, crowded with beds,—sick-beds, perhaps,—and redolent with kitchen-fumes and the effluvia of wet linen or rain-soaked clothes. But the female prisoners of the dungeon are the only sufferers. They have to breathe that same air all day as well as all night, and never get rid of colds. The men “work it off.” Eight hours of out-door work make amends for the sins of the night, and the penalty overtakes the sinner only after his life’s work is done and a venerable age has given him the coveted privilege of poisoning his lungs perennially. Grandfathers who enjoy their leisure at the trout-brook rather than in the chimney-corner are rarely on the sick-list. The day still atones for the night.

In-door workers, on the other hand, have to reverse that plan. During their working-hours, or even at their own fireside, circumstances may oblige them to forego the luxury of fresh air. The domestic arrangements of many families imply the alternative of a less pure or more chilly atmosphere, and overcoats may be incompatible with the requirements of a manual occupation. The night, therefore, should make amends for the shortcomings of the day. The bedroom should be the airiest room in the house. Unless a rain-storm attains the violence of a gale, there is a way of excluding the rain without closing the windows,—a slightly-projecting frame, enclosing a shutter with broad, overlap-

ping bars that deflect the rain-drops of all but the gustiest showers. In warm summer nights, open every window in the room; in calm winter nights, at least one of the upper windows. Unnatural habits cannot entirely suppress the normal tendencies of the human constitution, and I venture the assertion that in two weeks the most inveterate votary of the night-air superstition could learn to sleep comfortably in the direct draught of an open window. Add blanket to blanket till the altitude of the pile makes up for the depression of the external temperature, and put on a couple of night-caps if your forehead feels chilly. Your lungs will never protest. The testimony of practical demonstration can become too convincing for the grossest prejudices, and experience will never fail to show that cold air, the supposed cause of catarrh, is in fact its best remedy. We know that consumption, colds, and pneumonia are household-diseases, unknown to the dwellers of the wilderness. We also know that pulmonary complaints yield more readily to the cold mountain-air of the Adirondacks than to the summer-land atmosphere of the Florida swamps. But there is a still more suggestive fact,—the prevalence of chronic catarrhs in early spring. “Colds” do not prevail during a steady winter frost, but, like a contagious disease, break out simultaneously in a thousand households at the very time when the vernal south winds remove the supposed cause. The *rationale* of the phenomenon is this. In very cold weather, as we have seen, currents of fresh air penetrate our dwellings in spite of all precautions and disinfect the in-door atmosphere by a direct paralysis of the disease-germs. But during the progress of a thaw the walls absorb moisture enough to become temporarily impervious to such air-currents. Stove-fires are still kept in full blast and the windows closed; out-door rambles have ceased to be as effective as in the frost-season. The catarrh-germs, therefore, have a first-rate chance to develop and bring forth their harvest of “colds.” For the same reason summer catarrhs are

often so especially malignant. They get no chance to subside. The patient ventures out of doors only during the warmest weather; every bracing wind scares him back to his den, and in cool nights he frustrates the healing tendencies of nature by closing his bedroom windows.

From May till November one of those windows should be open day and night: in damp weather the bedclothes can be removed during the day and warmed and dried before replacing them in the evening. If the mercury gets on the polar side of zero, as it is now and then apt to do anywhere north of Washington, close every window in the house. The air will get through in spite of weather-strips and disinfect the building for a week to come. The hovels where the Esquimaux pass their long winter nights are as nearly air-tight as snow walls, mud walls, and piles of fur blankets can make them, but storms of sixty degrees below zero will take no gainsay. No lung-disease germ has the slightest chance to develop, and on the unanimous testimony of all Arctic travelers we must believe that in the coldest region of our earth "colds" are actually unknown.

But a practical experiment is worth the best of such arguments. A man who has ever experienced the beatitude of reviving the vital energy of his organism with nature's catholicon, by drinking health at the fountain of the cool night-wind, could as soon be persuaded to sleep in an air-tight bag as behind closed windows.

If bedrooms should be artificially heated is a controverted question. Persons given to vigils *à la* Young may find solace in watching the flickering of a midnight chimney-fire, but from a hygienic point of view the practice can hardly be defended. Animal warmth is, on the whole, the preferable kind of caloric. Dr. Carpenter mentions the case of a child born not less than four months before the customary time, and adds, as an interesting feature of its biography, that "the calorific power of the infant was so low that artificial heat

was constantly needed to sustain it, but that under the influence of heat by fire he evidently became weaker, whilst the warmth of a person in bed rendered him lively and comparatively strong." ("Physiology," p. 984.) Old campaigners well understand the practical application of the principle. A blazing camp-fire is right pleasant to behold, and withal sleep-inviting, yet at midnight the sleeper is apt to awake with cold feet and a smoke-headache, while his companion who has ensconced himself in a pile of Spanish moss has slept as warm as in a feather bed. The outfit of a Tyrolese jäger comprises a pair of foot-sacks (boot-like felt socks); and experience has shown that in chilly nights sleep often depends upon the possibility of *getting the feet warm*,—on Dr. Caldwell's theory, that this is the most direct way of decreasing the cerebral blood-circulation. A congested condition of the cerebral veins begets insomnia: hence, also, the curious fact that mental exhaustion can prevent sleep, by inducing a feverish condition of the overtaxed brain. With an ample store of bedclothing the soundest sleep can therefore be obtained in the very coldest nights of the year.

Goethe, however, maintains, from personal experience, that there is no better aid to early rising than to find a ready-made, roaring fire in the morning. For the scene of the conflagration one of the adjoining rooms would, however, be a more suitable locality. Bachelors can try the experiment by investing in an "automatic fire-kindler,"—a time-keeping contrivance which at a stated hour drops a weight and thus ignites a phosphorus fuse, which in its turn kindles a prearranged pile of fuel. In the North-American backwoods, where conifers abound, the duration of a fire can be timed by the size of a pitch-pine log. A fifteen-pound "knot" can be warranted to burn all night.

If the hygienic principles of clothing were more generally understood, "quilts" would be wholly superseded by woollen blankets. Put a piece of woollen cloth over a kettleful of hot water, and observe

how fast the steam will make its way through the weft, while a cotton-lined coat would stop it like an iron lid. In the same way a quilt tends to check the exhalations of the human body. For under-bedding, a woven-wire mattress, covered with a blanket and sheet, would deserve the hygienic premium, with the next prize for a cleanly straw tick, that can be emptied and refilled in ten minutes, while it takes a day's hard work to disinfect a horse-hair mattress by loosening, steaming, and drying the compacted stuffing. Swiss feather beds become odious to all who have learned to appreciate the more solid comfort of an English bed; though our hardy forefathers went even further, and thought it unmanly to sleep on anything softer than a deer-hide. Those who evinced a *penchant* in that direction were de-

nounced as *Bären-häuter*, — bear-skin wallowers; and even Frederick the Great distinctly instructed his captains to limit their bedding-baggage to a couple of eight-pound blankets; though general officers were permitted to retain an additional sack and the hope of filling it at a convenient barn.

The healthiest dormitories are probably those of the Bogotà creoles, who pass the rainless nights of their highland on the platform of a terraced roof; and the unhealthiest, perhaps, are those of the Silesian weavers, who shorten their wretched lives by sleeping in *alkovens*, or closet-like openings in the wall behind the stove, after closing the alkoven door, as well as the doors and windows of the adjoining room.

FELIX L. OSWALD.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN AMERICAN FATHER MATHEW.

MR. RICHARD T. BOOTH is the greatest American who has ever visited England. Yet he has written no great book, painted no fine picture, discovered no gold-mine. He is unknown in the political as well as in the literary and scientific world; and his fame has never been heard of in art circles. But in less than twelve months after he had set foot upon English soil his name was known from the Land's End to John O'Groat's. In tens of thousands of homes it is a household word. The work by which he secured such fame I shall describe in this article. Before doing so, however, let me say that Mr. Booth hails from Ithaca, New York. In his youth he worked in a woollen-mill; in his early manhood he became a soldier, and fought in the civil war. The temptations surrounding a soldier's life proved too much for Mr. Booth, who became a slave to strong drink. After the war he engaged in business, but, owing to his intemperate

habits, he failed to succeed. In 1870, however, he was induced to sign the pledge, and immediately afterward he was induced to become a public advocate of temperance. Beginning at Portland, Maine, the scene of much of his misfortune, he travelled West, and labored with considerable success in the rising cities of the younger States. Mr. Booth had long desired to visit the Old World, and in August, 1880, his desire was realized.

It was at Leeds, last fall, where I interviewed the famous leader of the Blue-Ribbon movement. Why he had located himself in the centre of the woollen-manufacture was a puzzle to me; but I afterward learned that it had been the scene of one of his early missions. It is, moreover, central, and within a four hours' ride of the metropolis. Commercially, it is an important place; and, politically, it is a stronghold of liberalism. Here began the movement for Parliamentary reform. The

"grand old man" was elected for the borough at the last general election, but he preferred to sit for Mid-Lothian. The seat was offered to Mr. Herbert Gladstone, who shares with Mr. Barron the honor of representing the most radical borough in the country. Socially, also, Leeds occupies a foremost position. Its religious and educational institutions are numerous, and its public men display an interest in the temperance question which is absolutely unique. The mayor is a teetotaler, and so is the ex-mayor, who was elected for three years in succession, although he publicly declared that he should provide no wine for his guests. Leeds is also the home of that veteran reformer, Sir Edward Baines, who, although in his eighty-third year, shows no signs of failing health. It is among such men that Mr. Booth fixed his home in England. His house is a modest but sunny little abode, two miles away from the noise and smoke of the town; but his engagements have not permitted him to enjoy very much of the society of his wife and family. Fortunately, I found him at home in the midst of his children. Physically, he is not at all the ideal man one would imagine for his great work. He frankly admitted that he came into the temperance work with few qualifications; but he had been bitten by the serpent of alcohol, and was possessed with a burning desire for the salvation of his fellow-men. He has, it is true, a ready command of the English language, for which he says he is indebted to the reading of Macaulay's Essays. Looking around his library, I saw many evidences of the esteem in which Mr. Booth is held throughout England. The walls were hung with illuminated addresses, to one of which he drew special attention. It is an address from a number of reformed drunkards in a Lancashire town. It appears they were all bad characters, but had signed the pledge through Mr. Booth's influence. Conspicuous on his shelves are twenty-seven volumes of sermons which Mr. Spurgeon presented to him on the occasion of his farewell meet-

ing in the Metropolitan Tabernacle; also handsomely-bound addresses from friends in various towns where he has conducted missions. Upon the mantel-shelf were portraits of Lord Mount-Temple, with the ribbon in his coat, of Canon Wilberforce, whose valuable friendship Mr. Booth has had for some time, and of President Garfield, upon whose life and work I once heard Mr. Booth deliver a magnificent address.

I understand that Mr. Booth did not at first meet with a very warm reception in England. Like all other strangers, he made his way to London, which he thought the most likely place from which to secure engagements. He could hardly have made a greater mistake. The great preachers, the great orators, the fine actors, and the most brilliant journalists have made their reputation in the country. Had they commenced in London, nobody would have noticed them. A man must become famous before any Londoner will believe in him; and a striking illustration of this statement is furnished in the treatment accorded to Mr. Booth. The first man he called upon in London was the secretary of a leading temperance organization. He could not have asked a more unlikely person to help him. The temperance organizations of England work on strictly orthodox lines. They are essentially conservative. When, therefore, Mr. Booth unfolded his plans, he was regarded as a lunatic; and no wonder! To suggest that the largest hall in every town should be engaged for a series of temperance meetings, for a man unknown in England, was considered a suggestion that no one out of Bedlam could have made. Still less was it deemed possible to secure a good choir and the support of all the Christian churches for a temperance mission. Mr. Booth admits that he came unexpected and uninvited, but thinks that a chance should have been given him of proving his ability. The temperance societies, however, will give no man a chance of proving his ability. They are ready enough to avail themselves of the services of men who have

achieved fame or who have special qualifications for reaching the pockets of the people; but for such men there is always a demand. Though the official of the temperance society refused to entertain Mr. Booth's proposals, the reformer was very heartily received by Mr. William Noble at Hoxton Hall. It is claimed for Mr. Noble that he was the originator of the Blue-Ribbon movement in England, in February, 1878; but few heard of its existence until Mr. Booth's arrival. At Hoxton Mr. Booth labored for five weeks; but his first mission really commenced in the country, at Longton. "People from many other places had communicated with him," remarks his biographer; "but, having failed to comply with the arrangements which he deemed necessary for a successful work, they had all been rejected by the enthusiast; and it remained for a comparatively obscure town in the potteries to give birth to the first mission of that grand series which has extended over three eventful winters and gathered strength with the returning seasons." The mission was a gigantic success, and applications from all sides poured in upon Mr. Booth, who had produced such a wonderful reform. From the centre of the earthenware-manufacture Mr. Booth proceeded to the ship-building town of Sunderland. Here for the first time he met some Quakers, who take the lead in many good movements in England. His influence was soon felt; for two months after his visit the chief constable reported that the police had not locked up one drunkard during three days and nights,—a circumstance that had not occurred for twenty-seven years. Even more successful was the next mission, at Oldham, the centre of the cotton-manufacture. Mr. Blackwell, his biographer, gives a striking picture of the factory-folk, which we must copy:

"Mr. Booth was as much interested in the people as they were in him. The fact that he was for the first time among the cotton-mills of old England perhaps recalled childish recollections of 'looms and spindles;' but, after all,

in mere appearance there was very little to remind him of his early life. The poor people spoke a strange dialect, which, failing to understand, he pronounced a jargon. Women walked about the streets with woollen shawls over their heads instead of hats or bonnets, and with clogs upon their feet. Sometimes he saw children barefooted as well as bareheaded; but that made him sad. Regularly, when he lay awake in bed, between five and six o'clock in the morning, he would hear the rattling of thousands of clogs upon the stone pavement in front of the house of Mr. Thomas Emmott, his kind host, as the 'hands' were hurrying to their various 'shops.' He says that he was grieved to see so much deformity among the poor,—bow-legged men, crooked children, and lame women. In reply to his questions, he was told that nearly always these physical defects dated from infancy, being the result of insufficient care on the part of mothers who leave their babies in charge of children not much older."

It is hardly likely that Mr. Booth could understand the dialect of the Oldham people. It sounds strange to those unaccustomed to it; but, as a means of expression, Mr. Ben Brierley, a well-known Lancashire writer, considers it unrivalled. A stranger, he believes, might be taught to speak the Lancashire vernacular correctly, or with a slight rounding off of the sharp corners; but should he attempt to employ it in giving expression to feelings or ideas he would fail to do so with the force characteristic of one to the manner born. He remembered the late Samuel Bamford once being asked a question relative to this peculiarity of expression. How would he describe a kicking-bout in more forcible language than could be afforded by what is understood as pure English? Would he say, "I punched him well"? "No," replied Bamford: "I might as well say I kicked him severely. Instead of that, I would say, *I laid my clogs into his ribs.*" It was among men who used such vigorous if uncouth language that Mr. Booth labored

with such good results. A mission in the Quaker town of Darlington was followed by one at Kidderminster, famous for its carpets. For the first time, the Young Men's Christian Association played a conspicuous part in the arrangements of the next mission, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, whence immense quantities of coal are shipped to every part of the globe. Here lives Mr. Joseph Cowen, the republican member of Parliament, the friend of Mazzini, of Orsini, of Garibaldi, of Kossuth, and of all exiles. Mr. Cowen has, I believe, little sympathy with the temperance movement; but the mission was, nevertheless, very successful. Not fewer than fifteen thousand pledges were taken, and the blow to the liquor-traffic was keenly felt. The town, it is reported, has fifty-six fewer drinking-places than before. The leading friend of the temperance movement here is Charles D. Stephens, a ship-owner of sterling character. At the time of the American rebellion he possessed a very fast steamship, for the purchase of which a gentleman called upon him.

"For what purpose do you think of adapting the vessel?" inquired Mr. Stephens.

"Oh, she'll have to run the blockade," was the reply.

"That concludes the bargain, then: you can't have her."

"Not if I give you five thousand pounds more than she cost?"

"No, sir, for I will not help to prolong that bloody war or to keep those black men in slavery another minute."

Mr. Booth truly calls this noble conduct; but he doubts whether it was grander than Mr. Stephens's practical sympathy with the gospel temperance movement. From the north the evangelist proceeded to Ipswich, on the east coast, and then to Leeds, where the movement was received with official distinction. At the conclusion of his mission here, Mr. Booth decided upon resting. After a brief visit to his American home, he returned to England, and began a three-weeks' campaign at Liverpool, the black spot on the Mersey, where six thousand pledges were taken.

Missions followed at Leicester, the centre of the hosiery-manufacture, at Portsmouth, Swansea, Gloucester, Bristol, Stockport, Southampton, Doncaster, Brighton, and Birmingham. Wherever he went, crowds awaited him. Speaking of his work in Bristol, where twenty thousand persons signed the pledge, the "Western Daily Press" said,—

"Less than justice would be done to Mr. Booth's endeavors in this city if we were to remain content with having given only a summary record of his words and a statistical abstract of his work. Something more than that is due to one who has, at the lowest estimate of its permanent success, helped on a great moral and social reform in some of the great towns of England, and who, in Bristol, has made inroads large and rapid, almost without precedent, in the domain of misery. . . . Say what we will about evanescent effects of gregarious enthusiasm, make what allowance we may choose for perhaps inevitable relapses and shortcomings, depreciate as we may the value of conversion from temperance in drinking to complete abstinence from drinking, there will be abiding effects from Mr. Booth's work in England during the last three months which nothing but a sceptical affectation can either ignore or depreciate."

At Stockport, famous for the manufacture of hats, as well as of cotton goods, Mr. Booth conducted a wonderful mission in the weaving-shed of a cotton-mill. The condition of the temperance movement here, according to Mr. Booth's biographer, who is a Stockport man himself, and therefore more likely to praise than to blame his fellow-townsmen, does not seem to have been very flourishing:

"He [Mr. Booth] did not go there to teach the alphabet of teetotalism. The people had learnt that years ago from Mr. William Hoyle. But the cause had for a long time languished. As in many other places, signing the pledge had become almost confined to Bands of Hope, and they were never more flourishing. It was thought proper for children once

a year to parade the streets with music and banners, and to regale themselves with buns and milk in the parish glebelands; but it was quite out of fashion for men and women to stir the town with temperance demonstrations. . . . Mr. Booth's visit was the harbinger of better times. It infused vitality into whatever was deserving of life."

At Southampton, the scene of the next mission, Mr. Booth found the temperance friends alive and vigorous. Here lives Canon Wilberforce, who accompanied the reformer to many of his missions. Mr. Booth considers Wilberforce the Savonarola of his age, and says that he is the cleanest-cut and the bravest Englishman on the temperance platform. Great is the influence of this earnest and eloquent clergyman in the town; for wherever you go the blue ribbon is conspicuous. Not fewer than fourteen clergymen of the Established Church have donned it, in addition to many of the Non-conformist ministers. Mr. Booth was the guest of Wilberforce, but at the conclusion of this mission he was invited by Lord and Lady Mount-Temple to Broadlands, formerly the seat of Lord Palmerston. His lordship wears the blue ribbon, and was the first to carry it into the House of Lords.

After a short rest in this delightful country, he commenced a mission at the racing-town of Doncaster, whence he invaded the aristocratic town of Brighton, the queen of watering-places. The meetings here were held in the handsomest public hall in the United Kingdom. The Dome forms part of the pavilion once the residence of George III. and of William IV., but is now used for public assemblies. Although the mission continued for a fortnight, the Dome was packed long before the meetings began. Commenting upon the enthusiasm aroused by Mr. Booth, the *Sussex "Daily News"* said,—

"To keep the Dome full to overflowing throughout a series of meetings held once, and sometimes twice, a day, and extending in all over a fortnight, is a feat which it would be impossible to parallel in local annals, when it is re-

membered that the centre and source of attraction has been the oratory of a single individual, oratory confined to a solitary subject, and that subject one which is assumed by many to be unpopular. Whether Mr. Booth's enthusiasm is contagious, whether his success is not in large measure due to the adventitious aids of novelty and excitement, and in part to the business-like manner in which the whole affair has been organized, we are not concerned to inquire. Some will think it most apposite to remember that his advent was preceded by a long series of prayer-meetings, others that it was heralded for weeks by judicious advertisements. It certainly is not for us to decide as to the relative efficacy of the means adopted. Let the lesson suffice that the combination of Christian faith and common sense has been an auspicious one, and not for the first time in history, either, if the the much-quoted legend has not yet been disproved, of Cromwell's advice to his soldiers to 'trust in God and keep your powder dry.' . . . The thousands of new converts Mr. Booth has apparently made, young as many of them are, will be our citizens of the future, if they are not now, and we would fain recognize in the success of his mission the germs of a purer social and national life in the not far-distant future. . . . Mr. Booth came with good credentials, as the strong local committee gathered to support him sufficiently testifies. He will depart with the grateful testimony and ardent good wishes of thousands."

The most important of all Mr. Booth's missions was held at Birmingham, the seat of the hardware-trade. The meetings took place in Curzon Hall, the scene of many of the great political meetings of the Liberal party, for Birmingham is a stronghold of Liberalism. It is represented by John Bright, who, although a teetotaler, has never championed the temperance cause. Fortunately, it is not dependent for its success upon statesmen. "To wait for governments," said William Howitt, "is to wait for the flowing past of an unceasing river." The friends of the

Birmingham mission were firm believers in this doctrine, and they induced fifty thousand people to pledge themselves to total abstinence from the "enemy of the race."

It is impossible to enumerate all the towns which Mr. Booth visited; but I cannot overlook his mission at Mr. Spurgeon's tabernacle. The conversion of Mr. Spurgeon to the principles of total abstinence is a striking proof of the progress of temperance sentiments. Not many years ago he pitied the "teetotal babies," and said some very cutting things against them. But since his adoption of the teetotal principle himself, his attitude to the movement has entirely changed. It is an odd circumstance that Mr. Booth's introduction to Mr. Spurgeon came through Canon Wilberforce. The one is a fierce opponent of established churches, the other an extreme High-Churchman, opposed to disestablishment. This disagreement in the matter of church politics does not, however, deter them from united action in matters affecting the real welfare of the people. Mr. Spurgeon presided at some of the meetings, and declared that he felt a great interest in the movement because the gospel was put to the front. Canon Wilberforce presided at one meeting, and when he looked around at the beautiful building and upon the great audience, he said he could not help being reminded of all those miserable bands of sectarianism that exist, and of the manner in which the devil has set Christian against Christian. At the conclusion of the mission, Mr. Spurgeon presented Mr. Booth with a complete set of his sermons, in twenty-seven volumes. In the first volume the donor wrote, "To my beloved brother Richard T. Booth, with gratitude for his earnest labors for Christ and temperance." The great preacher of England has frequently expressed his admiration of Mr. Booth: "Mr. R. T. Booth," says Mr. Spurgeon, "is one of the truest and most devoted of temperance evangelists. It has been our lot to see him near at hand and to have fellowship with him, and the result is genuine Christian love to him and

esteem for him. Oh that we could give him a stronger frame!" In spite of bodily weakness, Mr. Booth has conducted not fewer than thirty-five missions in the principal cities and towns of England and Wales, and has addressed some thousands of meetings. The results of his earnest advocacy have been enormous. Three millions of people are estimated to have taken the blue ribbon, and of this number Mr. Booth claims that one-third have taken it at his meetings. It is not contended that all the converts have kept their pledge. The force of appetite and the slavery of custom have had too firm a hold upon some of Mr. Booth's hearers. Who can realize the force of the drink-craving? "I heard a man say," remarked Dr. Collyer, of New York, "that for eight-and-twenty years the soul within him had to stand, like an unsleeping sentinel, guarding his appetite for strong drink." This is the position of tens of thousands of Englishmen as well as of Americans. As a matter of fact, however, Mr. Booth's converts have stood well. At Liverpool, ninety-two per cent. remained firm to their pledge; at Stockport, ninety-five; at Swansea, and in other towns, about eighty-five per cent. The largest falling off was at Brighton, which reports forty per cent. This, however, is exceptional. Where the converts are visited they are retained. His continual advice to them has been to unite themselves with an earnest Christian church; and almost his last words in England were that just so long as the Blue-Ribbon movement was fostered and protected by the churches, just so long would it be a power for good.

Like all other public men, Mr. Booth has not escaped attacks upon his methods and his work. It is the fate of all who become famous to be either abused or misrepresented; and, according to Max Müller, a man who is not abused and attacked by some party in England is worth very little. "There are," he adds, "attacks of which we ought to feel proud, as there is praise of which we ought to feel ashamed." Assuredly, Mr. Booth ought to feel proud of the

great work he has accomplished in England; and the hostile attitude of some of the old teetotallers is, in reality, a proof of the extraordinary hold Mr. Booth has upon the affections of the people. The reformer is accused of having spoken disrespectfully of the old workers; but I cannot find in any of his speeches a single sentence which can be construed into a charge against them. Indeed, no man in his sober senses would have striven to secure the good wishes of his hearers by bringing a charge of infidelity against other men engaged in the same philanthropic cause. On the contrary, Mr. Booth has frequently eulogized the men who have borne the heat and burden of the day, and who have paved the way for the grand meetings held under the banner of Gospel Temperance. The truth appears to be that Mr. Booth has been made the scapegoat for others, who have adopted his methods but have not in all cases been animated by his brotherly spirit. The Blue-Ribbon movement has attracted a great number of men who have hitherto stood aloof from temperance societies and used very irritating language against the early advocates. For instance, one of the Christian booksellers of London declared, at a meeting in Exeter Hall, that "there was a time when prayer was never thought of in connection with the movement." The statement met with an unqualified denial at the time, and gave rise to a good deal of discussion upon the old and the new style of advocacy. But Mr. Malins, the chief of the Good-Templar movement in England, freely admits that in the Blue-Ribbon movement there have been greater gatherings of Christian people, more of Scripture reading and teaching, and of prayer and praise, than have generally characterized public temperance assemblies. Very wisely, Mr. Booth ignored the existence of the accusations of injustice and of avarice against him, and confined his attention to the subject of his addresses.

People have asked repeatedly, what is the secret of Mr. Booth's extraordinary success? Unhesitatingly I answer, in-

tense earnestness and an avoidance of violence and vituperation. A spirit of love has breathed through all his speeches. He firmly believes, however, that society is mainly responsible for the drinking-customs of the day; and his favorite saying is, "The wineglass in the Christian's hand, and the brandy-bottle on the sideboard, are the real stumbling-blocks in life's pathway."

Wherever Mr. Booth has gone, he has left a good impression, and has exerted an influence which cannot be measured. The venerable Earl of Shaftesbury, though not an abstainer, declares that no movement among the people has produced such an effect as the Blue-Ribbon movement. Sir Edward Baines says, "I look upon Mr. Booth as a benefactor to Leeds and to England." Earl Lichfield declared, at a meeting in Mr. Spurgeon's tabernacle, that he had watched the progress of the movement with the deepest interest. "It is a truly Christian movement," he added; "and while it continues to be conducted as it has hitherto been, it must bring blessings into the homes of the people, because it is the work of God." It would be easy to multiply testimonies, but these will give an idea of the esteem in which Mr. Booth is held in England. His departure for Australia for the benefit of his lungs was a source of regret, not only to his troops of friends, but to every patriotic Englishman. He has done a noble work in England. He has rescued thousands from the slavery of drink; he has stimulated the old workers to greater zeal; he has given the temperance question a popularity which it never had before; and he has secured, for the first time, the co-operation of all sections of the Christian Church. Churchmen and dissenters have buried their prejudices, and have worked shoulder to shoulder against their common enemy. Previously, as Canon Wilberforce has so graphically put it, they stood asunder, like hairs upon the back of an electrified cat; but this movement has knit them together as no other has ever done.

Author of "Study and Stimulants."

WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

"MARTHA WASHINGTON, it seems to me you're forgetting your antecedents."

"Oh, I'm sick of my antecedents!" said the young girl who was thus reproved, punching the mass of dough which she was just "putting in the pans" vigorously as she spoke. "Yes, mother, you needn't look so horrified. I believe that in the very bottom of *your* heart you wish there had never been a Washington, or, at least, that none of our folks had had any relationship to him. See what it has cost us! Father is too fine a gentleman to work, because of his antecedents. Grandma let him be waited on by slaves till he could do nothing for himself, because he was a fifty-fourth cousin to the real Washingtons—"

"Sixth, Martha, sixth!" interrupted her mother.

The girl gave a light little laugh, recommenced tossing and turning her dough, which she had forgotten for a moment, and went on: "Sixth or sixtieth, all the same it's been the ruin of this family. We've been too fine. I'm the first bit of earthenware turned out; and I won't remember my antecedents, nor that old grand-uncle that *may* leave me money *if* I remember that I am a Martha Washington. No, mother: as I said, I can make the best bread, cake, jellies, and preserves in the county, and I'm going to make 'em up at the Big House, if they *are* Boggesses and we're Washingtons. The only Washington I care for is a Washington cake; and unless I make some money we can't have that."

The mother sat quietly sewing. The pretty, bright, wilful daughter finished her bread-making, put away her flour-board and other utensils, tidied the kitchen deftly, and then, drawing a cricket to her mother's feet, sat down and laid her head in her lap.

"Mother," she said, catching hold of

Mrs. Washington's hand as it stroked her hair, "you are not a Washington; and if you had not married at seventeen—a perfect baby you must have been—you wouldn't be so afraid of the family. Now, honestly, mother, did you never wish the antecedents were in Guinea?"

Mrs. Washington's face broke into a smile.

Mattie saw her advantage, and pursued it: "You did! you did! When was it, mother? Did you long to bake and brew? Or did you want to step out and earn a little money?"

The mother shook her head: "No, no, Mattie; I'm not sure that your father would care to have me tell you. But you're not like the rest, and you won't be ashamed of me."

"Of you, mother!"

"Well, you see, the Washingtons always felt that your father married beneath him. I was, as you know, an orphan; but, as you do *not* know, I was teaching your father's cousins—two little children—when he met me and fell in love with me. Oh, child, I've tried earning money, and I was very glad to stop it and be loved and cared for. I've not your spirit, Mattie."

"It's the Washington spirit," said the girl mischievously. "Really, mother, what sheer nonsense to hold that because we have the best Virginia blood in our veins we must sit still and almost starve, when we could easily earn money,—that is, I can."

"But in such a way, child! If you could teach, or paint, or—"

"I could teach,—how to cook, or paint doors and surbaces; but there seems little demand for that," said Mattie. "No: as I told you, I'm going to cook at the Boggs mansion. That house shall become historical as another of Washington's head-quarters. Now, listen: I've fixed matters so that for a time, at least, father need know nothing,

and that mysterious grand-uncle need not hear how I've tarnished the name of Washington. Oh, that's the one thing that makes me willing to marry—some time."

There was a little conscious tone in the merry voice, a pretty, bright flitting of color in the soft, girlish cheeks, and an avoidance of the mother's eye, that told a story of itself. But, for reasons of her own, Mrs. Washington took no heed of tone or blush, but kept to the matter in hand:

"If you will do this thing, Mattie, you must prepare me for your father's questions."

"Oh, that's what I began about. You're to tell papa nothing but the truth,—only not the whole truth. You see, when Florence Boggs was so ill, by good luck I happened in when the cook had gone off in a flurry, and when Mrs. Boggs did not know what to do, because Florence was ordered all sorts of delicacies which no one could make, I volunteered, and had a splendid time in the kitchen. Oh, mother, what real poetry it is to cook with every modern appliance, and all the eggs, cream, and sugar you need, to say nothing of pastry flour! Well, you know what a fuss they made over it all, what a lovely book they gave me (little dreaming I'd have taken a five-dollar bill gladly), and how, once in a while, since Florence has been well, I've had a delightful day in that perfect kitchen. Yesterday the cook gave warning, and, as there's to be a lot of company all winter, Madame Boggs was in despair. In I walked, with my hands in my apron pockets,—so!" and Mattie sprang up, to suit the action to the word, "and, making a deep courtesy, said, 'Please, ma'am, I'm looking for wurk, and, if ye'll not let me fayther know, I'll be glad uv the sitivation.' Mrs. Boggs thought it was all a joke at first; but after a while I got her to believe me, and she agreed that father should understand that I am to visit there for a few weeks and teach Florence to cook in exchange for some lessons from her in French. Florence is to teach me French, but I'm to do all

the cooking for the Boggs family, guests included. Think of that! The spirit of my illustrious cousin rises before me. I shall enter my kitchen with the same indomitable courage with which he crossed the Delaware; and it won't be half so cold: cold is the one thing I hate." And Mattie shrugged her pretty shoulders, as if she felt some draught even in the warm kitchen. Perhaps it was because she knew that the kitchen was the only warm room in the house, for the Washingtons were very poor, though they still kept up some outward state. There was a fire ready laid in the large parlor grate, but if callers had made it necessary to light it, there was no more "large coal" with which to lay it again. Little by little they had lost and let chances go by, till now they lived rent-free on a place owned by Uncle Washington,—an eccentric old bachelor, who had declared that he would leave his money to such of the Washingtons as proved worthy of the name.

"Master George," as he had been called by his Virginia slaves till Mattie was a girl of twelve, thought the only way in which his eldest daughter could prove worthy of the name was to take life easily, in Southern fashion; but that was just what Mattie would not do. From a little child she had been a rebel, as was her cousin before her, but, like him, for years she had tried to submit to lawful authority. It was not till Jack and little George began to need an education that Mattie resolved to use the one talent she had been able to cultivate. So, in spite of her mother's feeble protests and dire imaginings, the next morning saw our heroine established in the kitchen of the Big House, with a kindly American girl as assistant.

"It's just like a play or a story, Mattie," said Florence Boggs, who was far more democratic than Boggs *père* desired. "You look just too bewitching in that cap, though your apron is rather big."

"The cap I consent to, as it keeps my curly hair within bounds, but the aprons are none too large. Remember, Miss Florence" (with a mock courtesy), "I'm

the cook; and do remember, dear," added Mattie seriously, "that Ann Brown won't mind me a bit, and will prove insubordinate, if you come in here and carry on too much."

"Nonsense!" said Florence. "Why, it's only my carrying on that keeps the girl over her second month. They like fun and frolic. But indeed I won't worry you; lunch is at one o'clock, and I heard mamma order sweetbreads and Naples sponge: so I'll leave you to agonize."

"No agony about it; but still I'm glad to be left, for, to tell the truth, Ann and I will have a great deal of setting-to-rights to do for a few days."

Two weeks passed. Mrs. Boggs exulted over her delicate desserts, her clear soups, her *entrées* and lunches. She longed to tell the secret of who it was that did the cooking all so much enjoyed, but for once she did not yield to temptation, but kept her promise.

Meanwhile, the old weather-beaten farm-house was a dreary place without the sunshine of Mattie's presence. The father, who delighted in the girl's vigor and loved to watch her flitting hither and thither as he sat listless, missed her even more than her mother, who was kept busy doing the work Mattie had taken out of her hands for the past year. But, above all, the boys missed their sister.

Only the fourth night of her "visit" (as they thought it), they were looking disconsolately out of the window, when Jack jumped up, crying out, "Oh, mother, there comes Mr. Van Brunt from the Big House! he'll tell us something about Mattie."

Mrs. Washington nearly lost her self-possession, for she knew, what Jack little suspected, that Mr. Van Brunt had no idea of Mattie's being at the Big House. What should she do? How could she keep Mattie's secret?

"Jack," she said hurriedly, "you're not fit to be seen; go up-stairs at once; and, George, you must chop some kindlings."

"But, mother—" pleaded George, who was very fond of Mr. Van Brunt.

"At once!" said his mother, shoving him so decidedly toward the cellar-steps that he felt resistance to be useless.

She was just in time, and, thanking her lucky stars that her husband had strolled off to the barn, Mrs. Washington opened the door to welcome a manly young fellow, who inquired if "Miss Washington" were at home.

"She is not," said the mother, secretly rejoicing, for the girl's sake, at the real disappointment the young man took no pains to hide. "My daughter has left us for a time. I will tell her you called, Mr. Van Brunt; and I thank you, in her name, for the box of books. They have been a great source of comfort to Mattie: the girl does enjoy a good book."

"That is one of her charms. I had counted on hearing her opinion of those books," said Mr. Van Brunt.

By this time, though trembling lest "father" should return or George put in an appearance, Mrs. Washington was forced to invite the young man in and close the door. She murmured some apology as to the parlor fire not being lit, now that Mattie was not at home. (Mr. Van Brunt's former visits had been in the summer.) But the young man hastened to say he loved the home-room,—that his earliest recollections were of just such a warm, cosey living-room, where his dear grandmother had presided. Indeed, he made himself so pleasant and Mrs. Washington's heart so warmed toward him, that, feeling he had made a good impression, he ventured to ask for Miss Mattie's address. He would like, if Mrs. Washington did not object, to write to Miss Mattie,—only about the books. Could Mrs. Washington trust him so far?

Poor woman! she hesitated and stammered; and he, sorry that he had ventured the request, hastened to withdraw. Mrs. Washington would have detained him, and tried to explain, if ever so lamely, but she saw her husband coming up to the back door, as she followed Mr. Van Brunt to the front: at all risks those two must not meet!

So Gilbert Van Brunt went back to

the Big House, very much puzzled as to Mattie's whereabouts, and not at all inclined to show such attentions to his second cousin, Miss Florence Boggs, as Mr. and Mrs. Boggs expected from him. It had been settled years ago between the parents that Florence and Gilbert should be thrown together and so make a match; but match-making is like sponge-cake mixing,—it requires a very deft and delicate hand. Whether the young people had been thrown together too much, or not enough, I cannot say; but, at any rate, they were not at all inclined to make a match; or, rather, he was not. As to Florence, her heart was not deeply touched, but she liked Gilbert, and rather looked upon him as her property. She was glad that he was not very well off, for "Pa had plenty for both, if—" and there it stood with Florence. Certainly Gilbert gave her very little reason to repeat that "if" on the day when he returned from visiting the farm-house.

Florence had introduced Gilbert to Mattie, and knew that he liked the bright, pretty girl, but she had no idea how intimate the two had become, still less how Mattie's cheeks burned lest Gilbert should be told who had cooked his dinner.

The young man was pretty thoroughly piqued at Mrs. Washington's hesitation as to his corresponding with Mattie, and resolved he would not call at the farm-house again. Yet he longed to hear news of his friend; he felt sure, from little signs, that the sweet, womanly girl did care somewhat, and might care still more, for him, unworthy as he felt himself to be of such a—but you all know, or will know, how he exalted the beloved and humbled himself. At last, after his longing had brought on a real headache, excusing himself one Sunday from church, he only waited till the coast was clear to walk over to the farm-house and try to get one more word with Mattie's mother.

Mattie too only waited till the coast was clear to run home. A boned turkey had been prepared the day before,—how the girl longed for mother to see it!

—plenty of cakes, custards, and pies were on the shelves, and Ann, very proud of the trust, was to prepare the lunch, so that Mattie might have several hours at home. She slipped up to the pretty room Florence had fitted up for her in the attic, and, donning a suit which her friend had helped her to contrive, and a new bonnet she had insisted on adding to the outfit, Mattie started for home, feeling that she was "goodly to look at," and rejoicing in the thought in simple girlish fashion.

As she left the side-door, Gilbert Van Brunt went out at the front, and, going to the side-path, came face to face with the one of all others he most longed to see.

"Miss Mattie!"

"Shades of my forefathers!" groaned Mattie, horrified, yet struck with the absurdity of the situation. "Good-morning, Mr. Van Brunt. I am going to run home."

"And I was just going to call on your mother," said the young man, commenting internally somewhat in this fashion, "What *has* the child done? her mother does not know she is so near. I cannot—I will not—believe anything but good of her,—bless her pure, sweet face," and deliberately refusing to question as to how it happened that Miss Mattie should be staying in the same house with him and not be presented in the parlor or seated at table.

As for Mattie, after the first shock was over, it seemed as if the only natural and possible thing was to be walking with this one man. Is it not always so? Love never sees anything incongruous in any meeting; it is simply a coming together to form a perfect whole. So, by tacit consent the young people let the present alone, and talked of the past and the future,—Gilbert's future, that is,—but he managed to make her feel that his was hers. He had just begun practising medicine in a large town,—had she ever been there?

"No; but I have an uncle living there,—a queer old man, whom I have never seen, and never shall, I fancy."

"So that old Mr. Washington is your

relation? I thought he must be, for he reminded me of you."

Mattie stared in surprise: "Uncle Washington and I alike? Why, he is very peculiar!"

"Yes, he has that reputation; but I know what he does for the poor; I know how he honors true manhood and womanhood. It was that trait in him that made me think he was kin to you, Mattie."

They had reached the farm-house by that time, and Mrs. Washington, who had sent her husband and boys to church, excusing herself on the score of dinner, stood at the door to welcome her girl, wondering how much of her secret Mr. Van Brunt had guessed. He only knew there must be a secret, and generously refused to come in at once, saying that he wished to keep out in the air longer on account of his head,—which, when we consider that it was real February weather, was, certainly heroic treatment of a headache.

"Not a thing, mother," said the girl, as she shut the door, after a few last words and smiles. "He met me at the Big House, and yet never asked a question! But I shall tell him—"

"Mattie, my child, what will he think? Oh, you were very headstrong and foolish to go. I really think Mr. Van Brunt meant—"

"Now, mother, does this look as if I had been foolish?" interrupted Mattie, putting a roll of bills in her mother's lap, and most anxious that Mrs. Washington should not express her thoughts as to Gilbert Van Brunt; for had she not her own suspicions, which were hard enough to combat? "There is enough to pay for coal and lights and niceties, and that good Mrs. Boggs has kept my secret perfectly. Florence gives me French lessons every day, and I study as I cook, and sew in the evenings. See my suit: is it not a perfect fit? Ah, now, mother, say I'm a good girl. I did it for you and the boys, mother,—indeed I did!" And the girl, unstrung by the clash of varied feelings, burst into tears.

The mother soothed and comforted

her as only mothers can, and Mattie before long was quite herself, and even had her pet fling at the antecedents, so that by the time Mr. Van Brunt knocked at the door Mrs. Washington felt that the girl had better make what explanation she could.

It was done very simply and straightforwardly. Mattie did not dream how truly heroic her story sounded in the ears of Gilbert Van Brunt. That she should hire herself out as a cook, to give her mother and brothers delicacies and education, seemed simple enough to her: it was divine to him. He had hard work to hold back the love and admiration that surged within; but he did, for what right had he to win such a woman? He resolved first to win his spurs, and then to ask her to allow him to be her knight.

Mattie saw that she had not lowered herself in his eyes; he only insisted that Florence should be told that he "knew the cook," for he was sure he could not keep out of the kitchen! Could he not share in the French lessons?

Then, as "father and the boys" would be home soon, Mr. Van Brunt took his leave, and the two women "got dinner." How very poor and plain it seemed to Mattie, yet how delightful, because it was a "home-dinner!"

"Oh, I say, Mattie," said George, "Mr. Van Brunt called here, and I missed him. Mother would have the kindlings chopped just then. Is he there still?"

"Yes," said Mattie, trying hard not to look conscious.

"Seems to me he might come over. He was real nice last summer,—made us kites and boats, and all that; but now he don't do a thing for a fellow," grumbled George.

"That's 'cause Mattie ain't round," explained Jack, who was the philosopher of the family. "I never thought he cared for us boys!"

"Van Brunt!" began Mr. Washington. "What family of Van Brunts is that?"

"No family at all, sir," said George: "he ain't married." At which even

father had to laugh, though he was evidently worried lest the antecedents were going to suffer.

I fear Mrs. Boggs's *entrées* were not quite so numerous after that, though Mattie tried to be very faithful. Luckily, Ann was developing into a real assistant, and then one can talk while one "mixes," and Gilbert insisted on beating eggs—once: as he spilled half the whites, he was never trusted again. What merry times they had,—Florence, Mattie, and Gilbert! French, as far as possible, was the language of the hour, which simplified matters very much as to Ann's presence.

But all the fun and frolic had to be laid aside when Mattie received notice that Mrs. Boggs was to give a grand dinner-party on Washington's birthday.

"Mr. Boggs has invited four gentleman friends, besides the company already here; and, as two of them are perfect strangers to me," said Mrs. Boggs, as she interviewed her youthful cook, "I wish to have everything very perfect. Spare no trouble, Mattie, and, apart from the month's payment, I will give you ten dollars for getting up that one dinner."

So all visitors were forbidden entrance to Mattie's domain. For three days she planned and worked, until, on the day itself, she felt ready for the combat. Then, suddenly, at the very last moment, came disaster: James, the butler, was taken ill: the dinner would never go smoothly without some one at the head of the three waiting-maids! Mrs. Boggs and Florence were in despair. Mr. Van Brunt, surmising that if it were not for his presence Mattie would volunteer, went to her and asked her if she would mind masquerading as a waitress.

"I'd like nothing better," said the girl, "to tell you the truth. I only feared lest you or Florence might forget, and speak to me. Will you promise to treat me *en domestique*?"

"I promise to hide my real feelings for a little longer, Mattie," said the young man, with such a look that Mattie was glad to hide her face by running to "look after" something on the stove.

So, to Mrs. Boggs's intense relief, Ann sent up the dinner, and Mattie, dressed in a charming waitress costume, stood behind her chair, ready for any emergency. The guests, all but Gilbert Van Brunt, were strangers to the girl, and only one gentleman seemed worthy of much notice. He was a large, powerful-looking old man; his hair, white as snow, fell almost to his shoulders; his dark, keen eye took note of all that was going on, and responded by frown or smile to every word. He was not a talker, but a listener. Mattie longed to hear his voice, but never happened to be within its reach till, the dessert placed upon the table, she was about to withdraw. Just then, in a sudden stillness, a sentence struck her ear, and she lingered to hear Mrs. Boggs's answer, for the old gentleman had been the speaker:

"Excuse my commenting on the food we have eaten, my dear madam, but I have been at many a table, and have never tasted such elaborate dishes, with such true home-flavor. Your cook must be a treasure. Good cooking is my hobby."

"She is a treasure," said Mrs. Boggs.

"She! You do not mean to tell me, madam, that this dinner has all been prepared by a woman?"

"No," said Mrs. Boggs, "for *she* is a young girl,—a very young girl. Indeed, Mr.—"

"Allow me," said Gilbert, interrupting his aunt most shamefully, "to ask you a question, sir. Suppose a girl, talented in many ways, but with no opportunity of improving any talent but the one for cooking, should need to earn money: would you think it beneath her to enter a friend's kitchen and serve that friend as cook?"

"Beneath her? I should say such a girl— But I always lose patience when I talk on these matters. I only ask to know your girl cook. I should like to take her over to see some relatives of mine not far from here,—people who, because they bear an illustrious name, —and no one can deny that our name is a proud one,—scorn to do one single action worthy of a man or a woman.

The father sits by his fireside, too much the gentleman to go out and earn an honest penny. The daughter—"

"Is before you, and cooked this dinner, Mr. Washington," interrupted Gilbert Van Brunt, rising, and catching hold of poor Mattie, who had almost fainted with surprise.

"What? Is that— Good heavens! is there really a Martha Washington who could do that?" ejaculated the old man. Then, as Mattie stood confused and embarrassed, he added, "And as pretty as any Washington ever was,"—which brought down the house and sent Mattie off.

But she was hunted up again and introduced in good form to her uncle, though not before Gilbert had managed to tell her his plan as to spurs and knighthood, which Mattie thought very unnecessary: she was no fine lady, but a good cook!

"Well, well," said the old man, as he caressed Mattie's hand, which showed some signs of real work, "I vowed I would not leave my money to any Washington who had not a true Washington spirit; but I little dreamed it would be a slight, delicate girl that would share it. Do you know, my girl, that you will not need to cook for others after this? I will give you a handsome income as long as I live, and you shall have all when I am gone."

"But I've promised to cook for Gilbert, sir," said Mattie very quickly, for she feared he would never come forward to claim her after hearing of her fortune.

"Gilbert! Gilbert! I do trust he's not some clodhopper. I—"

"He is your friend Dr. Van Brunt," exclaimed Mr. Boggs, making the best of his own disappointment as to Florence.

"Well, well, I am a lucky fellow," exclaimed Mr. Washington, shaking hands with Gilbert. "Many a time, as I have heard of this young man's care of the poor, I've wished he were my son; and now I can adopt him as well as my brave Martha. I have but one regret,—that he is not a Washington. Our antecedents—"

Mattie could not help it: the merry laugh would escape, and Gilbert and Florence, who knew of her *bête noire*, joined in.

"So you don't like to hear of your antecedents?" said the old gentleman, pretending to be very angry, when Florence had explained matters somewhat. "Ah, well, I grant that it is better to look forward instead of back; but I'm an old man, and childless."

Mattie's sweet face grew serious, as she slipped her hand once more under her uncle's arm, as if to remind him that he had kith and kin, if no son or daughter. The kindly old face brightened at the girl's touch: he too would look forward.

Mrs. Boggs talks of that dinner-party to this day, and continually laments the loss of her one perfect cook, while the Boggs mansion is called the "Washington Head-Quarters" by all the initiated.

HOPE LEDYARD.

MY DOGS.

DOGS afford a constant source of interest and amusement to those who care for their companionship. Almost every quality possessed by man is developed in a minor degree in the dog by civilization. My own dogs have fur-

nished me with well-authenticated instances of deductive reasoning, hospitality, sense of humor, gratitude, love of applause, generosity, gallantry, and wonderful comprehension of language. The imitative faculty they seem to be

entirely devoid of,—learning from each other rather by the communication of ideas than by observation.

The traits I have mentioned are selected simply because they are those usually accredited only to man. There are many others that are universally acknowledged to be shared by our four-footed friends. Among the most common are patience, jealousy, and sensitiveness to ridicule, the little fellows quickly distinguishing between the laughter called forth by their naturally funny pranks and that which is the result of some silly, stupid blunder into which they have been led. It is usually thought that, intellectually, the dividing-line between men and dumb animals is formed by reason on the one side and instinct on the other; but I have never yet met the person wise enough to define the point where instinct ceases and reason begins. The quick, sharp bark and instant alertness at the sound of the door-bell may be the result of instinct; but when "Sancho," distinguishing between that and my dressing-room bell (although the sound to us is almost identical), instead of barking, rushes frantically around until he finds some one, whom he plainly asks to open the door, that he may run up-stairs to his mistress, he shows a more complicated process of arriving at a conclusion.

When, too, having been lost in the business part of the town, before he had learned his way about the neighborhood, he went (as we were told) to a neighboring shop where we dealt, waited patiently until a gentleman whom he knew came in, and then, sitting up, begged with all the persuasion vested in his funny little paws to be taken home, he may have been prompted by instinct; but when, a week or two later, the day being hot and he tired, we suddenly missed him in our walk, and, hearing a merry laugh proceeding from some strangers in a carriage closely resembling the one in which his friend had brought him home, and which was standing before the self-same shop, we saw the little fellow sitting up on the curbstone and telling them in his prettiest manner that

he was tired and wished to be taken home again, there was suggested a slight process of deduction.

Why does little "Tony," when told that his master is going only to the letter-box (one block off), wag his tail with delight and start off, although, owing to the heat or fatigue, he has just refused to accompany him on his usual long morning walk? Was it instinct that made "Sancho," on finding that his master had inadvertently passed the place where he was in the habit of buying his daily newspaper, take hold of the leg of his trousers, pull with his little white teeth until he had induced him to stop, and then, running back, tell him as plainly as possible that he had forgotten his paper? Dear little Sancho, with his fascinating, funny little ways! I am not ashamed that we all shed many tears when his pretty brown head was no longer to be seen watching at the window, and his large bright brown eyes were closed forever.

Gratitude is a quality which the dog shares with man. It is constantly seen in every-day intercourse; but little California "Nip" gave a special proof of it. He was, unfortunately, very badly bitten by coyotes, and a surgical operation became necessary to save his life. The doctor at the military post where he was performed it, and sent him to the hospital, where the soldiers made for him a tiny bed and he was cared for until he recovered. Although the doctor had never petted him, and was not fond of dogs, "Nip" never omitted, during the time he was at the post, to trot up to his quarters every day, look at him and wag his tail, and trot back again. The curious thing was, that he did not go to the hospital, but to the doctor.

Some writer has limited the number of words that the dog is capable of understanding. I have found, however, that the little fellow who has associated with people from his puppyhood understands every word that can prove of the slightest interest to him. With one dog, after exhausting all the modes of circumlocution relative to the question of going out walking, etc.,—a subject that ex-

cited him to such a degree that it became difficult to leave him at home,—we finally resorted to French as a mode of communication. He would put his head first on one side, then on the other, with a most puzzled expression, and finally, with a long-drawn sigh and a rather ashamed look, go and curl himself up in his corner. Had he lived, I am sure he would have become an accomplished French scholar.

Little Yorkshire "Skip" gave a funny proof of wonderful comprehension of ideas. During the absence of his mistress, he had been sent to stay with a friend who lived about a quarter of a mile from his own house. While there, he was obliged on one or two occasions to be tied up, and, though very fond of his host and hostess, was very much disgusted at the loss of his liberty, resenting it so much that at the end of two or three weeks after he had been brought home he had not revisited his kind friends, although previous to his stay with them he had constantly given trouble by running away to play in their grounds. One day, however, as we were dressing to go out ("Skip" being in the adjoining room, with the door open), his mistress said, "Do not let 'Skip' know that we are going to the Warners', as I do not wish to take him." Five minutes afterward he was not to be found; and on arriving at our friend's house we found Mr. Skip on the front-door step, waiting for us.

The sense of humor is a trait which dogs are not supposed to possess; but no boy ever enjoyed a practical joke more than "Sancho" did those that he indulged in. It was a favorite amusement with him, after having watched, trembling with excitement, until he saw his master coming, and having begged some one to open the door, to seat himself on the piazza, and, instead of running to meet him as usual, to pretend to be intently observing something in a different direction. Only the rapid wagging of the tail gave the slightest indication that the little rascal was conscious of his master's approach, until the last step was reached, when, looking up with a

surprised expression, he would leap into his arms, barking with delight. Sometimes he would vary the joke by running round to the side of the house, where, his body being entirely concealed, we would see his saucy little face peering round the corner.

After chasing a cat up a certain tree, and hearing us laugh heartily at the absurdity of the proceeding, he used, whenever he came to that special tree, to bark and jump at it in exactly the same manner. A year afterward, when convinced there was no cat there, he would run on in advance, stand quietly at the foot of the tree until we came in sight, and then, evidently for our entertainment, go through the same performance.

When "Tony," dressed in his funny little old woman's cloak and cap, takes his basket on his arm and pretends he is "Mrs. Mulligan going to market," he is as much elated with applause, and as much affected by an appreciative audience, as any human actor can be. The more we laugh, the more he rolls his great eyes and enjoys the situation.

It is curious to notice the different emotions produced in different dogs by the same cause. With three dogs, all equally fond of me, I tried an experiment. My husband would take a little whip and pretend to chastise me, I seeming to cry bitterly. "Pat," a black-and-tan terrier, amiable, affectionate, and equally devoted to his master and myself, would watch the proceeding for a moment in an astonished manner and then fly at his master and absolutely fight him until he desisted. When the same experiment was tried with "Sancho," the poor little fellow would look at me for a moment and then sit up on his little hind legs, and, waving his paws, beg his master to stop. Failing with him, he would spring into my arms, crying and sobbing as if his heart would break, and cover my face with kisses. Honest old "Tony," subjected to the same trial, looked on with perfect equanimity, saying, as plainly as dog could speak, "What nonsense this is! I know my master would not hurt my missis."

Hospitality is a trait supposed to belong exclusively to man, yet I have seen it displayed in three instances by dogs. On one occasion the scene would have been very funny but for a little touch of pathos connected with it. A Scotch terrier had been invited to pay a visit with his master at the house of a friend who owned a pretty little Maltese Skye, which, suffering from rheumatism and nearly blind, had ceased to be interested in most things, and was especially annoyed by the presence of strange dogs. As the visitors entered the library, poor old Pinky quietly, and with some difficulty, came out of his warm corner, where he had been curled up asleep, and, going up to his little guest, began walking slowly by his side round the large table in the centre of the room. Two or three times they walked around together, and then the little fellow, having given his visitor the freedom of the house, went back to his corner and took no further notice of him during his stay, though he never seemed disturbed by him. Tony furnished the second example. Some bones having been given to him in the yard, he invited a little brown waif in to share them with him, and very comical they looked, sitting face to face, not more than three feet apart, each solemnly gnawing his bone in the most contented manner. The third instance was that of one dog inviting another to "take a drink." Sancho had been playing in the yard with a friend, and, the door being open, ran in to his drinking-cup to quench his thirst. Having done so, he went back to his guest and barked, then toward the water, and barked again. After two or three efforts, he succeeded in inducing him to drink from the same cup, and, after dancing around in great glee while he drank, went back to his play perfectly satisfied. While visiting in a strange town, Sancho made the acquaintance of a small black-and-tan terrier, who used to call for him every morning to go and walk with him. He would never come at any other time, and they would take their constitutional as regularly as clock-work.

The tricks that dogs are taught are to me not half as interesting as the thousand-and-one things they are constantly doing of their own accord, each dog being as thoroughly individual and as positively possessed of idiosyncrasy as a man. One of the most graceful and pretty tricks that I have ever seen my little Scotch "Tony" has taken up of himself. To every guest who comes to the house he brings some token of welcome,—usually a leaf or twig, sometimes his little red-flannel doll, to which he is more devoted than to any of his playthings, sleeping with it in his bed every night; and, if he can find nothing else, he will bring a bone, allowing and even urging the visitor to take it from him.

Gallantry is characteristic of the dog. When dainty little "Patty" (her mistress leaving town for two or three months) was invited to visit us, it was curious to see how readily her brother "Tony" gave up everything to her; and it was still more curious to see the quiet, gentle, but decided way in which she insisted upon it. The very first night, preferring Tony's bed to her own, she walked quietly over and took possession of it, he yielding at once; and from that time, while she remained, it was hers. A plate of food would be put down for each of them. She would look at hers, then at his, and deliberately walk over and proceed to eat from his, Tony accepting the situation most amiably.

Patty was the most fascinating little creature I have ever seen, but the most demurely deceitful. No dog was allowed on the sofas; but on opening the door we would see her jump quickly down and pretend to be busily occupied in looking out of the window. On our asking who was the culprit, she would walk up to me, look straight into my eyes, and then most reproachfully at Tony.

While she was with us we were often amused by their method of communicating ideas. Tony's master planted some persimmon-seeds, which process Patty watched in her little lady-like, indifferent way. He had no sooner

left them than she ran into the house, found Tony, and we saw them conferring together for a little while, when both started out; and presently two little brown heads were seen close together, and two pairs of busy little fore-paws working rapidly, and in a few minutes the seeds were all up. Of course Patty was on the other side of the garden when we went out; but we had watched the process, and she had just as plainly told Tony, and suggested the thing to him, as any child could have done to another. She was the sweetest, daintiest little thing; and when, two years after, she lay quietly down and closed forever her beautiful eyes that had always an appealing look in them, she did it in her own nice little way, making no trouble for any one.

I do not believe that my many dear friends will feel that I wrong them when

I confess that I think tenderly and lovingly of my numerous four-footed pets and companions,—sweet little "Patty;" beautiful collie "Roy," with his aristocratic elegance of manner; saucy little Yorkshire "Skip," with his wild, gypsy-like independence and loyal devotion to his mistress; patient old "Pinky," with his pathetic little face; black-and-tan "Pat Malloy," his jolly, rollicking nature strongly suggestive of his name; my bright, merry little "Sancho," always with some funny new device for our amusement, never still, until subdued by death, the first harsh master he had ever known; and, last of all, my other Scotch terrier, loving little "Tony," whose pretty little ways, sweetness of temper, and almost human intelligence have brightened every day for the four years he has been with us.

A. D. C.

THE HOME OF NAST.

THE spirits are lifted by the sight of hills, and richly-foliaged streams yield a sense of pleasure,—a pleasure that we have inherited from far generations and centuries, from we know not what sweet woody valleys of old Saxony and Angeln. When a woody and well-watered landscape is plenished with beautiful homes, the pleasure of seeing it is doubled. Old houses give to the grassy slopes around Delaware Bay a look of homestead-life and daily joy. The miles of plum-orchards in pink blossom or purple fruit, and the acres of carnations and tuberoses, in Western New York, have an effect upon the eye of jocund merry-making and flowery and fruity prosperity. Tranquil ease seems to lie in the hands of the oat-growers along the lake shore.

No State in America is more agreeable to see than New Jersey. It is a combination of sea-coast, hill, and garden,

and between New York and Philadelphia is a panorama of villages and villas, for the wealth of the two great cities bubbles all over Jersey. The hilly regions about Morristown, where Thomas Nast lives, are a paradise of country-seats.

Morristown is an ideal village. In summer the Morristowners are in the habit of exclaiming, "What a lovely planet we live on!" The village is near the sea, yet its landscapes are inland and pleasing to those who do not wish to behold vast, cold, deep waters always in their home view.

Morristown exists for the special delectation of people who love to drive. The roar of carriage-wheels is continuous in its streets. Roads branch from the village in every direction, like the spokes of a wheel, leading through luscious and redundant verdure toward changing horizons of hills,—sometimes green and wavy, sometimes straight,

blue, and horizontal. Fine sidewalks, hedges, and stone walls line the well-made old roads of the highly-cultivated country; and many a wandering lane is crossed, smooth, dustless, shaded, and unweedy. The gates of the Morristowners stand open, no pigs, geese, cows, or straggling curs being known to inhabit their world; neither do any starved, scrubby horses or rattling, dilapidated wagons disturb their vision; only magnificent turn-outs are met on their delightful roads, and they are met in large numbers and great variety. No matter how remote or solitary the road, thereon glitter dog-carts, village-carts, coupés, landaus, and every kind of silk-lined and sumptuously-finished carriage, their occupants saluting each other and enjoying the unrolling prospect. These equipages are drawn by the deepest bays, the most stylishly bobbed chestnuts, the most darkly dappled grays, the spans perfectly matched. The coachmen are dressed in clothes that fit, including speckless hats and gloves; some wear liveries suitable to the servants of rich citizens in our republic,—dark greens or olive-browns, with a colored cord down the leg; and they hold their whips and reins properly, they sit erect, don't roll their eyes about, are silent save when addressed, and then answer with a rich brogue in a dignified undertone. And they drive slowly: it is considered vulgar to drive rapidly in Morristown.

There is a charm about the historic landscape. The view from Fort Non-sense, of Revolutionary fame, is much the same as when patriot eyes beheld it. One terrace-like road goes to Washington's head-quarters, now occupied only by its curator. The rooms that once "echoed to the majestic tread" of Washington appear sad: it is impossible not to remember the deadly anxiety that he endured there during the darkest days of the Revolution,—an anxiety that would have been despair in a mind less inflexible. Looking at his solid old camp-chest, you feel sharply with what a heavy heart he must often have seen its lid lifted. And the bare walls and

floors of the room that was his office awaken many thoughts about the discussions that took place there among booted and spurred staff-officers when all was in extremity, when couriers were coming in splashed from the muddy roads, bringing bad news of impatience among the people, and suffering and rags in the army, and disasters that had to be met with more and more fortitude and endurance.

The wide and hilly view from the Morristown roads is evidently made for the happiness of the well-to-do. It realizes the dreams of Old-World philosophers, and shows to what a high grade industrious Americans can bring general life. Tumble-down sheds and out-buildings, and lazy, dirty domiciles and their occupants the debauched and the indolent, have been banished with the pigs and the dilapidated horses and wagons from Morristown road-scenery to an unknown limbo of the miserable. The curves of the roads wind up and down among delightful homes. The old stone houses of former generations have picturesque porches and neat small windows. The modern houses stand among immense lawns shaded by noble trees, with perfect sweeps of gravel and splendid flowers about them. Velvet lawns run down the declivities from hill-top mansions whose windows overlook the ranges of billowy hills and orchard valleys. Many habitations are set in a seclusion of shrubs and trees that show only the gables and roofs gleaming with Indian-red through the green leaves. Many stand amid low, lawny meadows and brooks, where their owners could lead the lives of Watteau shepherds and shepherdesses.

Drive through the gates and enter the park-like grounds of this summer-seat: you reach a baronial dwelling, built of the finest stone, its rooms of princely size and exquisitely finished in every detail. The house is surrounded by ample, smooth-rolled lawns and geranium-beds; near it are gardens and conservatories. What content must inhabit here, were it not that it is easier to be contented with little than with

much! Or enter another enchanting *séjour*, and, following the road around to the rear of the rambling old wooden abode, you come upon a terrace overlooking a chasm, with a stream and waterfall in its depths, and a high precipitous bank, densely wooded, rising on the opposite side.

The houses of the village itself are fine and spacious; the streets are clean, the walks are flagged. The back yard has been expunged from Morristown life. What is elsewhere back yard is in Morristown a glorified expanse of weedless grass and blazing flower-beds running far along from house to house, without intervening fences,—an Eden of evergreens and vines, where the shaven turf meets the edge of each walk with a knife-like sharpness, and where green summer apartments are formed by the plants climbing about Pompeian red balconies and porches. Morristowners belong to the species of folk who know how to get work out of servants: there is no singing in kitchens or hanging over gates round here; servants are swift and silent; maids wear white caps and aprons; the colored servants are descended from the Jersey slaves, and might be studied by those who want to know how Africans are affected by generations of association with Americans. Morristown is famous as a sanitarium. Standing on a high, sandy plateau, the town is well drained and free from malaria, and it has been long celebrated for its pure water collected from hill-side springs: it had water-works before New York. In addition to the large numbers of New-Yorkers who have family-seats in the neighborhood, many hundreds of strangers reside in Morristown during summer. New-York business-men in particular, haggard and nervous as drunkards from their ceaseless toil, enjoy "the large influence of deep, halcyon repose" about the wooded hills. This influx of outsiders keeps the village from dropping into grooves, from cultivating small prejudices, from being shocked at the little opinions of a set of people different from themselves. New-Yorkers

especially are given to making the most surprising and unusual remarks: their talk often sounds like the talk of men of genius, and they are fond of talk, silence being commendable "in a dried neat's tongue only" with them, as with Shakespeare. The Morristowners themselves are good company. They travel abroad, they read, they study art. The old ladies have manners marked by a stately composure, the young ones the charming art of always agreeing; the young fellows are cool and *déagé*, and they go out a great deal; to stay at home like an owl is not esteemed meritorious in Morristown. Joyous people like to meet each other. They perpetually meet at dinner-parties, receptions, and balls, and at the croquet- and lawn-tennis-grounds. They have a lyceum handsomely built of brick, tiles, and stone, and containing a well-kept library, and there occasionally a grand ball takes place, with a band from New York and a supper from Delmonico's. Mr. Thomas Nast gave such a ball on the occasion of his daughter's *début*, issuing a thousand invitations.

Morristown interiors are marked with the blue-greens and gray-greens of the period, and are luxurious with every known shape of sofa and arm-chair. The screens, table-covers, and embroidered draperies that American women know how to make effective with a little trouble are there seen at their best. What more our people can add to their house-decorations it would be difficult to say, unless it may be Persian fireplaces set in the wall and lighted with aromatic herbs. The interiors of Mr. Nast's house are incomparable: they are filled, not with articles to "help furnish," but with works of art. Many have wondered how Uncle Sam and Columbia, in Mr. Nast's pictures, came to have such unique furniture, such an elegant breakfast-table, and such a picturesque environment: well, the things in the pictures are those in Mr. Nast's own establishment, and Columbia frequently wears the pose and the well-cut liberal profile of Mrs. Nast, and the dear, chubby children of his Christmas pic-

tures are often portraits of his own family.

Mr. Nast's house is a plain one, tree-shaded and surrounded by a massive rustic fence of red cedar. The vestibule and hall of the house are floored with glossy tiles of warm reds and browns. Some large paintings of scenes in our war by Mr. Nast, that hang in the roomy vestibule, as well as other objects about the house,—the soldiers' and sailors' silver vase, for example, that was given him in war-time,—show how his history is one with the nation's during the last twenty years. He himself was once a soldier: in his youth he fought under Garibaldi. On the right of the vestibule are entrances to the library and parlor; at the end is the door of the dining-room. The library is furnished with dark carpets, hangings, and furniture; the parlor beyond, seen through a draped arch, with light ones: and this has a cheerful effect; for, on entering, you look from the dark room through into the light parlor beyond, glittering with its crystal chandelier and its many ornaments. Besides its rich and comfortable furniture, the library contains many pictures and multitudinous works of art, whose description would fill a volume. Among them are panels of antique carving, real antique vases, carved boxes of ivory, pearl, and jade, and Japanese and Chinese bronzes wonderfully faithful to life and worthy of study. It is a Shakespeare-room. Shakespeare's mask hangs over the arch, and full-length tiles of Touchstone and Audrey, and woodland scenes from "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "As You Like It," in tiles, adorn the mantel-piece. Moreover, Shakespeare's epitaph serves for the fireplace-motto,—a flash of humor that would never occur to any one else having shown Mr. Nast how neatly it would fit a hearth:

Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here.
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.

The parlor is a rich and interesting room, furnished in light delicate tints and in the style of the First Empire.

Its chandelier and candelabra are crystals of diamond-like brilliancy. The room contains Doulton ware, Haviland ware, old *cloisonné* ware, perforated ware, flashed porcelain vases, rare old china, porridge-pots that may have served for some mandarin's breakfast, royal Worcester china, Venetian glass, Danish terra-cotta, Chester carvings, Toledo carvings, East-Indian bronzes and carved work, splendid cabinets, and Chinese corner-shelves of wondrous workmanship, things behind other things, and nothing hackneyed or copied,—everything original and unique. The walls, themselves finely decorated, are hung with pictures in oil and water-colors, Kensington embroidery, shields, and plaques: among them are faces so beautiful you leave them reluctantly, feeling, if not saying,—

But give them me,—the mouth, the eyes, the brow,—
Let them once more absorb me!

One of the oil-paintings is a view, by Mr. Nast, of the Hudson River, as seen from the windows of a house where he used to live, done in four sections, on four different days, and thus forming a delicious little diorama of four kinds of sunniness and cloudiness. Another oil-painting is supposed to be a Turner. It must be. At first glance it is apparently a sketch of a smoke-house with the door left open. You can't see whether hams or chops are inside. But, looking again, you find it is a huge swirl of summer weather and windy sunshine, with signs of coming mist, blowing over an English down. One of the plaques is of a kind of *pâte* made in many successive layers, each layer requiring a separate baking, each baking involving the risk of breakage. In this plaque the artist has revived the Greek goodness and beauty; he has caught the spirit of "many an old forgotten phrasing of Orphic hymn." The figure is in low relief, and represents a heavenly girl filling her water-jar at a fountain in a garden. The cool, white limbs of the girl gleam through her transparent drapery, her tunic has a Grecian hem of red, the water-jar is flame-colored, and in the green and leafy garden-back-

ground is a sapphire vase of the purest form. "O Attic shape! Fair attitude!" What happiness always to behold so graceful a leaning posture and such Grecian drapery!

The dining-room, an apartment having a polished floor and a large bay-window, is worthy to be called by the old Saxon name "inn," meaning chamber. It contains four-hundred-year-old armor, one-hundred-year-old chairs covered with Spanish leather, two-hundred-year-old tiles in its chimney, from an old English home, centuries-old brass sconces, ancient Flemish and Norwegian drinking-cups and candlesticks; and these antiquities were Mr. Nast's before the acquisition of such articles became fashionable. The sideboard bears a precious service dug up at Hildesheim, once the property of a Roman general, and curious as showing how a Roman consul used to spread his board. It consists of an immense wine-cooler and many and various dishes of white bronze, ornamented in *alto rilievo* of incredible richness, executed with what would now be called photographic fidelity to nature and in a style of perfection unknown to modern art. A head of old Silenus smiles out from the bottom of one of the dishes in such high relief as to be almost entirely detached. The wrought brass about the dining-room chimney has, in the fender, a flight of four-and-twenty blackbirds around the fireplace, the fat, pompous, comfortable old king counting out his money, her royal highness eating bread and honey, the nice maid, in her old-fashioned bonnet, hanging out the clothes, and the royal pair at dinner, with the birds breaking the pie-crust and into song at the same time,—an admirable work. The stained glass of the dining-room windows and doors exhibits the twelve signs of the zodiac in original designs: *e.g.*, Virgo is a sweet young lady in a pretty hat and necklace. The room also contains tall crystal vases, Satsuma ware, a majolica basket of fish in bold relief and bright color, shiny as if with sea-foam, and other works of art

too numerous to mention. It would be agreeable to spend a whole morning looking at a set of Wedgwood dessert-plates, decorated in a vein of joyous humor quite unusual, duplicates of a set owned by Doré. The decorations depict rabbits undergoing various adventures with wondering, stupid, timid faces and little airs of bewilderment and trouble funny enough: as where on one plate a meek-looking rabbit meets two big, gay, fierce roosters.

A whole world of art is contained in the upper rooms, the most interesting of which is the studio, an apartment of busy and multifarious yet orderly aspect. In fact, the entire habitation is in perfect order. Everything has the spotless lustre of good housekeeping. The glazed tiles at the backs of the fireplaces and the burnished andirons and grates are free from the least smirch of soot, and not a grain of dust is visible on the many mirrors, marbles, vases, bronzes, and draperies about the house. Mr. Nast draws at a large desk near one of the windows of his studio. The room is rich in suggestions of history, letters, and all life and art. The floor is of polished inlaid wood, partly hidden by a Persian carpet. Many curious and attractive objects are gathered in the room. There are statues of glorious Phœbus Apollo and the fighting gladiator, and old line-engravings, and above the chimney mirror a skull in a helmet with an old feather stuck in it. The walls are covered with pictures; the book-case is full of books, and the tables are piled with them. Stacks of fresh newspapers and books occupy the shelves of Mr. Nast's desk, and photographs of all the celebrities in the world fill many of its drawers. A greyhound lies fast asleep on a sofa among portfolios of pictures behind the artist as he works. Furthermore, the studio is Mrs. Nast's sewing-room, and there are her work-table and her work-basket, heaped with work. Such an affluence of occupation is in this pleasant room.

MARY DEAN.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

The Degraded Ideal.

THERE has lately come out a clever, well-written, although misnamed little story called "A Latter-Day Saint." It is said to be the first book of a very young man. It betrays, however, none of the awkwardness and inexperience of youth either in the style or the construction of the tale. It is a rapid, colloquial, slangy descant, conveying a strong impression of the heroine's individuality, for it is in autobiographical form, but with the smooth, even tone which is generally the result of practice. The narrative consists of a succession of lively incidents and conversations, the interest, kept at a moderate pitch, never flags, and time passes quickly until the last page is turned. Yet on laying down the book I found that I was not amused, but in a state of depression. So this is the picture of a young girl of the present day, painted by a contemporary young man. This heartless, mercenary, meanly-ambitious, hypocritical creature is the type of maidenhood and womanhood as they present themselves most familiarly to him. The heroine is not a monster: she has plenty of what is called human nature, but it is nearly all of a bad sort. The only good impulse which she follows—to her unending regret subsequently—is to refuse a man whom she respects but does not love, because his offer is made in a moment of mistaken chivalry, of which she will not take advantage. He is a good match, but he bores her; she is fond of another man, and means to marry a third who combines the position and disposition which will best promote her aims. As a girl she restrains her spirit and sacrifices her enjoyment for the end she has in view; having gained that end, as a married woman no consideration is a check upon her in her career of social insolence and dissipation. That she does not go wrong altogether is due partly to her heartlessness and shallow-

ness, partly to the fact that the men with whom she has to do are better than herself. An illness that robs her of her beauty is the cause of her "conversion," which is merely a change of tactics.

"Irene Macgillicuddy" was the first story of this kind,—the memoirs of a young lady, written by a man,—and no doubt started the fashion which has been followed in "The Confessions of a Frivolous Girl," "A Latter-Day Saint," and possibly more of the same sort. But the last is the worst. Irene marries for love in spite of herself; the Frivolous Girl is nothing worse than frivolous,—she cannot properly be called fast; but the type continues to deteriorate until it produces Ethel Jones. None of these heroines are interesting in themselves, nor are they attractive or edifying as specimens of their sex. Yet they do not strike us as unnatural or even unusual, and they are evidently well known to their authors, and the result of observation.

If we look back half a century, what a contrast we find between the heroines of those days and of these! What a gallery of charming female figures the novels present from Sir Walter Scott to Thackeray! Nobody can bring the charge of insipidity against such girls as the daring Diana Vernon or the saucy Julia Mannering. But they may be a little out of date: so let us glance over but twenty-five years. Between 1850 and 1875 we have Laura Bell and Ethel Newcome, Lily Dale and Violet Effingham, a daughter of Heth and the Princess of Thule,—half a dozen names which occur to me at random. Are these lovely portraits to be replaced in the present decade by such studies as Irene Macgillicuddy and Ethel Jones, and is it America who is to give this new type to literature?

It is a sad and startling change, and there is but one class of society to blame for it,—the young women. Men have

created the ideal of woman; poets, novel-writers, and moralists have evolved the radiant image from the qualities and characteristics which they found among the common attributes of the other sex. If these attributes cease to exist, like an exhausted vein of precious ore, a failing spring, or an extinct species of flower, what becomes of the ideal? It fades and vanishes; something different appears in its stead; the ideas, sentiments, and emotions it inspired change with it; even love wears an altered face. So enlightened a class as the young ladies who have furnished the studies for the new description of woman do not need anybody to point out to them the effect of the change upon men. It will react directly upon themselves: it has reacted to some degree already. To go no deeper into a subject which is truly a theme for a sermon, girls had better stop before it is too late, and ask themselves whether they prefer to appear to men as phantoms of delight and creatures of enchantment, or as "good fellows" who are to harden into such loveless and unlovable masks as Ethel Jones.

M. S.

An Old Family Heirloom.

ONE of the most interesting things of the kind that I ever saw belonged—I may say belongs—to the Frau Baronin von S—, of a certain South-German city. It is a *Bilderbuch* made by her great-great-grandmother, and, as the Frau Baronin is herself a grandmother, it can hardly be less than a hundred and fifty years old. Probably it is a good deal older, though I do not think I heard its date mentioned. The book is made of great sheets of paper, at least three feet broad by two high, and each picture covers two opposite pages. They are all drawn with much spirit, and beautifully colored in pastels and water-colors. It is entirely the work of the great-great-grandmother, and gives a wonderfully vivid idea of the manners and customs of a noble German family of that date.

The great-great-grandfather was *burgomeister* of Augsburg, and the first picture of the series represents the *Rath-*

haus and the great square, and the great-great-grandfather driving up in a coach-and-four, with a guard behind and a runner before him. The square is filled with people of various ranks of life, all dressed precisely in the costume of the time. Each of the figures was drawn and painted separately and then cut out and glued into its place. One could not but remark how each figure had its own perfectly life-like expression and action, the positions being entirely natural and every detail of dress or occupation most accurately observed. Every one was quaint and old-fashioned, of course,—a flock of geese crossing the square being the only nineteenth-century characters in the scene. The great fountain in the centre of the square was beautifully done; and whoever goes to Augsburg to-day will find it precisely as it is in the picture of a century and a half ago.

The second picture shows the great-great-grandfather's house,—a little vague as to the perspective of angles and projecting windows, but the guard before the door as natural as life. Then follow representations of room after room, all of them occupied by people engaged in all sorts of pursuits. The great-great-grandfather's bedroom is there, with that dignitary himself in *robe de chambre* and night-cap, his toilet-apparatus outspread before him, and various servants brushing his clothes and assisting generally. His breakfast is laid out upon a neighboring table, and looks still quite hot and appetizing. The doors of the wardrobe are open, and disclose his various elegant costumes, his hats and slippers, his perukes and pin-cushions and prayer-book, and those rolls and piles of linen so dear to the thrifty heart of German, whether man or woman.

Other pages go into details no less amusing and representative. There is a marriage, a ball, and a baptism; there are dinners, receptions, garden-parties, nurseries full of children, kitchens, cellars, laundries, store-rooms,—everything, in fact, that one can imagine it possible for a great-great-grandfather, *burgomeister* of Augsburg, to possess. Everything was so exactly represented that

the Frau Baronin, as she turned the pages, could point out the very articles which she had inherited,—a clock here, a cup and saucer there, a crucifix from the library, a certain set of pitchers hanging in a row among many others in the store-room, and three rows of copper saucepans in the kitchen. Among such a number of articles very nearly alike, it was odd to see her point out the very ones that had fallen to her share. "This blue china pitcher is now my daughter's," she would say, putting her finger down upon a stolid servant-maid pouring out beer for a gentleman playing solitaire in a window-seat. The people were doing all sorts of things,—all with expressions suited to the occasion: children being punished in the nursery, young ladies flirting in the drawing-room, servants stealing fruit in the gardens or engaged in the same pleasing pastime of flirting among each other. For a staid German household there seemed to be a great deal of that sort of thing, and the Frau Baronin said she thought her ancestors must have been a rather coquettish set of people. When she was a little girl, she said, the number of affectionate *tête-à-têtes* in the book used to shock her, at the same time giving her a great deal of what she supposed to be very naughty satisfaction.

L. S. H.

Stories of the Confessional.

EVERY one who has lived long in the south of Europe knows how amusing and innocent anecdotes of the confessional abound there, anecdotes which reflect neither upon priest nor penitent, yet which have the peculiarly piquant flavor inherent in a joke which touches—though never so lightly—upon forbidden subjects.

One of these was told to the writer by an earnest, active priest, unsparing of himself and of others. Padre — is from the north of Italy, and quite unused to the unspeakable and unconquerable laziness of the Roman peasant. It happened, therefore, that on the occasion of the first confession it fell to his lot to hear after his appointment to the church

of San —, in Rome, he was astonished to find that it behooved him to do the penitent's work as well as his own, and that he had to question and suggest and question again until fairly wearied out. So, being a conscientious man, he called the peasant back after he had given him absolution, and said, "You must come better prepared next time. You must see that to-day it was I who made the confession, and not you. You had evidently made no examination of conscience; and so I warn you that the next time you come I shall ask you nothing until you yourself have begun your confession. It is your duty to think over all you have done and left undone, and to make your own examination of conscience; then I can aid you with questions; but it is not right or for your good that I should do it all." The peasant sulked and shuffled, but made no reply to this harangue. However, it was not very long before he came again, and Padre —, who is nothing if not thorough, placed his watch before him, and allowed himself twenty minutes to wait for the confession to begin. The minute-hand crept round to five minutes,—ten,—fifteen,—seventeen,—when the penitent said, in an injured and irritated tone, "*Ebbene, tu non mi dice niente?*" ("Well, have you got nothing at all to say to me?")

Quite different was good and gentle Father O'B——'s method of procedure. He was never in Rome, and lived and died in the great republic. His penitents used to say of him that if they confessed any sin he was wont to say hastily, in a distressed tone of voice, "There, mee chyeld, there! I know ye didn't mane to do it. Pass on to the next p'int."

"Oh, yes, but I did intend to do it. I did it knowingly, Father O'B——."

"Oh, mee chyeld, I hope not. I hope ye didn't,—for that would be decaytful, ye know, and unkind. I think ye didn't mane to do it. Pass on to the next p'int, mee chyeld."

Even a better story is told of Father McB——, a Dominican monk, and a good, energetic, but absent-minded man.

It fell to his lot to return to Ireland after an absence of many years, and to hear confessions one saint's day in the chapel of a small village in the neighborhood of Cork. Several of the villagers had already confessed, and were kneeling quietly in church, waiting for mass to begin, when the door of the adjoining chapel (where Father McB—— heard confessions) burst open, and the good father rushed in, his habit flying behind him, exclaiming in a loud voice, "Every one who has confessed to me this morning and that 'flayed the shingle over the roof' last night must come back to me directly!"

When the morning services were over, some one ventured to inquire, "What was the matter with Father McB——, now?"

"Faix," said Barney O'Brien, the village ne'er-do-weel, with a twinkling eye, "faix, I'm just thinkin' it's meself, thin. I'd made me confession like the rest of yez; and as to what I said, that's neither here nor there, but I'm willin' to tell yez all that I wound it up wid sayin' that I'd flayed the shingle over the roof.—'What's that?' says Father McB——, with a start that had like to make him fly out of the confessional.—'Well, thin, yer riverence,' says I, 'it jist manes that I got roarin' drunk night before last.' And thin, 'Wait a bit,' says he, and flies into the church as if the divel himself was behind. It's a —— onaisy pinance he's put on me," continued Barney, with a rueful countenance; "and I can only hope the rist of yez has got the like,—for yez know we flayed the shingle together, boys."

Spanish literature abounds with droll confessional stories. The best, probably, is that of a gypsy, who, coming to confess, and finding the priest's gold watch and chain lying in a room adjoining the confessional, coolly pocketed it, and began his confession with, "Father, I once stole a watch and chain."

"Very well, my son," replied the priest; "then you must restore it to its owner."

"Do you want it?" answered the gypsy.

"I? No, certainly not," said the priest.

"But, father," continued the gypsy, "I offered the watch and chain to their owner, and he refused to accept them."

"And you confessed the theft to the owner?" persisted the priest.

"Oh, yes, father."

"And still he refused to accept the watch and chain?"

"Yes, father, he refused absolutely."

"Then, my son, you may keep them with a clear conscience. Go in peace."

The Provencal stories are rather more irreverent. The most amusing and famous is called "The Turtle-Dove's Nest," and is as follows:

"Poor Alari de Gigoundas, who is something of a simpleton, went to confession. When he had finished, the priest said, as usual, 'Now, my son, collect your thoughts and reflect whether you have confessed everything.'

"*Monsieur le curé*, I don't remember—"

"Come, my son, courage; tell everything you know; do not fear—"

"Well, *monsieur le curé*, if I must tell you everything, I have found a turtle-dove's nest, full of young doves; it is mine—"

"I hope you did not steal it?" interrupted the priest.

"Steal it? oh, no, *monsieur le curé*; but I found it: it is in the olive-orchard of Ferrut *fijs*, on the fifth tree of the second row; and I shall have a fine set of doves to sell."

"The next day it happened that some children who were playing in the olive-orchard caught sight of the nest, stole some doves and killed others, and tore the nest to pieces: so that when poor Alari came to see his treasure, as he did daily, doves and nest were gone."

"But who has taken my nest? Oh, my poor nest! Who has spoiled my nest?" cried the simpleton. "Oh, sacred name of heaven! it can only have been *monsieur le curé*!"

"When Christmas came round, however, Alari went again to confession, and again the priest said, 'Now, my son, collect your thoughts and tell all you have done.'

"*Mon père*, I have been making love—"

"With a view to getting married?" interrupted the priest.

"Eh, yes, *mon père*; what else should I make love for? She is a good girl, and a pretty, and—"

"And of this village?"

"But here Alari's patience failed. 'Ah, *coquin* of a *curé*, do you think that I will tell you who and where she is?' he cried. 'Last Easter I confessed to you that I knew where a turtle-dove's nest was, and you robbed my nest and killed my doves. If you should kill my Anois!'"

Of a different color is the following story, also Provençal:

"Every one in Carcassonne and the arrondissement loved the good Abbé Radoni, and rejoiced at the sight of his tall figure, worn *soutane*, and big hat, as he came walking along with great strides, having a friendly word and a smile for every one, bonbons for the children, and ready sympathy in joy or sorrow with all who claimed it. At the fireside he was gay and simple as a child; before the altar, solemn and serious as an archangel. He was a true priest *du Bon Dieu*, such as are only made by suffering and conquest of earthly affections and appetites and by fasting and prayer.

"Good and patient as he was, however, there was a fault for which the good abbé found no pardon. He hated gossip as he hated the devil, and when in the course of a confession a penitent happened to reveal the faults of another, the grated window of the confessional-box would slam sharply, and the abbé would say sternly, 'You have discharged your own load. Leave your neighbors to discharge theirs.'

"Now, it happened that one day when he had confessed a great many penitents, a certain Misé Tres-Estello, a rich *bourgeoise* of Carcassonne, presented herself and began a confession which was end-

less, and which dealt—as was the good lady's wont—with the peccadilloes of all the arrondissement. Bang went the grating of the confessional, with the customary exordium. Misé Tres-Estello, very angry and deeply humiliated, resolved to leave the Abbé Radoni from that time forth, and therefore presented herself at the confessionals of several other churches in Carcassonne with a tale of her wrongs. Everywhere, however, the grating of the confessional was shut in her face, so that after a time she returned to her own parish. The good abbé heard her confession and gave her absolution in a quiet, matter-of-course way, as if nothing had happened. This mortified her pride extremely, and, meeting him the next day in front of the cathedral, she said graciously, 'I hope, Father Radoni, you were not offended that I went to another confessor?'

"Not at all, my child; not at all."

"But why, *mon père*?"

"Eh, my child, if you had a neighbor who was in the habit of strewing ashes in front of your door, and it pleased her suddenly to change and strew them in front of your neighbor's door, would you be offended? Neither am I offended that you chose another confessor."

Once a simpleton, who had been in the idiot-asylum near Arles, was engaged as a servant by a charitable lady. It pleased her one day to go to confession, and the priest, to whom she was a stranger, began with the inquiry, "Are you maid, wife, or widow?"

"*Nenni*," answered poor Catherine.

"Are you married?"

"*Nenni*."

"Unmarried, then?"

"*Nenni*."

"A widow?"

"*Nenni*."

"Then what in heaven's name are you?" said the priest, losing patience.

"An idiot and an orphan, please your reverence."

M. L. T.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

"Autobiography and Letters of Orville Dewey, D.D." Edited by his Daughter, Mary E. Dewey. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Such strange differences are manifested in the records which sum up the experiences of men who have commanded a wide influence during their lives that it is pleasant to read the story of a man like Dr. Dewey, who could write at the age of sixty-three, "I have been growing happier every year up to this very time. . . . I have had inward struggles enough, certainly,—struggles with doubt, with temptation, sorrows and fears and strifes enough,—but I think I have been gradually, though too slowly, gaining the victory over them. Truth, art, religion, the true, the beautiful, the divine, have constantly risen clearer and brighter before me; my family bonds have grown stronger, friends dearer, the world and nature fuller of goodness and beauty, and I have every day grown a happier man."

After this confession, one expects no stirring events in the chronicle of his career, no revolutionary changes, no burning intensity of powerful feeling, even for the great human struggle which went on under his eyes. His autobiography offers us, instead, the record of a widely useful, lovely, and blameless life, full of warm sympathy, faith, and helpfulness. He was endowed beyond most men with the joy of religion, and to teach this and to help others to the comfort of it was his inspiration. "I remember Dr. Lamson," he writes, "asking me one day how I 'found subjects to write upon,' and my answering, 'I don't find subjects,—they find me.' I may say they pursued me. It may be owing to this that my sermons have possibly a somewhat peculiar character, what I do not know; but I remember William Ware's saying, when my first volume of 'Discourses' appeared, that 'they were written as if nobody ever wrote sermons before;' and something so they *were* written. . . . Original in this they are, that they were wrought out in the bosom of my own meditation and experience. The pen was dipped in my heart,—I do know that. With burning brain and bursting tears I wrote."

Pleasant as the volume is, and beauti-

ful and touching as is the impression Dr. Dewey's life leaves upon us, it yet shows, as American biography seems almost sure to do, the absence of broad culture and varied resource in American living and thinking. But, then, for a man to make his autobiography interesting he requires perhaps a profound self-consciousness, by which he sees vividly his own relations to outside things and their uses to himself, as, for instance, Anthony Trollope saw, felt, and believed, and made others see, feel, and believe; or else, like Crabb Robinson, he must possess the art of interpreting the consciousness of others and drawing their best thought and word from them, besides equal facility in putting his reminiscences into shape for readers to understand. Dr. Dewey, in spite of an intimate acquaintance with the first men of the day, a brilliant career as one of the most popular preachers in New York City, extensive travel and residence abroad, has yet given us almost no anecdotes, few or no real incidents, and only the faintest and haziest portraits to fasten our attention upon. Social although his spirit and habit was, his acquaintance with men had not stimulated him into a deep knowledge of and interest in men. But let us quote once more from his recollections and show the training which prepared men for divinity in those days, and it may not seem strange that New-England ministers did not turn out men of the world. "I remember at one time the whole college" (at Andover) "fell into a strange and unaccountable depression. The occasion was so serious that the professors called us together in the chapel to remonstrate with us; and, after talking it all over and giving us their advice, one of them said, 'The evil is so great, and relief so indispensable, that I will venture to recommend to you a particular plan. Go to your rooms, assemble a dozen or twenty in a room, form a circle, and let the first in it say, "Haw," and the second, "Haw," and so let it go round; and if that doesn't avail, let the first again say, "Haw, haw," and so on.' We tried it, and the result may be imagined."

The book is edited by Miss Dewey, who gives a graceful account of their domestic and social life in Sheffield, Massachusetts,

and finally of her father's death; and this whole record, together with familiar correspondence with the leading ministers in Dr. Dewey's denomination, makes a pleasing and interesting memorial of an excellent and highly-gifted man.

"Thirlby Hall." By W. E. Norris. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE materials of which an English novel is made up—the views of life, the relations of human beings to each other, the character of their amusements, temptations, and ambitions, and their consequent struggle with enviroining circumstances—are the outcome of much besides the author's individual choice or fancy. The background is ready-made and easily available for all artistic purposes. Country-house life, the church establishment, the universities, the clubs, —all these are accepted and permanent facts, to which only an allusion is needed to bring all the wealth of accumulated reminiscence which they have gained to the subject in hand. This partly explains the rich equipment of Mr. Norris, who makes full use of what the gods have provided for him; but it is in one respect almost a disadvantage to his books, since by following accepted forms, and deviating only slightly from accepted types, he does not fully show what a brilliant, original, and versatile writer he is. He elaborates his work very carefully, and balances the parts with such extreme nicety that only a careful reader realizes that the whole story is devoted to the embodiment of a single leading idea. The science of life and of society comes easily to him; he has the amplest sympathy for the least of his characters, and human idiosyncrasy is for his perceptions inexhaustibly full of meaning. He realizes the fact that most of us can count on the fingers of one hand the surpassingly witty, beautiful, and admirable persons that we know, while we have a large acquaintance among mediocre people, with here and there a specimen of the altogether bad and atrocious. But the villain of his piece is never painted in the blackest colors; there is sure to be some rounding off of the sharp edges into general human infirmity, a little haze in our outlook which leaves some doubt as to motives. The moralist in the author never mars the artist, but the moral is faithfully given nevertheless.

"Thirlby Hall" is, we think, quite equal to any of its predecessors. There is, per-

haps, no character quite so irresistible as Mrs. Winnington in "No New Thing;" but Mrs. Farquhar holds her own very well, and we confess that we should enjoy seeing those two ladies pitted against each other. What cowards all Norris's men are before these invincible and awful females,—incorruptible as Minerva and remorseless as the Fates, yet nestling cosily in easy-chairs at the warm firesides, and presiding over the meals where their victims are obliged to cower before them. The love-making in "Thirlby Hall" is, like all Norris's love-making, consummately well done, and the hero's infatuation for a certain Lady Constance Milner is managed with cleverness and dexterity: the reader understands the worth of it, and, while he believes in its present reality, feels sure that Charley Maxwell will finally be led out of the temptation and delivered from the evil of forgetfulness of his early love. Loosely twisted although the threads of the novel seem, they are nevertheless held by a strong and careful hand, and a hundred causes working together bring an excellent *dénouement*. The date of the story is thirty years ago; but we trust that the retrospective tone which pervades it is merely a part of the novelist's stock-in-trade, and that Mr. Norris is a young man, with half a century before instead of behind him, which he may devote to the writing of books like "Matrimony" and "Thirlby Hall."

"Diane Coryal." (No Name Series.) Boston: Roberts Brothers.

DIANE CORYAL is so well written, and gives so graceful and faithful a picture of French provincial life, that it takes its place in the pleasant list that comprises such novels as "Denise" and "The Rose-Garden." Acquaintance with the French provinces seems to suggest books like these, where everything picturesque in the pretty towns, with their quaint houses with gables and shining pinnacles, the dresses, the household customs and belongings, is carefully sketched, each dainty detail indicated, even if only half colored with human likeness and passion. This fresh and delicate little story is peculiarly felicitous in its treatment of French ideas and manners, and no one can fail to enjoy the picture given of life at the abbaye. The neatness and despatch of Naomi Brac's housekeeping, the great kitchen, with whitewashed walls, red brick floor, and everything shining with

cleanliness, from the tables to the rows of tin and copper saucepans along the walls; the ceremonial of the *lessive*, when stout laundresses bring home the piles of linen from the periodical wash, the accumulations of six months' household wear having been sent at once; the abundance of all growing things outside in the farm-yard and gardens,—all these hints are worked up agreeably and enhance the charm of the story. The plot of the novel is Auld Robin Gray told over again, but freshly and spontaneously enough to please the reader. The loves of Diane and René are cut short by Diane's leaving Paris after her mother's death, and the schemes of René's father separate the two until Diane becomes her cousin's wife. Diane, who is a fine character, wins sympathy and affection from the outset, and holds it until the end. But it is nevertheless our belief that young women who give up lovers supposed to be dead or false in order to marry prosperously-circumstanced but uncongenial husbands generally act, to judge from novels, with too much precipitation, for the lover is almost certain to turn up again more than ever faithful and devoted. And we should urge in the first place more deliberation before an irrevocable choice is made, and afterward a clearer appreciation of what they have committed themselves to. Diane, however, behaves with great propriety and delicacy through a trying ordeal, and, her husband being mortal, he ultimately leaves her free to enjoy the happiness which had seemed forever forbidden. But a moral crisis of this sort, when the conflict is between love and duty, needs a great writer to depict the powerful restraint of passion, the struggle and the final recognition of the divine law, and the divine ordering of one's rightful place under that law.

"Laura, an American Girl." By Elizabeth E. Evans. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE typical American girl is no doubt the New-England girl, and of the New-England girl Laura is, we should suppose, a very fair representative, being pretty, intelligent, sensible, and well fortified and entrenched behind her own opinions. She has renounced many superstitions, but, in order to preserve the balance of things, has accepted others in their place. She has studied with clear-sighted eyes the evils and follies of the society about her, has ana-

lyzed what is abnormal and diseased in the actions and imaginations of others, and can define their course and tendency with rather startling distinctness. She never, indeed, minces matters in conversation, and enjoys calling a spade a spade, while she laughs at the scruples of those who prefer to allude to it as a silver candlestick, for instance. She is, like her wise and prudent mother, a vegetarian, having adopted that form of diet partly for sanitary and partly for humanitarian reasons; but the zest with which she partakes of fish-chowder on a certain occasion compels the reader to believe that her long *jour maigre* may have forced considerable practice of self-denial upon her. The story is simply and realistically told, and gives an account of the summer doings of a party of four on the Maine coast. The practical details at times rather overpower the reader, who gains too vivid an idea of the history of a Saratoga trunk, and the headaches of Miss Sarah Davis, their cause, course, and cure. The author has it in her power to write a very good story if she will not give so much room to the obvious and trivial; for she is a very good *raconteuse*, makes her *dramatis personæ* as clearly realized by her readers as by herself, and has plenty of private stores of belief and faith with which to inspire their action.

Recent Poetry.

"Mercedes, and Later Lyrics." By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"Songs of Fair Weather." By Maurice Thompson. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

"Legends, Lyrics, and Sonnets." By Frances L. Mace. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co.

"One or Two?" By Two Sisters. St. Louis: Meriwether Brothers.

MR. ALDRICH has cultivated his epigrammatic talent till he has acquired that facility in the art which is the need of practice. Throughout his literary career he has never lost sight of this object, though he has known how to combine it with a number of aims and accomplishments. His best stories were suspended epigrams, and owed much of their success to the neatness and point with which the final surprise was brought out in a telling paragraph and left to make its mark, like a *bon mot* at a dinner-table. "From Ponkapog to Pesth" was an epigrammatic tour of Europe, and, leaving out

the triteness of its subject, it is in style and manner quite the most complete thing Mr. Aldrich has written. The ink seems to roll off the nib of his pen to crystallize instantaneously into little prismatic sentences which are marvels of accuracy and form. Mr. Aldrich does not seem to us to have mastered so perfectly the more difficult conditions of the epigram in verse. His quatrains, clever as they are, have been, we think, a little overpraised. A close examination will reveal among his best lines weak or ineffective ones, which owe their position to the exigencies of rhyme and metre. We recall Rivarol's *mot* on a couplet, and are reminded that there may be *des longueurs* even in an epigram. We are inclined to be the more critical of any carelessness in verses like those of Mr. Aldrich, because a high polish is the only excuse of clever poetry, and Mr. Aldrich, though he began with prettiness and "Babie Bell," has been aiming ever since at epigram and finish. Mr. Austin Dobson is also a seeker after these things; but Mr. Dobson, with a high endowment of cleverness, has at the same time a cultivated heart, which peeps out now and then with fine effect in his verse. Without "heart," poetry is, as Heine said of a woman lacking religion, "a flower without perfume." We would not presume to deny the existence of a heart behind Mr. Aldrich's poetry; but it is not allowed to make a special feature of that poetry. There is something of it in the bluff speech of the soldiers in "Mercedes," but this soldierly tone has an archaic and imitative sound. It is the picturesqueness and rapid movement of the piece, and, above all, the surprise,—Mr. Aldrich's favorite and never-failing weapon,—which give it what interest it possesses.

There is fragrance, and of a fresh, delicate sort, though it be no more than "the perfume and suppliance of a moment," in Mr. Maurice Thompson's dainty volume. Mr. Thompson's verse is limited in range, and even within the limitations where it is most at home there are instances of repetition and other indications of a timid imagination; but it is verse of a poetic order, spontaneous, rhythmical, and, withal, full of charm. The newest and probably the best pieces of the collection are a series of sporting poems in rhymed couplets, each couplet a picture, where the shifting aspects of marsh, sky, and lake are set down with a freedom and moisture which give to the series

somewhat the character of a set of water-color drawings. Waiting, as hunter or angler, in some shady covert, the poet has caught and transferred the vagrant sounds and the colors of passing bird or insect to his paper. Here is a delicate bit of outline-drawing:

And farther by a rushy brink
A shadowy fawn stole down to drink,

Where tall, thin birds unbalanced stood
In sandy shallows of the flood.

A noticeable feature of Mr. Thompson's verse is the very sparing use made of imagery. He describes things as they are, in the positive degree, and tells the story of "A Flight Shot" with a directness that, for all its freedom and grace, just escapes baldness. In "A Morning Sail" and "At Night"—the first a very clear, breezy lyric, the second a bit of decorative work—there are two or three figures not altogether new, but effectively employed, and in such a manner as to take nothing from the simplicity of the lines. Mr. Thompson is clearly of *la jeune école*, which, in poetry as in painting, likes to record its impressions by a vivid, hasty transcript of the actual scene rather than by dwelling on the thoughts or feelings which it has called forth in the mind of the observer. The method has its charms; but is it not a little like thrusting an armful of woodland treasure with the dew still on it under our eyes? The odor is fresh and invigorating, taking us back to remembered woods and summer haunts. But the fate of dew and of youth is proverbial,—*et après?* If Burns had simply described the mountain-daisy and the mouse, we might have read and forgotten; whereas the conditions of life will not allow us to forget that

The best-laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley.

The very delicacy of Mrs. Mace's work and the utter absence of affectation or posing in it may cause its merits to appear less than they are. Her "Legends, Lyrics, and Sonnets" may not attract many readers, but whoever examines the book carefully will find that the rhymes are not strung together to hide a lack of thought, nor is the thought forced into an uncongenial form. Mrs. Mace is one of the lesser poets who have this in common with the greater ones, that they sing because song comes naturally to them. Her voice, though far from strong, is sweet and pleasant. With an unusual

facility in rhyme and rhythm, she never allows herself to fall into the carelessness which is the pitfall of the fluent writer. Her themes are mainly religious, or selected from those forms of fancy which appeal to a feminine and religious mind, and she writes with a sincerity and fervor which are manifestly genuine.

The "Two Sisters," who come to us from the South, and whose verses, both in their merits and defects, are singularly alike, belong to an earlier generation than the Goodale sisters, and appear to have drawn their inspiration from Mrs. Hemans and L. E. L., writers who are now nearly forgotten, but are remembered, by those who still remember them, with affection. Side by side with the redundancies and prettinesses which belong inseparably to this school we find Indian legends rendered in graceful and spirited verse, stirring war-poems, and warm tributes of affection and friendship, which are sentimental only in the best and sweetest sense. A short memoir records the life of one of the sisters, Mrs. L. Virginia French, widely known and loved in her native South as a poetess and as a woman, who died about three years ago. The memoir is written by her surviving sister, Mrs. Lide Meriwether, whose initials are signed to a poem which we like particularly, "Dead on the Battle-Field."

Books Received.

- Revealed Religion expounded by its Relations to the Moral Being of God. (The Bedell Lecture for 1883.) By the Rt. Rev. Henry Cotterill, D.D., Bishop of Edinburgh, Scotland. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Frederick the Great. By Colonel C. B. Brackenbury, R.A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Only an Incident. By Grace Denio Litchfield. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Mrs. Darling's Letters; or, Memories of the Civil War. By Mrs. Flora Adams Darling. New York: John W. Lovell Co.
- Beatrix Randolph. A Story. By Julian Hawthorne, Author of "Fortune's Fool," etc. Illustrated by Alfred Fredericks. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.
- Martin Luther: A Study of Reformation. By Edwin D. Mead. Boston: George H. Ellis.
- The Field of Disease. A Book of Preventive Medicine. By Benjamin Ward Richardson, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S. Philadelphia: Henry C. Lea's Son & Co.

Of Work and Wealth. A Summary of Economics. (Economic Tracts, No. 10.) By R. R. Bowker. New York: The Society for Political Education.

Won at West Point. A Romance on the Hudson. By Fush. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.

Hints on the Drainage and Sewerage of Dwellings. By William Paul Gerhard, Civil Engineer. New York: William T. Comstock.

The Words of Christ as Principles of Personal and Social Growth. By John Bascom, Author of "Philosophy of Religion," etc. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Poems. By Augustin L. Taveau. (Vol. I.) New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Notes on Ingersoll. By Rev. L. A. Lambert. (Fifth Edition.) Buffalo, New York: Buffalo Catholic Publication Co.

The Silverado Squatters. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

For Mothers and Daughters: A Manual of Hygiene for Women and the Household. By Mrs. E. G. Cook, M.D. Illustrated. New York: Fowler & Wells.

A Bachelor's Talks about Married Life and Things Adjacent. By William Aikman, D.D. New York: Fowler & Wells.

Luther: A Short Biography. By James Anthony Froude, M.A. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Suggestions to China-Painters. By M. Louise McLaughlin. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Tennyson's In Memoriam: its Purpose and its Structure. A Study. By John F. Genung. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Voice, Song, and Speech: A Practical Guide for Singers and Speakers, from the Combined View of Vocal Surgeon and Voice-Trainer. By Lennox Browne, F.R.C.S. Ed., and Emil Behnke. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The History of Democracy considered as a Party Name and as a Political Organization. By Jonathan Norcross. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Works of Virgil, Translated into English Verse by John Augustine Wilstach. Two Vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Lectures on Painting. By Edward Armitage, R.A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Sound Bodies for our Boys and Girls. By William Blaikie. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Shakespeare's Tragedy of Titus Andronicus. By William J. Rolfe, A.M. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Folk-Lore of Shakespeare. By the Rev. T. F. Thiselton Dyer, M.A. Oxon. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The City of Success, and Other Poems. By Henry Abbey. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

SUPPLEMENT.

PLACE AUX DAMES; OR, THE LADIES SPEAK AT LAST.

Reprinted from LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for March, 1877.

Room by candle-light; tea-things on the table; JULIET discovered reading.

JULIET [*yawns*]. Where on earth is Romeo? It's a sin and a shame, the way he goes on! He pays no more regard to meal-time than a doctor's gig; and he makes such a fuss if his food is not done just to suit him! Heigh-ho! Here I am buried alive for the second time, and just as much forgotten as if I had died when I took that overdose of morphine. [Why, only the other day, when I was calling on old Mrs. Lear, I heard her scream from one end of the house to the other, "Mrs. R. Montague? Mrs. R. Montague? Who the devil's Mrs. R. Montague? Is it the woman who coddles chimney-sweeps?" No wonder *her* husband thought a low soft voice an excellent thing in woman.]

Oh dear! If my pa and Romeo's would only forgive us and let us go back to Verona! I am so sick of being cooped up in this poky little water-cure establishment, living on next to nothing, and in—in a room without a balcony! And I could have had one, too, only Romeo was so unkind: he said I was much too good at that sort of thing, and that I had tried that once too often already. And when I told him that he, at any rate, ought not to reproach me with it, he said, on the contrary, he was just the one who should.

Ah! how well I remember that night at home, when I sat looking at the moon, thinking, like the love-sick little goosey that I was, of *him*! and heard his soft voice wafted up amid the fragrance of orange-blossoms: "I would I were a glove upon that hand, that I might touch that cheek." His remarks about my hands now, in connection with the price of gloves, are not quite so flattering. And then he cried, "By yonder moon I swear," and I interrupted him with, "Oh, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon!" only I should have added, "Or by the sun and stars, or the whole uni-

verse," if I had known how extremely addicted he was to that style of conversation. Then I asked him softly if he loved me—just threw myself at his head, *he* says; but I didn't at all; and if I had, 'twould have served him right for jumping over pa's wall. Oh, if we had only kept a dog! Hark! there's Romeo's step! Let me hide my novel: it makes *him* so angry to see me read a novel. *He* says that a woman's first duty in life should be to make her husband comfortable, and that instead of cursing and swearing about love, she had better take off his boots. No: there, it's past! And it's not Romeo, after all: it must be that poor crazy *león of a* Dane who came here with his wishy-washy little wife to recover his mind. Though how he is going to recover what he never had, I don't see.—Oh, here comes Portia.—

Enter PORTIA.

Is that you, Mrs. Bassanio?

Portia. Ergo est ego—it is I! How poor that language is which to denote so great a thing employs so weak a word, it is I!

Jul. Language is a snare and a delusion, as I have found to my cost, Mrs. B.

Por. Qui tam—what of that? Because one has been weak, shall none be strong? Because one missed the right, shall all do wrong? No! no! The purity of language is not stained: it droppeth as the gentle rain—

Jul. If you knew my Romeo, you'd say it dropped very much more like hail.

Por. Durante vita—do not interrupt. It is twice blessed: it blesseth him that gives and him that takes—

Jul. That's true enough: at least that's the indiscriminate way in which blessings are showered on me.

Por. Mala causa silenda est—why cannot you be silent? 'Tis mightiest in the mighty: it becomes the learned lawyer better than his gown. His language shows the force of legal power, the attributes of

law and equity, wherein doth sit the fear and dread of knaves. Therefore, Jew—

Jul. [*starting up*]. I'm not a Jew: the Capulets have not a drop of Jewish blood in their veins.

Por. Pshaw! I did not say Jew.

Jul. Yes you did; and you looked at me as if I were the concentrated essence of all the lost tribes.

Por. Nugæ canoræ—silly creature! Don't you understand? It was a slip of the tongue: I meant to say *you*. Therefore *you*, if language be your plea, consider this—

Jul. By the by, Portia, talking of Jews, what became of your old friend Shylock? Did you ever see him after you got the better of him that day in court?

Por. Did I ever see him? Oh, Juliet, Juliet, that wretched Israelite is a skeleton in my closet!

Jul. A skeleton! Is he dead?

Por. Dead! No. Fieri facias—a figure of speech! Lineal descendant of Methuselah, he is as invulnerable as his wandering prototype.

Jul. But what of that? Surely he cannot harm you—you, the rich heiress of Belmont?

Por. Alas! Ex post facto—I am such no more. Listen, Juliet. You know the story of my wretched courtship?

Jul. Wretched! You call your courtship wretched, when you had your own way from beginning to end? Why, I always fancied it the acme of amatory blessedness.

Por. It was a slave-auction, neither more nor less, in which I—I was knocked down to not the highest, but the slyest bidder. It was a miserable swindle from beginning to end. Nerissa winked at him.

Jul. Winked at him?

Por. He bribed her to wink at him when he should take up the right casket.

Jul. But so clever a lawyer as you, Portia, should have discovered the cheat.

Por. I do not require a little chit like you to tell me what I should and should not have done.

Jul. The truth is, Portia, you couldn't fall in love like any one else, but had to try some new and startling way of doing it, and so you overreached yourself.

Por. Had I been bold and forward enough to try it as you did at your age Mrs. Montague, I should have been whipped and sent to bed.

Jul. I think such treatment would not have come amiss to you at any age, Mrs. B.

Por. I scorn you, Mrs. Montague: I consider you beneath contempt. [*Voice heard calling outside*, "Juliet! Juliet!"

Jul. O wise and upright judge! ["Juliet!"]—Yes, yes, Romeo, I'm coming. ["Juliet!"]

Por. Begone, lest I wither you with the lightning of the law. ["Juliet! Juliet!"]

Jul. A Daniel come to judgment! A Daniel! I thank thee, Jew, for giving me that word! ["Juliet! Juliet!"]—Yes, yes, Romeo, do be quiet. No wonder that poor apothecary said, "Who calls so loud?" ["Juliet!"]

Por. [*mockingly*]. How silver sweet sound *husbands'* tongues by night! Don't they, Mrs. Montague?

Jul. O wise and upright judge! how much more older art thou than thou lookest! ["Juliet!"]—Oh, Romeo, do be quiet: I'm coming. ["Juliet! Juliet!"] [*She runs off.*]

Por. In good time, poor fool, else wouldst thou wish thy dear love had a glove upon *his* hand.—Pshaw! Out upon the silly, trifling fool! I will not thus be moved. Bos, bovis—business before pleasure. First, this note to Bassanio [*sits*].—Bassanio, my husband! What does not his name conjure up? Once more I see myself at Belmont, my old ancestral home: once more I am the proud, haughty, long-wooed heiress. Suitor after suitor advances; "Even the watery kingdom, whose ambitious head spits in the face of heaven, is no bar to stop the foreign spirits, but they come, as o'er a brook, to see fair Portia." The Prince of Arragon has failed, the Prince of Morocco has withdrawn, and lo! another form advances. It is Bassanio. What did I see in him to fall in love with? For that is just what I did do. I said, "I pray you, tarry; pause a day or two, Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,

I lose your company; therefore forbear a while.

There's something tells me (but it is not love)

I would not lose you; and you know yourself,

Hate counsels not in such a quality."

But he, all haste to choose, would venture then at once; and no wonder, considering how terribly in debt he was. Trembling with hope and eagerness, I said, "Away, then! I am locked in one of them:

If you do love me, you will find me out.

Go, Hercules!

Live thou, I live: with much, much more dismay

I view the fight than thou that makest the fray."

Then he chose. Rightly, of course. Oh, that perfidious Nerissa! And my easy-going, good-natured husband actually laughs about it now, and thinks it a capital joke—says, "Come, old girl! all's fair in love and war." How little I suspected it when he turned with his handsome face and glorious smile awaiting my confirmation of his choice! Proud as a queen, I said, "You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand, such as I am: though for myself alone I would not be ambitious in my wish, to wish myself much better; yet for you I would be trebled twenty times myself; a thousand times more fair; ten thousand times more rich. But now I was the lord of this fair mansion, master of my servants, queen o'er myself; and even now, but now, this house, these servants and this same myself, are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring." That ring! it was gone before night: he gave it to Antonio—Antonio, who quietly settled down upon us and devoured our substance. *Amicus curiæ*—save me from my friends! for this is what my husband's friend has brought us to. No sooner does he appear than I hear the ominous "I say, old fellow, can you lend me a thousand ducats?" followed by the inevitable "Oh, certainly, certainly! I haven't got it about me, but I've no doubt I can raise it." Of course he hasn't got it about him: there isn't a brigand in all Italy who would take the trouble to stop him.

He has never so much as a florin in his pocket: he has always just lent the last to a friend. And so, between borrowing and lending, mortgaging and selling, we soon found ourselves penniless; for of course a man who would borrow three thousand ducats from a friend to get married on would rapidly make ducks and drakes of his wife's property. But oh this note from Shylock! I had forgotten it. [*Sits.*] Let him who seeks to outwit a Jew guard him at every point, For this did I learn law, for this did I procure Antonio's release! A fatal mistake it was, and when to all appearance baffled, extinguished, what did I behold but that ubiquitous Israelite arise master of Belmont and arbiter of my destiny! He had quietly bought up every one of my husband's notes, and sold us out of house and home. But what can he be writing to Bassanio about? [*Reads.*] "Belmont"—it is dated Belmont—"Dog of a Christian! That thou dost still need moneys is doubtless to thine own satisfaction, but thy learned wife should tell thee that when thou hast no security thou canst not borrow. For thine offer of a pound of flesh *with* the blood, thou hast forgot we are forbidden even to touch swine. SHYLOCK."—Oh, Bassanio, Bassanio! how could you? Oh how dreadful! But, hark! some one is coming: I must conceal my indignation.—

Enter Ophelia.

Well, child, how are you?

Ophelia. Very well, I thank you. I came to get a cup of tea.

Por. Tea? I had forgotten. [*They sit at table.*] So you too are a devotee at the shrine of hydropathy?

Oph. Oh no! I tried the cold-water treatment once, and nearly died of it. Are you undergoing it?

Por. Not for myself: we are sojourning here for the benefit of my husband's friend Antonio, who is the victim of an alarming corpulency.

Oph. Does his too, too sordid flesh melt, as Ham says?

Por. Very little. Ah, how gladly would he now part with a hundred pounds of that of which he was so unwilling to lose

one! But *viam mundam*—it is the way of the world.

Oph. That's just what Ham says.

Por. Ah, indeed! About what?

Oph. Everything! Ham takes a very gloomy view of life in general.

Por. Yes, I always noticed a slight shade of melancholy in his conversation.

Oph. And he used to be so gay!—quite the Sydney Smith of Denmark.

[*Sings.*]

Why are you doleful, doleful Hamlet?

Why, why are you always so blue?

Could you not cheer up a little, Hamlet?

Oh, Ham, if you can smile, pray do.

Why have you taken to tombstones, Hamlet?

Why don't you try polo instead?

You know it was moping out there in the graveyard

You caught that bad cold in your head.

I know you are tired of groaning, Hamlet,

And weary of tear and sigh;

So do make an effort, I beg you, Hamlet,

To shake off your gloom and be spry.

But he has never been quite the same since the murders.

Por. The murders! What murders? The idea of saying the murders, as calmly as I would "the sneezes"!

Oph. Oh, we got so used to them. There was—let me see [*counting on her fingers*]*—*Ham's grandfather, his father, his uncle, his mother, his great-grandmother: that's five; and my grandmother, my father, my brother, my great-aunt—nine. There was a tenth somewhere. Let me count over: Ham's—

Por. Oh no, no: I can't stand it! Who was the vile perpetrator?

Oph. [*slowly*]. Ham says—

Por. [*vehemently*]. Who did it?

Oph. Ham says that is a question futurity alone will solve; and then again he says their fates are wrapt in gloom.

Por. [*shuddering*]. I should think they were; but how you can talk so calmly about it passes my comprehension. [*Looks at her watch.*] Good gracious! I had no idea it was so late. I am going to take a moonlight drive with my old suitor, the Prince of Morocco. Heigh-ho! He is always talking about the beautiful jewels his wife is to have. I sometimes think he knows all mine are pawned, and does it to spite me. Oh, to think that I was a lawyer, and the property all

mine, and that I did not make any settlements! [*Exit.*]

Oph. Ham says— Oh, she's gone! Well, she needn't have been in such a hurry. Ham says, "Assume a virtue if you have it not." Now for my tea. [*Sits.*] Where's the sugar? Oh, here it is! Sweetens to the sweet, as Ham says when he is in a good humor. I do hope this water-cure is going to do Ham good. He certainly was in an awful state when we left Elsinore, and those stupid old Danish doctors never found out what the matter was. They never thought it worth while to ask my opinion about it. I could have told them what the trouble was. We didn't have all those empty bottles lying about the house for nothing. I wish they could hear some of his cheerful little soliloquies when he fancies himself alone—discussing whether it is best to be or not to be. I don't know which he generally decides upon, and I don't see that it makes much difference. Then he loves philosophy, he says, and thinks that the mistake Plato and Aristotle and all those great philosophers have made was not writing in verse. So he does it, and makes me learn it by heart, so as to hear how it sounds at a distance. This is his last poem—a fragment, as he calls it:

Why? wherefore thus? and whence should it be so?
Oh what forebodes the mood the mind must know?
But if 'tis thus, and yet not wholly told,
What of the new, the finite, and the old?
Complete, yet never measured, all and each:
Then tell him what the rules the thought must teach,
And whence the syllogistic meaning high
Which leaves, and stays, and, pausing, passes by,
Downward for e'er, nor upward ever more.
How desperately dark the need to soar,
While whispers pass, and silence creeps along,
And reason, sobbing, smiles on righteous wrong!

[*Sits.*] I am very fond of Ham, very, but there are times when he is a trying person to live with. For instance, he considers himself cleverer than I, and that's a chord he's fond of harping on till it becomes like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh, as he expresses it; and if I open my eyes a little, he curls his lip scornfully and says, "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy, Ophelia." And if I tell him some simple

piece of news about the fashions or our neighbors—anything that seems a little strange to me—he remarks indifferently, “Seems, madame? Nay, it is: I know not seems.” For instance, when I told him that hoop-skirts were going out, and thought it would be a pleasant surprise, knowing how he hates them, he only shrugged his shoulders and said, “Oh, what a falling off is there! Be somewhat scantier of thy maiden presence then.” [*Sits.*] So, what with his playing very badly on the flute, and wanting me to keep a horrid skull on my dressing-table, I do have my trials.—What’s that? Oh, it’s my Lady Macbeth. I don’t know how it is, but I really am getting quite nervous with all Ham’s dreadful talk, and the awful way he has of seeing ghosts over one’s shoulder, and wanting to include them in the conversation.—

Enter LADY MACBETH.

[*Rises.*] Good-evening, my lady!

Lady Macbeth. Here, sweet Ophelia? I too seek “the cup that cheers, but no inebriates,” as a Sassenach poet has it. Sit doon, lassie, sit doon. [*Sits.*] My guidman is wi’ thine, and I left them discoorsing anent speerits and bogies, and a’ the uncanny things they could conjure up.

Oph. Oh dear! I wish Ham wouldn’t! He’ll talk about them to me all night—“To harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood, make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres, thy knotted and combined locks to part, and each particular hair to stand on end, like quills upon the fretful porcupine,” as he pleasantly remarks when I ask him *why* he tells me such dreadful things.

Lady Mac. Eh! but the laddie must be clean daft. But I sympathize wi’ ye, my dear. I’m the veriest old coward in the world, and I could not go to my ain room just now, for it’s no more than a bedlam wi’ that howling blackamoor next door.

Oph. Oh, you mean Othello.

Lady Mac. Indeed I do. He sits there shouting negro melodies mornin’, noon and night.

Oph. Ham says the times are out of tune, and that Othello is a jig-maker.

Lady Mac. Weel, that’s no what I

should ca’ him mysel’, forbye he may seem like ane to your Hamish.

Oph. Hamish! My husband’s name is not Hamish. I would not have married a man named Hamish.

Lady Mac. Weel, my dear, it’s as gude a name as ony in Auld Reekie; so it maun be better than ony in Danemark. The name has been weel kenned in my ain family besides. There were Hamish Mackay, and my mother’s great-uncle, Hamish Macgoyle, and my sister-in-law’s second cousin, Hamish Macduff, and Hamish—

Oph. Oh yes, but these are abstracts and brief chronicles of the time, as Ham says. Forgive me for interrupting you, but sha’n’t I pour you out a cup of tea?

Lady Mac. True, true, I had forgotten it. [*They sit.*] Does your Ham no drink tea?

Oph. No: he calls it weary, stale, flat and unprofitable.

Lady Mac. Bless the chiel! When he says a thing he means it. Oh that Macbeth were loike him! My guidman is a sair guid man, but, between ourselves, sweet Ophelia, he’s a little in the sere and yellow leaf, and mickle easy to be blown about.

Oph. Yes, a king of shreds and patches, as Ham says.

Lady Mac. Eh! out upon you! You and Ham are sair impudent, and, by the bluid of the Macfifes, I’ll no put up with it!

Oph. Oh dear! What did I say? Ham’s always telling me I out-herod Herod, but indeed I did not mean to.

Lady Mac. Weel, weel! say nae mair about it. Ye’re a silly chiel, and that’s the truth; but I’m a gude-tempered auld body, in spite o’ a’ the awfu’ stories have been told about me.

Oph. About you! Oh, surely, it’s the very coinage of your brain, as Ham says.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. Oh dear! what a tempest Romeo was in! My bosom’s lord certainly did not sit lightly on his throne to-night.—Oh, dear Ophelia, what an age since we met! Kiss me, sweet.

Lady Mac. [*pulling Ophelia’s sleeve.*] Introduce me, my dear.

Oph. Lady Macbeth of Dunblane Castle, Scotland—Mrs. Romeo Montague of Verona.

Jul. What's in a name? A rose by any other name would smell as sweet or be as surrounded with thorns.

Oph. Yes, or, as Ham says, "Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

Jul. Oh, you dear, delicious little mousie! I wonder if you ever know what you are talking about?

Lady Mac. Just what I was wondering of you both, my dears.

Jul. Ha! ha! Well, however wild my own remarks may be, they do *not* partake of the nature of sandwiches.

Lady Mac. Sandwiches!

Jul. Yes—bread and butter interspersed with thick layers of Ham.

Oph. A hit, a very palpable hit, as Ham says; but I don't care. If you had as clever a husband as mine, you'd quote him too.

Enter PORTIA, hurriedly.

Por. It's too much—much too much. Zonam perdidit!—sounds and perdition!

Lady Mac. Mrs. Bassanio, you forget yourself and us.

Por. Oh, don't be alarmed. I mention no names: my language is not actionable.

Lady Mac. But it's very objectionable, allow me to say.

Por. Shake not your gory locks at me, Lady Macbeth. You would be a trifle annoyed too if you received such a note as this from your husband, and he had the effrontery to send it on a card, without an envelope, by the Prince of Morocco. And I saw by the little smile His Moorish Highness gave when he handed it that he had read it—the *beast!* the *prig!* And I was so mad with him that I wouldn't drive with him; and now he's gone.

Lady Mac. Weel, never mind, dear. What does your husband say? Perhaps he's in trouble.

Por. In trouble! Of course he's in trouble. Was there ever the day when he wasn't in trouble? Just listen to this:

[*Reads.*] "DEAREST CHUCK: Antonio and I have been playing rather high at loo, and have been obliged to go to—go to—Baden." To Baden! Why should they go to Baden, I should like to know! Why, it's at the other end of the earth, and I shall never see my Bassanio again! [*Weeps.*]

Jul. [*taking the card*]. There must be some mistake: "DEAREST CHUCK: Antonio and I have been playing rather high at loo, and have been obliged to go—to—to *bed* in despair, as our clothes have all been seized by our landlord."

Por. [*seizes the card and reads*]. "Fly to our rescue, as of old, with fifty pounds, and be sure to bring my garnet studs, as the others are gone with the shirt. Thy captive sweetheart, BASSANIO.—P. S. If you can find an old set of studs for Antonio, bring them too." Oh how dreadful! Did any one ever have such a husband? No wonder His Highness smiled.

Jul. My dear, comfort yourself. Bassanio is nothing to Romeo. How I wish I could meet with such a piece of good luck! My captive lord would wait a long time before I bailed him out of that bed.

Lady Mac. Never mind, my dear: we all have our trials. The best of husbands is apt at times to be a brute; and so long as ye keep out of Will Shakespeare's hands, I think it matters little what the Prince of Morocco says.

Por. Will Shakespeare? Who is he? and what can he have to do with me?

Jul. Oh do tell us! and will he have anything to do with me? And is he fond of moonlight? Is he coming here?

Oph. Does he knit—

Jul. Oh, Ophelia, you'll be the death of me yet! What put that into your head. Does he backstitch?

Oph. I was going to say, "Does he knit his brows?" when you interrupted me. I love to see a man knit his brows.

Por. But tell us all about this Shakespeare, Lady Macbeth.

Lady Mac. It is the mon, my dears, that has written a' the vile sianders about me.

All. About you?

Lady Mac. Yes. He is a pettifogging young scamp wha just gaes about poking

his nose into people's most private affairs, finds out about them fra servants and sic-like, and writes all the dreadful stories he hears into juggles or plays.

Oph. Dear me! how odd!

Lady Mac. It's a bad business altogether, my dears. Last summer he war in Scotland, stopping at a sma' inn that lies between the castle and Birnam Wood. I had gaen to a bit of a ba' gi'en by my Lady Macduff—one of the Macduffs of Gower, relations o' the Macphersons and the Macblanes—but my lord war waiting at The Three Witches, as the inn is ca'd, for a letter from puir Billie Duncan, that shot himself afterward looking down the muzzle of his gun. There o' night cam young Shakespeare, and offers to my lord, whom he didna ken at all, a drink for every bit of news of the great folk at the castle. My lord was delighted with the joke, but he soon becam' muddled, and there 's nae telling what he didna say, for I hear that in the morning the young man left in high speerits.

Jul. But did you ever see what he wrote?

Oph. Yes, as Ham says, unfold thy tale. Did you see it?

Lady Mac. See it, my dears! I should think I did. I could scarcely sleep for a week at the account of my ain doings. I can see mysel' noo cooming down the great ha' of the castle wi' a candle in my hand, crying, "Out damned spot! out, I say!—One, two: why, then 'tis time to do it.—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?"

Oph. Angels and ministers of grace defend us! as Ham says.

Jul. Well, I shall never sit on a balcony alone after this.

Lady Mac. And then I gae on wi' "The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now?" Whilk, ye ken, war the veriest nonsense for my ainsel' to ask.

Por. Not at all. Many cases of the same kind have occurred. They are generally called *lapsus linguae*, or cases of lapsed identity.

Lady Mac. "What! will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more of that, my lord, no more: you mar all with this starting." Whilk, I'm sure, ony ane might ha' done wi' sma' blame to him.

Jul. How perfectly awful! I feel as cold as ice.

Oph. Yes, all hugger-mugger, as Ham's poor uncle used to say.

Lady Mac. "Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand." Whilk is the greatest nonsense of a', for I have never used ony but Rob Roy's ain tar soap, and that would ha' done the business in a twinkling.

Oph. Why, yes, 'twould be as easy as lying, as Ham says.

Jul. Well, if those are the sentiments of your husband, Ophelia, all I can say is—

Por. These interruptions are unseemly.

Lady Mac. And then continues wi' gibberish sic as this:

"Methought I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more!

Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep,

Sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care,

The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,

Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second course,

Chief nourisher in life's feast.'"

Oph. Well, proceed, as Ham says.

Lady Mac. "Still it cried, 'Sleep no more!' to all the house:

'Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor

Shall sleep no more: Macbeth shall sleep no more.'"

Forbye it mocht have added, "Malcolm and Donald and Hay and Macnulty, and a' the rest of the household, baith male and female;" for when my guidman did begin to snore there war nae mair rest for onybody.

Jul. What is it all about?

Lady Mac. Murder, my dear—the vilest, blackest murder, wi' not a saxpence worth o' gain for onybody.

Por. But does he dare accuse you of nisi prius—I would say murder—in the first degree?

Lady Mac. Puir Macbeth's the cat's-paw, but I get a' the credit o' the deed.

Jul. O flesh! flesh! how art thou falsified! as *my* Ham, commonly known as Romeo, says.

Oph. But I don't understand. Who killed who?

Jul. Oh, they all fought one another
From the attic to the bats,
Till each had killed the other,
Like the Kilkenny cats.

Lady Mac. Mrs. Montague!

Por. But, dear Lady Macbeth, you have never explained what this young man has to do with me. Noli me tangere—he knows me not.

Oph. Yes, as Ham says, pluck out the heart of this mystery.

Lady Mac. My dears, ye hae a' heerd what this young man wrote o' me. I only wish to pit ye on your guard: *the young man is here!*

All. Here?

Jul. The wretch!—Still, a man's a man, and from a balcony point of view may be worth cultivating. [*Aside.*]

Lady Mac. Here, collecting materiels for new plays. My lord's gilly saw him this mornin', and recognized him; and he has been a'ready questionin' the sair-vants.

Por. Oh, the dreadful creature!

Oph. O cursed spite!

Jul. The designing villain!

Por. What will he say about me?

Oph. And me?

Jul. And me?

All. What shall we do?

Jul. Bribe him.

Oph. Drown him.

Por. Prosecute him.

Lady Mac. Let us send him a notice instantly to quit these premises. Stop! I have my note-book somewhere. [*Goes to the table.*] How shall we begin? "Sir!" [*They all begin dictating together.*]

Por. "Allow me to inform you that the ladies you have so maligned, and are about so to malign, do protest *in toto*, or teetotally, against such proceedings, and, far from being the defenceless and helpless creatures that you appear to consider them, are quite capable of defending themselves to the last gasp. Nemo re-

pente fuit turpissimus—you will repent your temerity."

Jul. "Allow me to inform you that you are a horrid old screech-owl, for whom wringing your neck would be a long sight too good; and if I tell my Romeo what you are up to, you had better have your head done up in cotton batting, as there is not a boot or shoe in the establishment that will not take its turn in whizzing at your empty old pate. If you do not consider this language forcible enough, allow me to inform you—"

Oph. "I will speak daggers to thee, but use none, as Ham says, and, as Ham also says, bring me to the test, and I the matter will reword, which madness would gambol from. Shakespeare, for love of grace, lay not such flattering unction to thy soul! For does not Ham further say, 'How absolute the knave is! We must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us.' Therefore, sirrah—"

Lady Mac. Ladies! ladies! have pity on me! One at a time.

All. Read us what you have written.

Lady Mac. "Sir!"—I never caught another word except *Ham*.

Por. "Allow me to inform you that the ladies you have so maligned—"

Jul. "You are a horrid old screech-owl, for whom wringing your neck would be a long sight too good—"

Oph. "I will speak daggers to thee, but use none, as Ham says—"

Por. "They do protest *in toto*—that is, teetotally—against such proceedings, and, far from being the defenceless creatures—"

Jul. "If I tell my Romeo what you are up to, you had better have your head done up in cotton batting, as there—"

Oph. "I the matter will reword, which madness would gambol from. Shakespeare, for love of grace—"

Por. "Are quite capable of defending themselves to the last gasp—"

Jul. "As there is not a boot or shoe that would not take its turn in whizzing by your empty old pate—"

Oph. "For, as Ham further says, 'We must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us—'"

Por. "Nemo repente fuit turpissimus—you will repent your temerity."

Lady Mac. Well, hear what I have written—I hope it is clear: "Sir! Allow me to inform you that you are a horrid old screech-owl, for whom wringing your neck would be a long sight too good. I will speak daggers to thee, but use none, as Ham says, so you had better have your head done up in cotton batting, as madness would gambol from Shakespeare. Incapable to the last gasp of a boot or a shoe whizzing by your empty old pate, you had better, as Ham further says, repeat your severity."—No, no, this will never do. I will write the protest my ainsel', and then you and a' the other ladies in the house can sign it. We will send it to the young man, and if he takes no notice, but gaes on maligning us in this dreadful way, we will print our own defence.

Ful. But stop! Suppose the ever-captious world

Refuse to list the thunders we have hurled?

Por. Oh, when arrested in the name of law,

They must attend—mutatis cases—

Ful. [*interrupting*]. Pshaw! If we would seek the public's ear to win, We must secure their favor—

Lady Mac. I'll begin.

Oph. No, no: let me. [*To audience*.]

If thus maligned I am,

Report me and my cause aright—

Ful. [*interrupting*]. Says Ham. But still th' advice is good, and to fulfill it—

Lady Mac. My dear, 'twould only scotch the snake, not kill it. Stand boldly forth, give the young man the lie,

And still the worst that he can do defy. If we've your favor now for all that's past,

We'll trust that favor when we speak at last.



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